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ALPHABETICALLY digested, and brought down to the present Time.

To which is prefix'd,

A DICTIONARY of *RHYMES*; more copious than any hitherto extant.

In *TWO VOLUMES.*

VOL. I.

By EDW. BYSSHE *Gent.*

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta,
Aurea, perpetuâ semper dignissima vitâ. Lucr.

Printed by J. Nutt in the SAVOY: And Sold by J. Pemberton at the *Golden Buck* and *Sun* against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleetstreet*, and J. Morphew near *Stationers-Hall*. MDCCXIV.

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THE PREFACE.

THE universal Applause with which Books of this Nature have been receiv'd by the Publick, in all Countries, and in all Languages, is a convincing Argument of the Usefulness of them; and renders it needless for me to detain my Reader with a long Preamble to bespeak his Favour in Behalf of this Undertaking: The Title Page of the Book tells what it contains, and is alone sufficient to recommend it, at least, if the Performance have answer'd the Design; but, of this Particular it is not mine to determine. However, that none may think themselves impos'd upon by a new Title to an old Book, and take this Collection to be the same with one I publish'd some Years ago, in The Art of English Poetry, *it may not be improper to inform them, how far this is, and how far it is not, the same.*

First then: It is so far the same, that it contains almost all the Heads of that former Collection; but with the additional Advantage of several Hundreds of new ones. It is collected likewise from the Works of the same Authors, but of several others also,

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ſo, whom I had not then perus'd, as well as of ſome that have written ſince that Time, and conſequently can not be there cited. This will appear from the Catalogue I have given of the Author's Names, out of whoſe Works I have gather'd the following Sheets, and which the Reader will find immediately after the Dictionary of Rhymes.

Again: It is ſo far the ſame, that, as a conſiderable Part of that former Collection conſiſts of Paſſages, tranſlated chiefly by Mr. Dryden, *from the antient Poets; as* Homer, Virgil, Horace, &c. *ſo this in like manner contains moſt of the very ſame Paſſages as they are tranſlated by other Hands, particularly by the preſent Duke of* Buckingham, *the late Earls of* Roſcommon *and* Lauderdale, *Mr.* Addiſon, *Mr.* Pope, *and ſeveral others: Between whoſe Tranſlations and thoſe of the late Mr.* Dryden, *I mean only thoſe Paſſages of them that I have cited in the former and this Collection, I leave the Reader to make the Compariſon, but for my own Part ſhall determine the Preference to neither.*

In the laſt Place; I can not deny but that both of theirs are exactly alike in the Method of Compoſition: They being both in effect but Dictionaries, which neceſſarily implies an Alphabetical Order.

Having thus acquainted the Publick in what they are the ſame, or like one another, I come in the next Place to inform them in what they are not the ſame, but intirely different. And this Article I ſhall diſpatch in a few Words.

I declare therefore in general, that I have carefully avoided to inſert any ſingle Line, much leſs any whole Paſſage, in this Collection, that was in the former,

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mer. If any such have slip'd in, it was merely through Inadvertency, and contrary to my Intention and Knowledge. Some there may be in a Work of this Length: But I dare boldly affirm, that throughout these two Volumes, there will not be found a sufficient Number of such Lines to compose one single Page: Except only one Passage of Mr. Prior's *(for I know but of one) which he alter'd in the last Edition of his Poems; and therefore cannot strictly be said to be the same; and two or three out of my Lord* Lauderdale's Virgil, *which, among many others, the late Mr.* Dryden, *to whom that learned Nobleman had sent his Translation of that Poet, has with some small Alterations transcrib'd into his. In doing this, I have in some Measure done Justice to the Memory of that noble Lord, who in the Year 1692, first propos'd to me the making a Collection of this Nature; which I then began; but his Death prevented me from going on with it. Thus I have given the best Account I can, how far this Collection is, and is not, the same with the former.*

This Work is a Repository, where may be seen at one View the Gold and Jewels of our Poets, without raking in the Filth and Rubbish; with which some of them too frequently abound. In regard to the Dictionary of Rhymes, it is not only much more copious than, but likewise much different from, any yet extant: For those we have hitherto seen, contain only some Words that rhyme perfectly to one another; and consequently teach us in Effect, only what Rhyme in general, and in strictness, is: And no Poem, tho' but of a moderate Length, was ever yet compos'd of such perfect Rhymes; nor will the Genius of our Language admit of it: But this shews in particular the Rhymes that are allowable in the

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English Poetry; giving more especially those that are used by the late Mr. Dryden, and our other best Poets: Who, without pretending to the Gift of Prophecy, we may venture to say, will ever be the Standard of English Rhyme.

The small Portion of Praise, if I may justly challenge any, that I can lay Claim to, must arise from the Choice I have made in selecting these Passages of our Poets; and from the Method I have observ'd in the Disposition of them under their proper Heads. That I wanted not Materials for this Edifice is certain; but if I have err'd in the Choice of them, or dispos'd them unartfully, the Blame must be wholly mine: Nor is it just that any Error committed by me in the Workmanship should result upon those from whom I have borrow'd the Parts that compose the Structure. In a Word, my chief Aim has been to make it as instructive and diverting as possible; and to avoid every thing that might give the least Offence to Religion and good Manners. I have endeavour'd likewise to adapt it to the brighter Capacities, not without some Regard to the Institution of Youth, and to render it useful for Schools.

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A Dictionary of Rhymes:

COLLECTED

From the Works of the late Mr. Dryden, and other the Beſt Poets.

A.

A. Algebra Tarantula Africa America Anathema Apocrypha Sciatica. And the Words that end in AW, AY, EA, EIGH, and EY.

AB. and ABE. Srab Babe Aſtrolabe. And the Terminations EB and EBE Web Ebb Glebe.

ACE. Face Place Grace Race Space Pace Embrace Deface Thrace Diſgrace Mace Efface Retrace Chace Diſplace Apace Brace Replace Miſplace Grimmace Populate Unbrace. And the Terminations AISE, AS, ASE, ASS, AZE, and EASE. Alſo the plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in AY, EA, EE, EIGH, and EY.

ACED or AC'D. This Termination contains only the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in ACE: As Embrac'd Diſgrac'd, &c. To which rhyme the Participles Paſſive likewiſe of the Verbs in AISE, ASE, ASS, AZE, EASE, and ESS: And alſo the Nouns of the Terminations AST, EAST, and EST.

ACH. Ach Attach Detach. And the Terminations ATCH and ETCH.

ACHT. See OUGHT

ACK. Track Back Black Crack Slack Tack Lack Quack Sack Rack Almanack Hack Attack. And all the Words ending in AKE, EAK, and ECK.

ACK'D. To this Termination belong only the Participles Paſſive of the Verbs in ACK; as, Hack'd, Track'd, &c. and likewiſe the Words in ACT.

ACKS. This Ending includes only the third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs, and the

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Plural Number of the Nouns, in ACK: As, Tracks Quacks Attacks, *&c.* And though Rhymes of this Nature, which are form'd by adding the Letter *S* only to the Words of each Termination are very frequent; yet, to avoid Prolixity, I shall make no mention of them: Nor of the Rhymes of the Preter-Imperfect Tenses of Verbs: For, in all Regular Verbs, whose Present Tenses rhyme, the Preter-Imperfects must rhyme likewise: But those Tenses that are form'd irregularly, are plac'd under their proper Terminations.

ACT. Fact Enact Tract Act Protract Transact Contract Attract Protract Retract Extract Subtract Distract Detract Compact Exact: And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ECK; as, Deck'd, *&c.* And the Words that end in ECT.

AD, ADD and ADE. Sad Glad Bad Mad Add Clad Had Lad Unclad Olympiad Made Shade Trade Invade Wade Glade O'ershade Blade Ambuscade Retrograde Masquerade Fade Perswade Lade Spade Renegade Diswade Pervade Degrade Evade Serenade Cavalcade Palisade: To which Terminations rhyme the Works in AID: the Participles Passive of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, and EY; as, Betray'd Neigh'd Convey'd, *&c.* And also the Terminations EAD, ED, EDE, and EED: all which see in their proper Places.

ADGE. See AGE.

AFE, AFF, APH and AUGH. Chafe Safe Unsafe Vouchsafe Chaff Staff Graff Ingraff. Epitaph Paragraph Laugh: And the Terminations EAF and IEF.

AF'D or AFED. This Termination includes only the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AFE; as Chaf'd Vouchsaf'd; to which rhyme the Words ending in AFT.

AFT. Craft Shaft Haft Waft Graft. Also Laugh'd Draught; and the Termination EFT.

AG. Lag Hag Bag Swag Rag Drag Brag Gag Stag Wag Jag. And the Words in EAGUE and EG.

AG'D. The Words of this Rhyme are only the Participles of the Verbs of the preceding Termination; there being no primitive Word of this Ending: And of Rhymes of this Nature, when there are no such primitive Words that rhyme to them, I shall from henceforward take no Notice: They being easily form'd from their Primitives.

AGE. Age Rage Asswage Presage Cage Ingage Wage Sage Page Stage Gage Badge Equipage Pasturage Disengage Enrage Parentage Hermitage Vassalage Pilgrimage Beverage Messuage. And the Terminations EDGE and EGE.

AID

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AID. Maid ſaid Aid Paid Laid Afraid Inlaid Upbraid Overlaid Repaid Undecay'd Unpaid Unſaid: Likewiſe the Terminations ADE, EAD, ED, EDE and EED; and the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in AY, EIGH, and EY.

AIGHT. See ATE.

AIGN. See AIN.

AIL and EIL. Fail Pail Jail Intail Retail Bail Sail Flail Hail Ail Prevail Tail Nail Aſſail Trail Frail Avail Mail Rail Quail Snail Wail Countervail Bewail Detail Ourſail Veil Unveil. And the Terminations AL, AIL, EAL, EEL, and EL.

AIM. See AME.

AIN, AIGN, EIN and EIGN. Plain Strain Swain Gain Pain Complain Vain Suſtain Remain Main Contain Diſdain Obtain Grain Reſtrain Ordain Train Again Slain Rain Amain Drain Abſtain Refrain Maintain Twain Diſtain Entertain Spain Regain Domain Brain Chain Grain Fain Lain Stain Wain Pertain Attain Detain Inchain Explain Appertain Chamberlain Arraign Soveraign Campaign Charlemaign Deign Feign Reign Vein Rein. And the Words that end in AN, ANE, EAN, EN, and ENE.

AINST. Againſt. To this Word rhyme the ſecond Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in AIN, AN, ANE, EAN, EIGN, EIN, and EN.

AINT and EINT. Attaint Faint Acquaint Paint Reſtraint Saint Conſtraint Complaint Taint Meant Teint Feint. And the Words in ANT and ENT.

AIR. Air Deſpair Hair Repair Chair Impair Pray'r Fair Pair Debonair Affair Heir Their Coheir. And the Terminations AR, ARE, EAR, EER, ER and ERE.

AISE. See AZE.

AIST. See ASTE.

AIT. See ATE.

AITH. See ATH.

AKE. Snake Make Stake Take Forſake Rake Lake Bake Sake Brake Miſtake Ake Undertake Wake Partake Beſpake Awake Quake Shake Overtake Betake Flake Spake. And the Words in ACK, ECK and EEK.

AL. Admiral Apocryphal Conditional Animal Canibal Natural Corporal Feſtival Funeral General Hoſpital Liberal Interval Rational Madrigal Mineral Schiſmatical Chimerical Carnaval Cardinal Urinal Tragical Poetical Perſonal Pedeſtal Paſtoral Original Muſical Analogical. And the Terminations AIL, ALE, ALL, AUL and EAL.

ALD. Bald Scald Emerald. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in ALL and AWL.

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ALE. Tale Vale Gale Scale Pale Whale Dale Stale Male Sale Impale Exhale Regale. And the Terminations AIL, ALL, EAL, EEL, and EL.

ALF. See ELF.

ALK and AWK. Walk Stalk Talk Chalk Balk Hawk.

ALL, AUL and AWL. Small Ball Fall Call All Stall Wall Hall Gall Recal Pall Tall Thrall Shall Withal Appal Befal Inthral Caul Gaul Saul Bawl Sprawl Mawl Squawl. Alſo the Terminations AL and ALE.

ALM. Calm Pſalm Balm Qualm Becalm Embalm. And the Words in ELM.

ALMS. This Termination hath no other primitive Word than Alms, which rhymes to the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs of the preceding Termination.

ALPS. Alps. This Word rhymes to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in ALP and ELP.

ALSE and ELSE. Falſe, Elſe. Theſe Words rhyme with the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Verbs in AIL, ALE, ALL, AUL, and AWL.

ALT. Halt Malt Salt Exalt. And the Termination AULT and OLT.

AM, AIM, AMB, AME, and AMN. Am Swam Ram Dam Clam Anagram Epigram Marjoram Lamb Damn Claim Aim Declaim Diſclaim Acclaim Maim Proclaim Exclaim Reclaim Same Flame Frame Came Tame Name Fame Game Dame Shame Became Inflame Defame Lame Overcame Blame Miſname Misbecame Surname. Likewiſe the Terminations EAM, EM, EME, and EMN.

AMP. Camp Stamp Encamp Damp Decamp Cramp Champ Vamp Hemp.

AN. Can Man Began Ran Bran Span Van Scan Plan Puritan Alcoran Ban Fan Tan Swan Wan Clan Trepan Divan Caravan Fore-ran Unman Artiſan Over-ran Outran Partiſan African Republican Taliſman Husbandman Ferryman Pelican Leviathan Nobleman Gentleman Aldermen American Druggerman Metropolitan Diocefan Muſſulman Suffragan Publican Veteran Currefan Charleran. And the Terminations AIN, ANE, EEN, EIGN, EIN, EN and ENE.

ANCE. Advance Dance Prance Chance Lance Ignorance Glance Inheritance France Trance Miſchance Romance Complaiſance Ordinance Maintenance Intemperance Furtherance Exuberance Circumſtance Concordance Cognizance Countenance Exorbitance Diſſonance Deliverance Extravagance Mediſance Recognizance Arrogance Utterance Tem-

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Temperance Sustenance Expanse Inhance. And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AIGN, AIN, AN, and ANE.

ANCH. Branch Stanch Hanch Ranch Blanch. And the Words in AUNCH and ENCH.

AND. Hand Strand Stand Band Land Sand Command Withstand A-land Understand Brand Grand Wand Countermand Demand Reprimand Disband Expand Gainstand Underhand Deodand Saraband. And the Participle of the Verbs in AIGN, AIN, AN, ANE, EAN, EIGN and EIN.

ANE. Fane Bane Wane Cane Crane Lane Mane Plane Profane. Also the Words in AIN, and all the Terminations that rhyme to it.

ANG. Fang Rang Gang Twang Bang Hang.

ANGE. Change Range Exchange Grange Mange Strange Arrange Interchange Estrange, and the Words in ENGE.

ANK. Bank Thank Clank Frank Blank Lank Plank Rank Drank Prank Shank Dank Distank Mountebank.

ANT. Plant Grant Ant Cant Pant Elephant Inhabitant Cormorant Aslant Askant Rant Scant Decant Implant Inchant Complaisant Disinchant Recant Supplant Transplant Dissonant Elegant Exorbitant Conversant Combatant Adamant Amarant Adjutant Arrogant Concomitant Covenant Disputant Precipitant Petulant Mendicant Militant Occupant Inelegant Extravagant Pursevant Significant Exuberant Resonant Absonant Vigilant Visitant Predominant Protuberant Protestant. Also the Terminations AINT, AUNT and ENT.

AP. Cap Lap Clap Gap Pap Sap Slap Strap Snap Trap Entrap Mishap Wrap Unwrap. And the Termination next following.

APE. Gape Ape Grape Scape Escape Rape Agape Shape Scrape. Also the Terminations EAP, EEP and EP.

APH. See AFF.

APS and APSE. Perhaps Lapse Relapse Elapse. Also the Plural of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AP, APE, EAP and EP.

APT. Apt Adapt Unapt. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AP, APE, EAP and EP.

AR. Afar War Far Scar Star Car Jar Bar Unbar Mar Spar Debar Catarrh Symarr Tar Popular Calendar Circular Colendar Auricular Orbicular Particular Perpendicular Angular Articular Cubicular Rectangular Triangular Quadrangular Secular Regular Scimitar Vinegar Tutelar Similar Dissimilar Ocular Jugular Titular. And the Words in AIR, ARE, EAR, EER, EIR, ER and ERE.

ARB. Barb Garb. To which may be rhym'd the Words in ERB. Herb Verb Superb.

ARCE. Farce Scarce. And the Terminations EARSE and ERSE. As also the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AIR, ARE, EAR, EER, EIR, ER and ERE.

ARCH. Arch Starch Parch March Countermarch. And the Words that end in EARCH.

ARD. Hard Lard Nard Fard Bard Pard Card Counterguard Hard Yard Guard Regard Bombard Petard Placard Retard Afterward Shard Discard Disregard Interlard Hitherward Thitherward Ward Award Reward. And the Terminations EARD and ERD. Also the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AIR, AR, ARE, EAR, EIR, ER and ERE.

ARE. Bare Care Fare Prepare Dare Compare Ware Snare Aware Share Spare Hare Declare Beware Blare Pare Lare Mare Stare Are Unaware Glare Over-care Rare Insnare Tare Knare Square Vare. And the Words in AIR, With all the other Terminations that rhyme to them.

ARF. Scarf Wharf Dwarf.

ARGE. Charge Large Discharge Barge Surcharge Inlarge Uncharge Overcharge, And the Termination ERGE.

ARK and ERK. Hark Remark Dark Bark Lark Park Dispark Countermark Embark Shark Spark Disembark Reimbark Clerk.

ARL. Gnarl Marl Snarl. And the Terminations EARL, IRL and URL.

ARM. Alarm Arm Farm Charm Harm Barm Disarm Uncharm Fore-arm Warm Swarm. Note, that these two last Words rhyme to some of the Words in ORM; as, Storm Form Deform, &c. which see under their proper Termination.

ARN. Barn Darn Yarn Warn Forewarn, And the Words in EARN and ERN. See likewise the Termination ORN: To some of the Words of which Ending the two last of this perfectly rhyme; as Morn Adorn, &c.

ARP. Carp Harp Sharp Counterscarp Warp.

ARSH. Harsh Marsh Earsh.

ART. Part Start Dart Art Depart Mart Smart Apart Dispart Cart Hart Tart Thwart Athwart Impart Upstart Counterpart Heart

ARTH. See EARTH.

ARVE. Starve Carve. And the Words in ERVE.

AS, and ASS. Has Was Alas Ass Pass Glass Class Mass Surpass Brass Amass Outpass Overpass Repass Lass Morass Cascass. And the three following Terminations,

ASE

ASE, AISE and AZE. Chase Base Case Debase Inchase Abase Phrase Paraphrase Amaze Glaze Craze Imbraze Maze Raze Gaze Braze Graze Erraze Blaze Praise Raise Dispraise. And the Terminations ACE, EACE, EASE and EEZE; together with the Plural Number of the Noun, and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in AY, EA, EE, EIGH and EY.

ASH. Ash Lash Flash Gash Crash Clash Abash Thrash Gash Dash Gnash Flash Rash Slash Mash Trash Quash Wash. And the Terminations EASH and ESH.

ASK. Task Cask Ask Mask Bask Unmask. And the Terminations ESK and ESQUE.

ASM. Chasm Spasm Enthusiasm Pleonasm.

ASP. Gasp Clasp Hasp Grasp Unclasp Wasp Asp Unhasp.

ASS. See AS.

AST. Fast Last Mast Repast Blast Cast Hast Overcast Past Wast Vast Aghast Forecast Outcast Iconoclast. And the Termination

ASTE. Chaste Haste Paste Shame fac'd Thorow-pac'd Taste Waste Distaste, And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in ACE, EASE, AS, ASE and ASS: together with the second Person Singular of the Present Tenses of the Verbs in AY, EIGH and EY: as Delay'st Neigh'st Convey'st, &c.

AT. Chat That Bat Flat Fat At Hat Gnat Brat Rat Mat Pat Vat Plat What Squat Certificat. And the Terminations AIGHT, AIT, ATE, EAT, EIGHT, EIT and ET.

ATCH. Dispatch Catch Thatch Latch Match Overmatch Unlatch Scratch Patch Hatch Snatch Overcatch Watch And the Terminations ACH, EACH, EECH, ETCH and ITCH.

ATE, AIGHT, EIGHT and EIT. Prate Rate Create Fate Hate State Debate Inoculate Sate Educate Gate Fumigate Late Consecrate Mate Celebrate Date Relate Gate Violate Sedate Estate Rebate Bate Communicate Grate Magistrate Plate Propagate State Slate Abate Equivocate Emulate Debilitate Dedicate Estimate Enumerate Elaborate Degenerate Delicate Deliberate Attemperate Chocolate Circulate Instigate Capacitate Co-ordinate Consulate Considerate Delegate Denominate Depopulate Derogate Deprecate Elucidate Discriminate Celibate Candidate Cultivate Corroborate Co-operate Contaminate Consolidate Conjugate Unfortunate Ulcerate Ultimate Suffocate Surrogate Supplicate Terminate Tolerate Temperate Triumvirate Vindicate Violate Subordinate Subjugate Sublimate Stipulate Sophisticate Solidate Operate Obliterate Nominate Ne-

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Neceſſitate Mutilate Moderate Indeterminate Incorporate Inconſiderate Incapacitate Inanimate Imprecate Importunate Separate Mitigate Salivate Immoderate Meliorate Runagate Ruminate Meditate Imitate Reverberate Matriculate Immaculate Reprobate Marquiſate Illuminate Remunerate Marinate Illiterate Reiterate Illegitimate Regulate Heſitate Regenerate Gratulate Legitimate Germinate Generate Recriminate Invigorate Fortunate Recapitulate Facilitate Iterate Prognoſticate Irritate Expectorate Profligate Inviolate Procraſtinate Inveterate Exulcerate Prevaricate Invalidate Extricate Intricate Premeditate Intoxicate Expoſtulate Intimidate Predominate Intimate Exonerate Exhilarate Interrogate Predeſtinate Intenerate Precipitate Intemperate Elaborate Potentate Inſtigate Excommunicate Perſonate Perpetrate Exaſperate Innovate Penetrate Inordinate Exagitate Paſſionate Exaggerate Participate Palatinate Evaporate Eradicate A-late Rebate Collate Dilate Ingrate Innate Sedate Elate Tranſlate Congratulate Conglutinate Confederate Confabulate Concorporate Compaſſionate Communicate Commiſerate Commemorate Coagulate Deliberate Abominate Abdicate Abrogate Accelerate Accommodate Accumulate Accurate Adequate Advocate Adulterate Eſtimate Affectionate Aggravate Agitate Alienate Annihilate Antedate Anticipate Arbitrate Arrogate Articulate Aſſaſſinate Aſpirate Calculate Capitulate Captivate Fraight Eight Height Streight Weight Conceit Deceit Receit Counterfeit Self-conceit Wait Strait Bait Await Appropriate Calumniate Inſinuate Extenuate Attenuate Impropriate Inebriate Perpetuate. And the Terminations AT, EAT and ET.

ATH, AITH and ATHE. Path Wrath Bath Lath Hath Faith Saith Bathe Rathe Swathe. And the Terminations EATH and EATHE.

AUB, Daub bedaub. And the Words in OB and OBE.

AUCE. See AUSE.

AUCH. Debauch. With this Word, which is the only one of this Termination our Poets make the Words rhyme that end in ACH, ATCH and OACH.

AUD. Fraud Laud Applaud Defraud Bawd. And the two following Words in OAD Broad Abroad. Likewiſe the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in AW.

AVE. Have Gave Brave Pave Stave Save Lave Grave Slave Cave Rave Crave Wave Inſlave Ingrave Deprave Outbrave Outrave Knave Shave Wave Behave Forgave Misbehave Miſgave Architrave. Alſo the Words in EAVE, EEVE, EIVE, EVE and IEVE.

AUGH

AUGH. See AFF.

AUGHT. Draught. This Word being pronounc'd in two different Sounds. Mr. Dryden makes it rhyme ſometimes to the Words in AFT; and ſometimes to thoſe in OUGHT: Where ſee the other Words of this Termination.

AUL. See AWL.

AULT. Fault Vault Aſſault Default Revolt. And the Terminations ALT, AUGHT and OUGHT.

AUNCE. Prounce. Askaunſe. And the Words in ANCE and ONCE, together with the third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs, and the Plural Number of the Nouns in AWN and ON.

AUNCH. Paunch Launch: And the Words in ANCH.

AUNT. Haunt Taunt Vaunt Aunt Jaunt Flaunt Gaunt Avaunt. And the Terminations ANT and ONT.

AUSE. Cauſe Pauſe Applauſe Clauſe Becauſe Sauce Was And the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in AW. Alſo the Termination ASS.

AUST. Exhauſt Holocauſt. And the Terminations AST OAST and OST.

AUT. See OUGHT.

AW. Draw Saw Law Aw Maw Raw Paw Straw Claw Caw Thaw Withdraw Chaw Craw Daw Flaw Gnaw Jaw Overaw Wiredraw Foreſaw. And the Words in A.

AWD. See AUD.

AWK. See ALK.

AWL and AUL. Awl Baul Brawl Crawl Sqwal Sprawl Spawl Mawl Wawl Drawl Caul Gaul Saul. And the Terminations ALL, OL and OLE.

AWN. Brawn Dawn Drawn Pawn Lawn Fawn Prawn Yawn Sawn Undrawn Withdrawn.

AWND. Lawnd, for a Lawn, is uſed by Mr. Dryden, who makes it rhyme to the Words in AND.

AX. Ax Wax Tax Flax Battel-Ax Relax. To which rhyme the Plural of the Nouns and third Perſons ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in ACK, AKE, EAK and ECK.

AY, EIGH and EY. Day Play Lay May Pay Way Away Delay Decay Pray Diſplay Betray Clay Gray Bay Stray Bray Pray Allay Stay Miſlay Array Belay Forelay Say Holyday Spray Virelay Affray Dray Gay Hay Ray Gray Sway Tray Splay Affray Eſſay Bewray Betray Defray Diſarray Diſmay Foreſay Gainſay Inlay Overlay Relay Repay Underlay Unſay Withſay Caſtaway Runaway Galloway Roundelay Neigh Weigh Inveigh Sorvey Obey Prey Convey Grey They Whey Diſobey Purvey. Alſo the Terminations A, E, EA and EE.

AYS.

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AYS. Always Now-a-days. And the third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs, and the Plural of the Nouns of the foregoing Termination AY, and of all the other that rhyme to it.

E.

E. EA and EE. She Me He We Be Anemone Epitome Jubile Apoſtrophe Cataſtrophe Recipe Simile Sea Tea Flea Pea Plea Over-ſea Chamberlea Thee See Free Tree Decree Agree Bee Degree Foreſee Three Lee Diſagree Fee Pedigree Knee Allee Axletree Mantletree Overſee. Alſo the Words in IE or Y.

EA. See E. EAC. See EASE.

EACH and EECH: Reach Each Teach Preach Beach Breach Peach Bleach Appeach Impeach Miſreach Overreach Beech Speech Leech Beſeech. And the Terminations ACH, ATCH, ETCH and ITCH.

EAD. See ED. EAF. See IEF.

EAGUE. See IGUE.

EAK, EEK and IEK. Break Squeak Speak Beak Weak Bleak Leak Freak Peak Sneak Steak Streak Wreak Beſpeak Foreſpeak Seek Greek CheekMeek Creek Leek ReekWeek Sleek Shriek. Alſo the Terminations ACK, AKE and ECK.

EAL and EEL. Deal Heal Weal Meal Zeal Aweal Common-Weal Peal Seal Steal Sweal Veal Squeal Appeal Conceal Reveal Congeal Repeal Unſeal Teal Feel Wheel Reel Kneel Steel Heel Eel Keel Peel. Alſo the Terminations AIL, AL, ALE, EIL and EL.

EALM. See Elm. EALT. See ELT.

EALTH. Health Wealth Stealth Commonwealth.

EAM, EEM and EME. Stream Team Gleam Beam Steam Extream Supream Bream Cream Dream Seam Scream Seem Eſteem Teem Deem Beſeem Miſdeem Redeem Diſeſteem, Foredeem Unbeſeem Phlegm Theme Scheme Blaſpheme Apozeme Theoreme. Alſo the Terminations AIM, AM, AME and EM.

EAMT. See EMT.

EAN, EEN and ENE. Lean Bean Clean Unclean Mean Wean Glean Dean Queen Yean Demean Miſdemean Subdean Queen Seen Green Been Keen Spleen Unſeen Between Foreſeen Unforeſeen Skreen Ween Careen Thirteen, and the other Nouns of Number from thence to Twenty Scene Obſcene Serene Convene Epicene Intervene Paraſelene Demeſne. Alſo the Terminations AIGN, AIN, AN, ANE, EIGN, EIN and EN.

EANSE. See ENCE. EANT. See ENT.

EAP and EP. Leap Reap Step Outſtep Heap Cheap. And the Words that end in AP, APE and EEP.

EAR.

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EAR. EER and ERE. Near Spear Ear Hear Tear Year Bear Ghear Rear Appear Diſappear Dear Smear Beſmear Clear Fear Gear Shear Endear Miſhear Overhear Jear Sear Forbear Swear Wear Forſwear Steer Beer Leer Cheer Peer Compeer Reer Gareer Chanticleer Geer Deer Fleer Meer Seer Sheer Sleer Sneer Tweer Veer Domineer Engineer Laveer Musketeer Mutineer Pickeer Privateer Pamphleteer Cannoneer Charioteer Sphere. Here Unſincere Perſevere Hemiſphere Severe Sincere Mere Adhere Auſtere Cohere Interfere Revere Atmoſphere There Were Whe e Ere Elſewhere. Somewhere. And in E'ER; as Ne'er Whate'er Howe'er. And the Terminations AIR, AR, ARE, EIR and ER.

EARCH and ERCH. Search Reſearch Perch. And the Terminations ARCH and IRCH.

EARD and ERD. Heard Beard Herd Affear'd. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in AIR, EER, EIR, EAR, ER and ERE.

EARL. Pearl Earl. And the Terminations ARL, IRL and URL.

EARN and ERN. Learn Yearn Outlearn Unlearn Chern Dern Kern Fern Stern Concern Diſcern Excern Unconcern Subaltern. And the Termination ARN.

EARSE. See ERSE. EART. See ART.

EARTH, ARTH and IRTH. Hearth Dearth Earth Swarth Birth Mirth Afterbirth.

EASE, EACE, EEZE, EIZE and IECE. Eaſe Appeaſe Pleaſe Diſpleaſe Diſeaſe Leaſe Peace Preace Geeſe Fleece Cheeſe Breeze Wheeze Freeze Squeeze Sneeze Teaze Seize Diſſeize Piece Niece Apiece Frontiſpiece Ceaſe Decreaſe Increaſe Leaſe Deceaſe Releaſe Surceaſe. And the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in AYE, EA, EE, EIGH and EY: Alſo the Terminations AISE, AZE, ES and ESS.

EASH. See ESH.

EAST and IEST. Feaſt Leaſt Eaſt Beaſt Prieſt Breaſt A-breaſt. And the Terminations AST and EST. Likewiſe the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EASE and ESS.

EAT, EET and ETE. Beat Bleat, Repeat Seat Retreat Heat Wheat Defeat Meat Eat Treat Cheat Feat. Neat Eſcheat Eſtreat Intreat Feet Sweet Meet Fleet Street Greet Sheet Sleet Diſcreet Indiſcreet, Unmeet Mete Complete Concrete Obſolete Replete Paraclete. Great Teat Threat. And the Terminations AIGHT, ATE, EIGHT, EIT, ET and IT.

EATH.

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EATH and EETH. Breath Death Heath Sheath Wreath Beneath Bequeath Underneath Inwreath Teeth Seeth. And the Words in ATH and ITH.

EAVE, EEVE, EIVE, EVE and IEVE. Leave Bereave Heave Cleave Eave Weave Greave Interleave Interweave Unweave Sleeve Perceive Conceive Receive Deceive Misconceive Eve Grieve Aggrieve Sieve Atchieve Believe Disbelieve Relieve Reprieve Retrieve. And ſometimes the Termination AVE.

EAV'N, EV'N, and IV'N. Heav'n Leav'n Sev'n Elev'n Ev'n Unev'n Giv'n Driv'n Striv'n Riv'n Thriv'n Forgiv'n Misgiv'n Undriv'n.

EB, ſee AB. EBE, ſee ABE.

ECK. Deck Neck Check Beck Peck Speck Wreck. And the Words in ACK, AKE, EAK and EEK.

EGT. Protect Sect Direct Expect Erect Neglect Reject Suſpect Elect Reſpect Effect Abject Affect Aſpect Architect Subject Select Infect Reflect Recollect Project Object Intellect Indirect Incorrect Circumſpect Correct Collect Defect Deject Detect Dialect Diſreſpect Eject Diſſect Reſect Undeck'd: And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in ACK and ECK.

ED, EAD, EDE, and EED. Bred Fed Sled Led Shed Fled Bed Wed Sped Red Miſled Sred Bled A-bed Truckle-bed Inbred Shred Ted Settlebed Spread Head Read Dead Stead Dread Bread Over ſpread Over-head Outſpread Tread Behead Maidenhead Mead Read Bead Knead Lead Plead Implead Miſlead Precede Recede Intercede Superſede Breed Bleed Feed Speed Seed Reed Succeed Need Proceed Weed Deed Miſdeed Steed Creed Indeed Heed Meed Exceed. And the Terminations AD, ADE and AID, and the third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in AY, EA, EE, EIGH and EY.

EDGE, EGE and IEGE. Wedge Edge Alledge Hedge Fledge Pledge Interpledge Ledge Sedge Sledge Privilege Sacrilege Sortilege Liege Siege Beſiege. And the Words in AGE.

EE. See EECH. See EACH.

EED. See EAD. EEK. See EAK.

EEL. See EAL. EEM. See EAM.

EEN. See EAN. EER. See EAR.

EEP. Sheep Keep Deep Weep Creep Sleep Steep Peep Sweep Aſleep.

EER. See EAR. EESE. See EASE.

EET. See EAT. EETH. See EATH.

EEVE. See EAVE. EEZE. See EASE.

EFT.

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EFT. Weft Theft Bereft Left Eft Cleft Unleft Deft. And the Terminations AFT, and IFT.

EG, EAG, EAGUE, and IGUE. Leg Beg Egg Dreg Tweag Feag League Brigue Intrigue.

EIGH. See AY. EIGHT. See ATE.

EIGN. See AIN.

EIL. See AIL. EIN. See AIN.

EINT. See AINT. EIR. See AIR.

EIT. See ATE. EIVE. See EAVE.

EIZE. See EASE.

EL, ELL, and LE, preceded by a Conſonant. Well Excel Foretel Fell Hell Sell Smell Tell Befel Cell Yell Farewel Aſphodel Quell Shell Citadel Bell Doll Ell Dwell Parallel Knell Infidel Spell Swell Compel Expel Diſpel Impel Outſel Underſel Repel Rebel Sentinel Colonel Abominable Accountable Acceptable Admirable Affable Allowable Alterable Amiable Amicable Anſwerable Appeaſable Applicable Arable Article Available Barnacle Believeable Blameable Capable Changeable Charitable Canticle Chronicle Conventicle Icicle Particle Vehicle Comfortable Commendable Conformable Conquerable Conſcionable Conſiderable Conſtable Creditable Culpable Curable Damnable Deceiveable Deplorable Deſireable Deſpicable Deteſtable Diſagreeable Diſhonourable Diſputable Diſtinguiſhable Durable Equitable Eſtimable Execrable Faſhionable Favourable Fordable Formidable Governable Habitable Honourable Hoſpitable Imaginable Imitable Immoveable Immutable Impenetrable Implacable Improbable Incapable Inclinable Incomparable Inconceiveable Inconſolable Inconſiderable Incurable Indeclinable Indefatigable Indiſpenſible Indubitable Indurable Ineſtimable Inevitable Inexcuſable Inexorable Inexpiable Inexplicable Inextricable Inextinguiſhable Inhabitable Inhoſpitable Inimitable Innavigable Innumerable Inſatiable Inſcrutable Inſeparable Inſociable Inſufferable Inſurmountable Inſuperable Inſupportable Interchangeable Intolerable Inviolable Invulnerable Irreconcileable Irrecoverable Irrefragable Irreparable Irrevocable Irreproachable Lamentable Laudable Liable Manacle Marriageable Medicinable Memorable Miracle Miſerable Moveable Invaluable Mutable Navigable Notable Obſervable Obſtacle Oracle Payable Palatable Palpable Parable Pardonable Paſſable Paſturable Peaceable Peaſerable Periſhable Performable Pinnacle Pleadable Pleaſureable Portable Preferable Profitable Probable Propoſicable Pliable Reaſonable Receptacle Recommendable Reconcileable Recoverable Redeemable Remarkable Removeable Reproveable Reprovable Retrieveable Revocable Seaſonable Semblable Serviceable

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Traceable Separable Sociable Spectacle Syllable Tabernacle Tolerable Tractable Treasonable Tuneable Valuable Variable Vegetable Vehicle Venerable Unacceptable Unaccountable Unalterable Unavoidable Unbiasseable Unchangeable Uncharitable Uncomfortable Unconquerable Unconscionable Ungovernable Unimaginable Unpardonable Unquenchable Unreasonable Unspeakable Unsufferable Untamable Untractable Untunable Unutterable Vulnerable Accessible Combustible Comprehensible Contemptible Corruptible Credible Crucible Defensible Divisible Elegible Fallible Flexible Forcible Horrible Impassible Imperceptible Impossible Inaccessible Incompatible Incomprehensible Incorrigible Incorruptible Incredible Indelible Indivisible Inexhaustible Infallible Inflexible Insensible Intelligible Invincible Inexpressible Irresistible Legible Plausible Possible Responsible Sensible Susceptible Terrible Visible Unintelligible Surcingle Carbuncle Manciple Principle.

ELCH and ILCH. Belch Squelch. And the Termination ILCH Milch Filch Pilch.

ELD, IELD, ILD and UILD. Held Geld Upheld Withheld Beheld Field Shield Wield Yield Gild Child Mild Wild Build Rebuild. And the Participles of the Verbs in EEL, EIL, EL, IL and ILE.

ELF and ALF. Elf Shelf Self Pelf Himself Herself Itself Calf Half Behalf.

ELK. See ILK.

ELM, EALM and ILM. Helm Whelm Overwhelm Realm Film.

ELP, ALP and ULP. Help Whelp Yelp Scalp Gulp Pulp.

ELSE. See ALSE.

ELT, EALT, ILT and UILT. Felt Melt Pelt Belt Gelt Smelt Dwelt Welt Spelt Dealt Gilt Spilt Quilt Hilt Jilt Milt Guilt.

ELVE and ALVE. Delve Helve Twelve Whelve Calve Salve.

ELVES. Themselves. To which Word rhyme the Plural Number of the Nouns in ELF, and the third Person singular of the Verbs in ELVE.

EM and EMN. Stem Diadem Jerusalem Them Hem Requiem Condemn Contemn. And the Words in AIM, AM, AME, EAM, EEM, EME and IM.

EME. See EAM, EMN. See EM.

EMP. See AMP.

EMT and EAMT, Exempt Contempt Attempt Tempt Dreamt.

EN. Den Fen Ten Men When Then Agen Amen Hen Pen Wren Denizen Citizen. And the Terminations AIGN, AIN

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AIN, AN, ANE, EAN, EEN, EIGN, IN, INE and YN. Alſo the Plural Number of all the Nouns compounded with the Word Man; as, Aldermen, &c. which ſee in the Termination AN.

ENCE and ENSE. Thence Fence Whence Senſe Cleanſe Hence Denſe Condenſe Pence Cenſe Connection Conſequence Continuence Concupiſcence Confidence Competence Conference Circumference Benevolence Beneficence Defence Diſpenſe Abſtinence Diligence Deference Expence Evidence Eminence Eloquence Excellence Incontinence Impenitence Influence Innocence Inſolence Impertinence Improvidence Improvidence Indifference Indigence Indolence Innocenſe Incenſe Inference Intelligence Irreverence Incence Incidence Accidence Appetence Magnificence Malevolence Munificence Maleficence Negligence Preſence Peſtilence Providence Penitence Pertinence Propenſe Prepenſe Preeminence Preference Prevalence Recompence Omnipotence Reference Reſidence Reverence Offence Suſpenſe Tenſe Violence Affluence Vehemence Effluence Frankincenſe, And the third Perſon Singular of the Verbs and Plural of the Nouns in EN, and all the other Terminations that rhyme to it. Alſo the Words in ANCE and INCE.

ENCH. Bench Drench Stanch Trench Wench Quench Teach Wrench French Intrench Recreant. And the Terminations ANCH and INCH.

END and IEND. Attend Aſcend Amend Apprehend Bend Blend Befriend Commend Contend Condeſcend Comprehend Diſtend Deſcend Defend Depend Diſcommend Dividend End Extend Expend Fore-ſend Fiend Friend Intend Impend Lend Mend Miſpend Offend Obrend Portend Protend Pretend Rend Recommend Reprehend Reverend Suſpend Send Spend Tend Vend Tranſcend Unbend Dividend. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EN, and of all the other Terminations that rhyme to it.

ENDS. Amends. This Word rhymes to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in END.

ENE. See EAN.

ENGE. Revenge Avenge. And the Words in ANGE and INGE.

ENGTH. Length Strength. ENSE. See ENCE.

ENT and EANT. Abſent Attent Abſtent Aſſent Augment Armipotent Bent Battlement Banishment Contents Circumvent Continent Abolishment Abſtinent Abſent Accidents Accompliſhment Accouterment Acknowledgment Admoniſhment Advertiſement Aliment Arbitrament Argument Blandiſhment Aggrandizement Aſtoniſhment Benevolent Chaſtiſe-

ſtiſement Competent Complement Confident Conſequent Corpulent Detriment Diffident Different Diligent Diſcouragement Diſfranchiſement Diſparagement Divertiſement Document Diſcontent Deſcent Diſſent Element Event Extent Eloquent Eminent Emolument Encouragement Equivalent Eſtabliſhment Evident Excellent Exigent Experiment Extinguiſhment Fomment Frequent Firmament Ferment Flatulent Fraudulent Government Indent Intent Invent Imbelliſhment Imminent Impediment Impenitent Impertinent Implement Impotent Impoveriſhment Impriſonment Improvident Impudent Incident Incompetent Incontinent Indifferent Indigent Innocent Inſolent Inſtrument Inſufficient Irreverent Integument Interſtuent Intelligent Lament Lent Leant Languiſhment Ligament Lineament Loculent Meant Monument Magnificent Malecontent Malevolent Management Medicament Miſrepreſent Miſcontent Miſpent Munificent Muniment Negligent Nouriſhment Nutriment Ornament Oſtent Outwent Overſpent Occident Omnipotent Opulent Orpiment Prevent Portent Parliament Puniſhment Pent Preſent Penitent Permanent Pertinent Peſtilent Preſident Predicament Prevalent Profluent Prominent Provident Repent Relent Rent Repreſent Reſent Raviſhment Redolent Re-eſtabliſhment Refluent Regiment Reverent Rudiment Sacrament Sediment Sentiment Settlement Succulent Subſequent Supplement Sent Scent Shent Spent Torment Tent Tournament Temperament Turbulent Vent Unmeant Went Underwent Unſpent Unbent Forewent Outwent Underwent Overwent Vehement Violent Virulent. And the Terminations AINT and ANT.

EP. Step Outſtep. And the Terminations AP, APE, EAP, and EEP.

EPT. Accept Adept Except Intercept Crept Kept Slept Wept Swept. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EAP and IP.

ER. Err Parterre Adminiſter Pieſter Aver Her Defer Deter Infer Refer Transfer Prefer Confer Arbiter Character Biographer Coſmographer Aſtronomer Geographer Hiſtoriographer Typographer Swaggerer Tillager Villager Dowager Cottager Maſſacre Victualler Remembrancer Slanderer Wanderer Iſlander Malander Warrenner Purchaſer Alabaſter Flatterer Smatterer Idolater Theatre Caterer Amphitheatre Foreigner Provender Lavender Meſſenger Paſſenger Porrenger Scavenger Challenger Carpenter Diameter Barometer Sorcerer Artificer Officer Sacrificer Dulcimer Mariner Gardinet Examiner Cylinder Lingerer Harbinger Juniper Caniſter Miniſter Regiſter Sophiſter Presbyter Admoniſher Furbiſher Poliſher Whiſperer Scrivener Law-giver Driveller Phi-

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Philosopher Cofferer Philologer Embroiderer. Loiterer Astrologer Customer Almoner Falconer Probationer Stationer Coroner Commoner Confectioner Usurer Pensioner Extortioner Waggoner Prisoner Commissioner Practitioner Parishioner Grashopper Passover Follower Sepulchre Cucumber Trumpeter Thunderer Plunderer Murderer Treasurer Lecturer Interpreter Ravisher Lucifer Chorister. Also the Words in EAR, and all the other Terminations to which it rhymes.

ERB. See ARB. ERCE. See ERSE.

ERD. See EARD. ERE. See EER.

ERGE, IRGE, and URGE. Serge Verge Emerge Clerge Dirge Urge Purge Surge Spurge. And the Termination ARGE.

ERM. See IRM. ERN. See EARN.

ERSE, EARSE, and IERCE. Verse Disperse Herse Adverse Averse Intersperse Transverse Aspersе Traverse Converse Disperse Immerse Perverse Reverse Universe Serse Rehearse Amerce Coerce Commerce Fierce Pierce Tierce. And the Words in ARCE; together with the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Person Singular of the Verbs in AIR, ARE, EAR, ERR, EIR, ER and ERE.

ERT. Advert Avert Assert Convert Desert Concert Divert Expert Inexpert Exert Insert Pervert Revert Subvert Animadvert Controvert Malapert Pert Wert. Also the Terminations ART, IRT, ORT and URT.

ERVE. Nerve Subserve Enerve Serve Swerve Conserve Deserve Disserve Observe Reserve Preserve. And the Words in ARVE.

ES, ESE, and ESS. Access Address Antipodes Absoluteness Abusiveness Advisedness Adulteress Almightiness Assiduousness Bless Backwardness Barrenness Bashfulness Bashfulness Bitterness Blessedness Beggarliness Bodiless Boisterousness Brittleness Compress Chess Acquiesce Assess Careless Confess Cheerfulness Comeliness Comfortless Contentedness Cloudiness Clownishness Covetousness Courtliness Craftiness Crookedness Dress Distress Depress Digress Dispossess Daintiness Deceitfulness Delicateness Dimensionless Dizziness Drunkenness Dissoluteness Drowziness Excess Express Egress Eagerness Earnestness Easiness Embassadress Emptiness Erroneousness Evenness Excessiveness Featherless Feebleness Faithfulness Fatherless Fickleness Filthiness Foolishness Forgetfulness Forwardness Friendliness Frowardness Fruitfulness Fulsomeness Ghess Ghastliness Gentleness Giddiness Godliness Governess Gracefulness Greediness Happiness Heaviness Harbourless Harmlessness Haughtiness Hastiness Heinousness Hideousness Hoariness Hollowness

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Holineſs Homelineſs Idleneſs Impreſs Ingreſs Imperiouſneſs Inconſiderateneſs Joyfulneſs Irkſomneſs Knaviſhneſs Leſs Laſciviouſneſs Lawfulneſs Lazineſs Licentiouſneſs Lioneſs Limberneſs Littleneſs Livelineſs Loftineſs Loneſomneſs Loathſomneſs Lovelineſs Lowlineſs Lumpiſhneſs Luſtfulneſs Luſtineſs Luxuriouſneſs. Meſs Maliciouſneſs Manlineſs Marchioneſs Maſterleſs Meagreneſs Mellowneſs Merrineſs Mightineſs Mindfulneſs Miſtineſs Moneyleſs Motherleſs Motioneſs Muſtineſs Nakedneſs Narrowneſs Naſtineſs Nauſeouſneſs Naughtineſs Needfulneſs Niggardlineſs Nimbleneſs Nobleneſs Noiſomneſs Nothingneſs Numberleſs Oppreſs Obſequionſneſs Offenſiveneſs Officiouſneſs Obduracteneſs Openneſs Outrageouſneſs. Preſs Poſſeſs Profeſs Painfulneſs Patroneſs Peaceableneſs Peeviſhneſs Pennyleſs Penſiveneſs Perfidiouſneſs. Pitileſs Poeteſs Populouſneſs Poſitiveneſs Prettineſs Prioreſs Propheteſs Publickneſs Purſineſs. Queſtionleſs Quietneſs. Receſs Regreſs Redreſs Rapidneſs Raggedneſs Ranſomleſs Readineſs Reaſonleſs Reaſonableneſs Rebelliouſneſs Remedileſs Reſervedneſs Reſoluteneſs Reſpectfulneſs Reſtleſneſs Reſtiveneſs Righteouſneſs Roſineſs Rottenneſs Ruggedneſs Ruſtineſs. Streſs Succeſs Suppreſs Savageneſs Scornfulneſs Scrupulouſneſs Seemlineſs Senſeleſneſs Senſibleneſs Seriouſneſs Shadineſs Shallowneſs Shamefulneſs Shameleſneſs Shepherdeſs Sicklineſs Sillineſs Sinfulneſs Skilfulneſs Slaviſhneſs Slenderneſs Slipperineſs Slothfulneſs Sluggiſhneſs Spiritleſs Sorcereſs Sordidneſs Sottiſhneſs Sparingneſs Sprightlineſs Spitefulneſs Statelineſs Steadineſs Stedfaſtneſs Stinginеſs Stubbornneſs Sturdineſs Submiſſiveneſs Sullenneſs Sumptuouſneſs Supperleſs Superſtitiouſneſs Surlineſs: Tranſgreſs Tardineſs Tediouſneſs Tenderneſs Thankfulneſs Thoughtfulneſs Thirſtineſs Thriftineſs Towardlineſs Tractableneſs Truſtineſs Toreſs Unleſs Undreſs Nevertheleſs Valiantneſs Uglineſs Vigorouſneſs Unadviſedneſs Uncertainneſs Uncharitableneſs Uneaſineſs Unnevenneſs Unfaithfulneſs Unfeignedneſs Ungodlineſs Unhappineſs Ungraciouſneſs Unhealthineſs Unlikelineſs Unluckineſs Unmannerlineſs Unmercifulneſs Unmindfulneſs Unpleaſantneſs Unreaſonableneſs Unquietneſs Unrighteouſneſs Unrulineſs Unſeemlineſs Unskilfulneſs Unſteadineſs Unthankfulneſs Untimelineſs Untowardneſs Unwarineſs Unwholeſomneſs Unwillingneſs Unworthineſs Uncleanlineſs. Voluptuouſneſs Votareſs Uſefulneſs Waiwardneſs Wakefulneſs Wantonneſs Warineſs Waſtfulneſs Watchfulneſs Weaponleſs Wearineſs Weightineſs Wholeſomneſs Wickedneſs Wilderneſs Willingneſs Wilfulneſs Worldlineſs Worthineſs Wretchedneſs Yellowneſs Youthfulneſs Theſe

Dio-

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Diocese. To this Termination rhyme the Words in EASE, and all the other Words that rhyme to that Ending.

ESH, and EASH. Flesh Fresh Afresh Refresh Mesh. Thresh Leash. And the Terminations ASH and ISH.

ESK and ESQUE. Desk Moresque Grotesque Burlesque. And the Words in ASK and ISK.

EST. Arrest Arrest Best Behest Bequest Crest Contest Detest Digest Divest Funest, Guest. Infest Inquest Invest Jest Impress Lest Molest Nest Obest Pest Protest Quest Rest Request Test Suggest Chest Vest West Wrest Unwrest Manifest Interest Disinterest Almagest Anapest. And the Terminations AST, EAST, and IST, with all that rhyme to them.

ET, and EBT. Bet Beset Beget Bewet Debt Abet Coronet Get Forget Sherbet Jet Overset Fret Let Wet Met Underset Regret Whet Net Pet Set Unset Curvet Yet Spet Unwet Coverlet Violet Amulet Rivulet Parapet Amulet Leveret Epithet Flageolet Cabinet Marmoset Baronet Anchoret Alphabet. And the Termination EAT, and those that rhyme to it.

ETCH. Stretch Retch Etch Fetch Sketch Vetch Wretch. And the Terminations ACH, ATCH, EACH, ICH, and ITCH.

ETE. See EAT. EUD. See EWD.

EVE. See EAVE. EUGH. See EW.

EUM. See UME. EUT. See UTE.

EW, IEW, and UE. Anew Accrue Brew Adieu Blue Blew Askew Bedew Beshrew Bestrew Crew Cue Clue Chew Drew Dew Due Ewe Eugh Imbrue Endue Ensue Eschew. Few Flew Flue Foreshew, Grew Glue. Hew Hue Jew Outgrew Knew Foreknew Imbrue In-Lieu Mew New, Perdue Pursue Purlieu Pew Slew Sew Stew Shew Spew Screw Strew Renew Rue Review Interview Subdue True Shrew. Sue. Threw. Unsew. Unshrew Undrew Withdrew Counterview Roughhew Yew Undue View Untrue Unglew Residue. And the Terminations O, OO, OU, and OW.

EWD. Lewd Shrewd Feud. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs of the precedent Termination.

EWN. Hewn Shewn Roughhewn Chewn, from the Verb Chew, is us'd by Sir R. Blacmore. And some of the Words in ONE, OON, and OWN.

EX. Sex Wex Kex Vex Yex Annex Connex Perplex Complex Reflex Convex Circumflex. And the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Person Singular of the Present Tense of the Verbs in ACK, AKE, EAK, ECK, EEK, and ECT.

EXT.

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EXT. Next Preterit Context. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in AX and EX.

EY. See AY.

I.

IB and IBE. Bib Crib Fib Glib Nib Rib Drib Squib Bribe Aſcribe Circumſcribe Deſcribe Imbibe Inſcribe Preſcribe Proſcribe Scribe Subſcribe Superſcribe Tranſcribe Tribe Diatribe.

ICE. Advice Artifice Avarice Dice Cockatrice Cicatrice Benefice Edifice Grice Lice Mice Nice Orifice Price Precipice Prejudice Rice Sice Slice Spice Splice Sacrifice Twice Thrice Trice Vice. And the Terminations IECE, IES, IS, ISE, IZE, and OICE.

ICH. See ITCH.

ICK. Brick Chick Crick Nick Pick Prick Quick Stick Rick Thick Slick Tick Trick Lick Kick Beſtick Biſhoprick Cholerick Arithmetick Bailiwick Arabick Afterick Candleſtick Catholick Empirick Flegmatick Heretick Lunatick Politick Rhetorick Splenatick Schiſmatick Turmarick. And the Terminations EAK, ECK, EEK, and IKE.

ICT. Addict Afflict Conflict Contradict Evict Inflict Strict Interdict. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in ICK.

ID, IDE, and UIDE. Bid Did Kid Lid Forbid Amid Slid Beſtrid Overbid Outdid Underbid Undid Unbid Pyramid Abide Aſide Aſtride Beſide Beſtride Betide Bide Backſlide Confide Chide Decide Divide Deride Glide Hide Guide Diſſide Miſguide Pride Ride Preſide Provide Collide Bride Stride Side Slide Stride Tide Wide Subſide Subdivide Regiside Homicide Parricide Fratricide. Alſo the Words in OID, and the Participle Paſſive of all the Verbs in IE or Y.

IDES. Beſides Ides. And the Plural Number of the Nouns and third Perſon Singular of the Verbs of the foregoing Termination.

IDGE. Bridge Ridge Abbridge Quarteridge Vicaridge. And the Termination EDGE, and all that rhyme to it.

IDST. Midſt Amidſt. And the ſecond Perſon Singular of the Verbs in ID and IDE; as Bid'ſt, Did'ſt, &c.

IE. See Y. IECE. See EASE.

IDGE. See EDGE.

IEF and EAF. Brief, Belief Chief Thief Grief Handkerchief Misbelief Relief Thief Leaf Sheaf Deaf. And the Words in IF.

IEK. See EAK. IELD. See ELD.

IEND. See END. IERCE. See ERCE.

IES.

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IES. Obſequies Exequies. Theſe Words rhyme to the Terminations ICE, IECE, IS, ISE, and IZE; and to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon Preſent of the Verbs in E, EA, EE, and IE or Y.

IEST. See EAST. IEVE. See EAVE.

IEW. See EW.

IFE, and OIF. Fife Knife Life Rife Strife Wife Coif. And the Words in IFF. Cliff Whiff Skiff Sriff. Alſo the Termination EAF.

IFT. Drift Adrift Gift Lift Rift Sift Shrift Shift Swift Thrift Unthrift Uplift. And the Termination EFT, and Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in IFF.

IG. Big Dig Fig Jig Grig Pig Rig Sprig Trig Twig Whig Wig Swig Perriwig Whirligig. And the Words in EAGUE and IGUE.

IGE. Oblige Diſoblige. And the Words in IEGE.

IGH. See Y. IGH'R. See IRE.

IGHT. Affright Aright Alight Bright Blight Bedight Benight Delight Deſpight Dight Flight Fright Fight Hight Height Knight Light Might Night Plight Right Sight Spight Wight Slight Tight Sprighe Upright Overſight Yeſternight. And the Terminations IT, ITE, and OIT.

IGN. See INE.

IGUE and EAGUE. Fatigue Intrigue League.

IKE and IQUE. Alike Belike Dike Like Pike Diſlike Spike Oblique Unlike Strike Miſlike Woman like Scholar-like, and many other Words of that Nature that are made by joining the Adjective Like to Subſtantives.

IL and ILL. Bill Diſtil Daffodil Drill Dill Fill Fulfil Hill Codicil Camomil Ill Kill Mill Pill Rill Still Shrill Skill Spill Squill Till Thrill Will Inſtil Overfil Until Utenſil. And the Terminations EAL, EEL, EL, ILE, and OIL.

ILCH. See ELCH.

ILD. See ELD. But note, that three Words of this Termination, viz. Child Mild Wild rhyme to the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in ILE.

ILE, OIL, and UILE. Bile Chyle Awhile Compile Defile File Ile Mile Nile Revile Reconcile Erewhile Smile Stile Style Pile Tile Vile While Crocodile Juvenile Volatile Boil Broil Coil Toil Moil Oil Quoil Soil Spoil Toil Deſpoil Imbroil Diſembroil Parboil Recoil Turmoil Guile Beguile. Alſo the Termination IL.

ILK. See ELK. ILM. See ELM.

ILST. Whilſt. To which rhymes the ſecond Perſon Singular of the Verbs in ILE; as, Defil'ſt, &c.

ILT. See ELT.

ILTH.

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ILTH. Filth Tilth. And the Words in EALTH.

IM, IMB, IME, and IMN. Brim Dim Grim Him Nim Rim Interim Skim Trim Swim Limb Begrime Chime Clime Crime Climb Grime Lime Mime Prime Miſtime Maritime Rime Rhyme Thyme Time Sublime Hymn Liman. And the Words in EAM and EEM.

IMES. Betimes Sometimes. Theſe two Words rhyme to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Verbs of the preceding Termination.

IMP. Gimp Pimp Imp Limp Shrimp.

IMPSE. Glimpſe. Which Word rhymes to the Nouns and Verbs of the laſt Termination, in like Manner as is above directed in the Termination IMES.

IN. Begin Bin Chin Culverin Din Fin Gin Grin In Inn Kin Pin Shin Sin Spin Skin Thin Tin Twin Win Therein Wherein Within Unpin Underpin Aſſaſſin Capuchin Jeſſamin Javelin Medicin Palatin Ravelin Sanhedrin Seraphin Cherubin Kilderkin. And the Terminations EAN, EEN, and all thoſe that rhyme to them.

INCE. Mince Prince Quince Rince Since Wince Convince Evince. Alſo the Words in ENCE, and the Plural of the Nouns and third Perſon of the Verbs in IN, and of all that rhyme to that Termination.

INCH. Clinch Flinch Pinch Inch Winch. And the Words in ENCH.

INCT Extinct Diſtinct Indiſtinct Inſtinct Precinct Succinct. And the Participle Paſſive of the regular Verbs in INX.

IND. Bind Behind Blind Find Hind Wind Kind Grind Mind Rind Wind Unkind Unbind Unwind Mankind Womankind Human-kind Underbind Remind Reſcind. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in IN, INE, and OIN.

INE, IGN, and OIN. Brine Chine Calcine Carabine Confine Combine Countermine Dine Decline Define Divine Entwine Fine Hine Incline Inſhrine Interline Line Mine Nine Opine Recline Refine Repine Pine Shrine Shine Rine Swine Fine Thine Twine Trine Vine Whine Machine Marine Faſcine Supine Superfine Tranſmarine Ultramarine Undermine Untwine Aquiline Brigantine Columbine Concubine Diſcipline Eglantine Feminine Libertine Maſculine Magazine Nectarine Origine Palatine Peregrine Porcupine Secandine Serpentine Turpentine Aſinine Chryſtalline Medecine Heroine Genuine Boline Aſſign Conſign Deſign Reſign Sign Coin Foin Groin Join Loin Adjoin Conjoin Diſjoin Eloin Eſſoin Injoin Purloin Rejoin Subjoin Unjoin. And ſometimes the Terminations EAN, EEN, and IN.

ING.

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ING. Bring Cling Fling King Ring Sling Sting Swing Wing Thing Wring Sting Spring Sing Unking Underling Hinderling Chitterling Tenderling.

INGE and INDGE. Cringe Hinge Sprindge Swinge Twinge Tinge Hinge Infringe Fringe Unhinge Impinge Sindge. And the Words in ANGE and ENGE.

INK. Brink Chink Drink Link Shrink Sprink Skink Wink Bethink Cinque Think Stink Slink Sink Pink Ink Clink.

INKS and INX. Methinks Linx Minx: Which rhyme to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in INK.

INT. Print Squint Aſquint Dint Septuagint Imprint Calamint Balſamint Hint Mint Flint Pint Splint. And ſometimes the Words in ENT.

INTH. Hyacinth Labyrinth Ninth.

INX. See INKS.

IP. Chip Dip Hip Nip Scrip Sip Slip Strip Trip Equip Whip Tip Snip Skip Clip Drip Grip Lip Pip Rip Ship Outſtrip Overſlip Elderſhip Fellowſhip Guardianſhip Horſemanſhip Rivalſhip Workmanſhip Maſterſhip. And the Terminations EAP, EEP. EP and IPE.

IPE and YPE. Gripe Ripe Stripe Tripe Wipe Over-ripe Unripe Pipe Snipe Swype Type Prototype Antitype Archetype. And the Words in EAP, EEP, and IP.

IPS. Apocalyps Overſhips Blubberlips Eclipſe. Alſo the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Verbs of the two laſt Terminations, and of the others that rhyme to them.

IPT. Manuſcript Conſcript. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EAP, EEP, EP, IP and IPE.

IQUE. See IKE. IR. See UR.

IRE. Admire Aſpire Attire Bemire Conſpire Dire Deſire Expire Fire Inquire Intire Inſpire Hire Gire Ire Choir Lyre Mire Quire Require Sire Tyre Squire Wire Retire Spire Tire Acquire Tranſpire Reſpire High'r Nigh'r Fryar Brier Alſo the Nouns Verbal form'd from the Verbs in Y: as, Dyer Lyer Buyer, &c.

IRCH. See URCH. IRD. See URD.

IRGE. See URGE.

IRK and IRQUE. Firk Kirk Quirk Irk Shirk Smirk Stirk Cirque. And the Terminations ERK, ORK, and URK.

IRL. See URL.

IRM and ERM. Firm Affirm Infirm Confirm Term Sperm.

IRP.

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IRP and URP. Chirp Usurp.

IRQUE. See IRK. IRST. See ORST and URST.

IRT, ORT and URT. Dirt Flirt Girt Skirt Shirt Squirt Ungirt Wort Hurt Spurt Blurt Unhurt. And the Words in ERT.

IRTH. See EARTH and ORTH.

IS, ISS and IZZ. This Is Amiss Ephemeris Bliss Kiss Dismiss Miss Hiss His Piss Bepiss Abyss Submiss Remiss Analysis Antithesis Epistasis Genesis Hypothesis Metamorphosis Metropolis Parenthesis Periphrasis Apotheosis Metempsychosis Hizz Whizz. And the Termination ICE, and all the other that rhyme to it.

ISE, IZE and UISE. Arise Advise Assize Advertise Agonize Allegorize Anathematize Anatomize Apostatize Authorize Baptize Canonize Cantonize Catechize Cauterize Characterize Chastise Cicatrize Circumcise Civilize Compromize Comprize Cowardise Criticise Devise Despise Demise Disguise Documentize Dogmatize Exercise Enterprize Epitomize Etymologize Eternize, Evangelize Excise Exercise Exorcize Familiarize Fertilize Gourmandize Idolize Immortalize Manumize Merchandize Methodize Misadvise Monopolize Moralize Naturalize Otherwise Overwise Overprize Pardise Particularize Patronize Prize Philosophize Premise Pulverize Recognize Revise Satyrize Serpentize Scandalize Signalize Solemnize Surprise Rise Size Sise Wise Guise Trice Surmise Stygmatize Symbolize Sympathize Tantalize Temporize Tyrannize Unwise Weatherwise Precise Bastardize Remise. And the Words in ICE, with all the Terminations that rhyme to them. Also the Plural of all the Nouns, and third Person singular of the Present Tense of all the Verbs, in IGH and Y.

ISH. Dish Fish With Impoverish Heathenish Devilish Gibberish Womanish Feverish Aguish Yellowish. Mr. Dryden and our other Poets make this Termination rhyme with the Words in ISS.

ISK. Brisk Risk Frisk Whisk Disk Bisque Obelisk Basilisk Tamarisk. And the Words in ESK.

ISM. Prism Schism Chrysm Anglicism Aphorism Asterism Barbarism Catechism Criticism Catholicism Christianism Gallicism Heathenism Hellenism Judaism Latinism Libertinism Nepotism Ostracism Paganism Paroxism Priapism Pedantism Rheumatism Scepticism Solecism Stoicism Epicurism Syllogism Witticism.

ISP. Lisp Crisp Wisp.

IST. List Artist Desist Mist Fist Resist Twist Wrist Persist Consist Exist Wist Insist Subsist Untwist Arborist Alchymist

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chymiſt Amethyſt Anatomiſt Annaliſt Antagoniſt Antichriſt Cabaliſt Catechiſt Deipnoſophiſt Dogmatiſt Emblematiſt Epigrammatiſt Epitomiſt Etymologiſt Evangeliſt Exorciſt Formaliſt Herbaliſt Humouriſt Humaniſt Gymnoſophiſt Janſeniſt Latiniſt Methodiſt Mercuriaſiſt Mineraliſt Monopoliſt Naturaliſt Oculiſt Organiſt Phyſiognomiſt Platoniſt Royaliſt Satyriſt Separatiſt Calviniſt. And the Terminations EAST, EST and IEST; together with the Participle *Paſſive* of the Verbs in EASE, IECE, and ISS, and of the other Terminations that rhyme to them.

IT. Admit It Bit Befit Benefit Chit Cit Commit Emit Acquit Fit Flit Grit Hit Kit Knit Nit Pit Quit Omit Outwit Permit Precermit Remit Refit Re-admit Sit Slit Spit Split Submit Perquiſit Tranſmit Tit Whit Wit Writ Unfit Unknit. And the Terminations EAT, EET, ET, ETE and ITE.

ITCH and ICH. Bitch Bewitch Ditch Flitch Hitch Itch Pitch Stitch Switch Twitch Witch Unbewitch Unſtitch Nich Which Rich Enrich. And the Terminations EACH and ETCH.

ITE and OIT. Bite Blite Cite Kite Contrite Deſpite Diſunite Indite Indict Invite Excite Incite Impolite Polite Mite Quite Rite Spite Site Smite Trite White Write Requite. Recite Rechabite Re-unite Tripartite Unite Bipartite Quadrupartite Expedite Appoſite Oppoſite Appetite Attrite Carmelite Catamite Chryſolite Exquiſite Favourite Hermaphrodite Hypocrite Indefinite Infinite Marcaſite Neochyte Paraſite Proſelyte Requiſite Sodomite Jebuſite Iſraelite Aconite Doit Quoit Exploit. And the Terminations IGHT and IT.

ITH and ITHE. Frith With Pith Smith Forthwith Herewith Wherewith Therewith Blithe Lithe Hithe Scythe Tithe Writhe. And the Terminations EATHE and EETH.

IVE. Alive Strive Drive Revive Thrive Hive Contrive Survive Five Cive Slive Dive Rive Shrive Thrive Wive Arrive Connive Deprive Derive Survive Gyve Give Sive Live Forgive Miſgive Overlive Outlive Ablative Accuſative Affirmative Alternative Communicative Commutative Comparative Conſecutive Contemplative Copulative Correlative Apperitive Appellative Carminative Deliberative Imitative Imperative Declarative Defenſative Definitive Demonſtrative Derivative Diminutive Diſcretive Diſtributive Donative Executive Exhortative Expletive Figurative Frequentative Fugitive Generative Genitive Inchoative Indicative Infinitive Inquiſitive Interrogative Intranſitive Laxative Lenitive Deliberative Narrative Negative Nominative Nuncupative

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Nutritive Opiniative Operative Optative Positive Preparative Prerogative Preſervative Primitive Privative Provocative Purgative Portative Repreſentative Relative Reſtorative Senſitive Significative Speculative Subſtantive Superlative Talkative Vegetive Vegetative Vindicative Vocative Vomitive Sopprative Intuitive. And the Terminations EAVE, EEVE, EIVE and IEVE.

IX Admix Affix Flix Infix Intermix Fix Mix Crucifix Six Transfix Prolix Prefix Unfix Sardonix. And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in IX. Alſo the Words in Ex, and the ſeveral Terminations they rhyme to them.

IXT Betwixt Sixth. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in IX and EX.

IZE. See ISE.

O.

O, preceded by a Conſonant. See OO and OW.

OACH. Broach Coach Roach Loach Poach Abroach Approach Incroach Reproach. And the Words in AUCH and OTCH.

OAD. Goad Load Road Toad Woad Unload Overload Broad Abroad. And the Terminations AUD, OD, ODE and GOD.

OAF. Loaf Oaf. And the Terminations OFF and UFF.

OAK. Choak Cloak Croak Oak Soak Stroak. And the Words in OCK and OKE.

OAKS. Coaks, the only Primitive Word of this Termination, rhymes to the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OAK, OCK and OKE.

OAL. Foal Coal Goal Soal Shoal. And the Terminations OLE, OL, OLL, OUL and OWL.

OAM. See OME. OAN. See ONE.

OAP. See OPE. OAR. See ORE.

OARD. See ORD.

OARSE. Hoarſe. This Word rhymes with thoſe in ORCE, ORSE, OURCE and OURSE.

OAST. Coaſt Boaſt Toaſt Roaſt. And the Words in AUST and OST.

OAT. Bloat Boat Float Coat Doat Goat Groat Moat Oat Stoat Throat Ferryboat Petticoat O'erfloat. And the Words in AUGHT, OOT, OT, OTE and OUGHT.

OATH. See OTH.

OB. Bob Cob Fob Gob Hob Job Knob Lob Mob Rob Sob Throb Squob. Alſo the Words in AB and AUB: and the following Termination,

OBE.

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OBE. Globe Lobe Probe Robe Conglobe.

OCE. See OSE.

OCK. Block Crock Clock Cock Dock Frock Plock Hock Knock Lock Mock Nock Pock Rock Shock Smock Stock Unlock Unſtock Shittlecock Weathercock. And the Words in OAK, OKE, OOK and UCK.

OCT. Concoct. To this Word rhyme the Participles of the Verbs in OCK.

OD. Clod Cod Hod Nod Pod Odd Plod Rod Shod Sod Tod Trod Unſhod Untrod. And the following Termination,

ODE. Abode Bode Code A-la-mode Corrode Diſplode Explode Mode Ode Rode Strode Epiſode Incommode Forebode Outrode Outſtrode. And the Terminations OAD, OOD, OUD: and the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OW.

ODGE and OGE. Dodge Lodge Diſlodge Podge Doge Horologe.

OE. See OW. O'ER. See ORE.

OFF, OPH and OUGH. Off Scoff Cough Trough Slough Seroph Antiſtroph. And the Termination AUGH.

OFT. Croft Loft Oft Soft Toft Aloft Scoff'd Cough'd.

OG, Bog Clog Cog Dog Frog Fog Hog Jog Log Nog Prog Shog Agog. And the Words in OGUE.

OGE. See ODGE.

OGUE. Brogue Rogue Vogue Diſſembogue Monologue Pedagogue Aſtrologue Prorogue Collogue Decalogue. Demagogue Dialogue Epilogue Synagogue Theologue Apologue Catalogue, and the Words in OG.

OICE and OISE. Choice Joice Voice Rejoice Noiſe Poiſe Counterpoiſe. Alſo the Termination ISE, and thoſe that rhyme to it.

OID. Void Avoid Devoid. And the Words in IDE; and the other Terminations of that Rhyme.

OIF. See IFE.

OIL. Boil Broil Coil Foil Moil Oil Soil Spoil Toil Deſpoil Imbroil Diſimbroil Parboil Recoil Turmoil; and the Words in ILE.

OIN. See INE.

OIR. Devoir Memoir Choire. And the Words in IRE.

OINT. Joint Oint Point Anoint Appoint Diſappoint Disjoint Counterpoint Unjoint. And the Termination INT.

OISE. See OICE.

OIST. Joiſt Hoiſt Moiſt. And the Words in IST, together with the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OICE and OISE.

OIT. See ITE.

OKE. Broke Beſpoke Beſmoke Choke Moke Poke

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Smoke Speke Joke Stroke Yoke Forespoke Invoke Provoke Revoke Awoke Artichoke Unyoke. And the Terminations OAK, OCK and OOK.

OL and OLL. Droll Knoll Roll Troll Toll Stroll Scroll Poll Control Enrol Loll Extol Capitol. And the Terminations ALL, AWL, OLE and OUL.

OLD. Bold Cold Fold Gold Hold Old Mold Scold Wold Sold Fold Behold Freehold Copyhold Infold Manifold Marigold Overbold Unfold Uphold Untold Unfoul'd Outfold Overfold Underfold Foretold With-hold. And the Participle Passive of the Verbs in OL, OLE, OUL and OWL.

OLE. Bole Dole Hole Jole Mole Pole Sole Stole Whole Cajole Console Condole Parole Patrole Pistole. And the Termination OAL and all that rhyme to it.

OLF. See ULF. OLK. See ULK.

OLM. Holm. This, the only Word of this Termination, may be rhym'd with the Words in ALM.

OL'N and AL'N. Stroll'n Swoln Fall'n Befall'n.

OLT. Bolt Colt Dolt Holt Jolt Molt Revolt Unbolt Thunderbolt. And the Words in ALT.

OLVE. Absolve Convolve Evolve Involve Devolve Dissolve Resolve Revolve Circumvolve Intervolve Solve.

OM, OAM, OMB, OME and OOM. Burthensom Christendom Cumbersom Frolicksom Humoursom Meetlesom Quarelsom Troublesom Martyrdom Wearisom Come Some Become Misbecome Overcome Hecatomb Womb Tomb Entomb Bomb Bloom Boom Broom Loom Doom Gloom Groom Room Rome Spoom Whom Dome Gnome Home Tome Foam Roam Loam Comb.

OMP. See UMP.

OMPT. There are but two Words of this Termination: viz. Prompt and Accompt. The first of them rhymes to the Participle Passive of the Verbs in AMP and UMP; the other to the Words in OUNT.

ON, OAN, ONE, OON and OWN. Amazon Garrison Anon On Don Gone Undergone Con Lexicon Oraison Cinnamon Caparison Comparison Venison Unison Gone Outgone Simpleton Foregone Overgone Undergone Skeleton Upon Suppon Done Son Won Outdone Undone Boon Moon Noon Soon Spoon Ducatoon Swoon Buffoon Lampoon Poltroon Loon Battoon Drone Cone Stone Hone One Prone Bone Crone Tone Throne Zone Shone Outshone Enthrone Postpone Alone Attone Dethrone Moan Groan Loan Roan Grown Mown Own Shown Sown Blown Known Unknown Flown Thrown Disown Overthrown Overblown Foreknown Overgrown Outgrown Outflown. And the Termination UN.

ONCE.

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ONCE. See ONSE. ONCH. See UNK.

OND. Bond Fond Pond Abſcond Beyond Correſpond Deſpond Counterbond Vagabond Diamond. Alſo the Termination OUND. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OAN, ONE, ON and OWN. ONE. See ON.

ONG, ONGUE and OUNG. Along Among Belong Song Long Prong Strong Thong Throng Wrong Oblong Erelong Prolong Tongue Young. And the Words in UNG.

ONGST. Amongſt. This Word rhymes to the ſecond Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in ONG: As, Belong'ſt Throng'ſt, &c.

ONGUE. See ONG. ONK. See UNK.

ONSE and ONCE. Sconſe Enſconſe Once Nonce. And the Words in AUNCE and OUNCE. Alſo the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Verbs in ON, ONE, and the Terminations that rhyme to them.

ONT. Front Affront Confront Font Wont. And the Words in OUNT and UNT.

OO. Coo Shoo Halloo Loo Too Woo You. And the Words in O, OW, EW and UE.

OOD. Broof Food Good Hood Mood Rood Stood Wood Underſtood Withſtood Gainſtood Miſunderſtood Brotherhood Likelihood Livelihood Neighbourhood Siſterhood Widowhood Womanhood Seerwood. Alſo the Terminations UD and UDE, and the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OO, and of all the other Verbs that rhyme to that Termination.

OOF. Aloof Hoof Loof Proof Roof Woof Behoof Diſproof Reproof. Alſo the Words in OAF, and the ſeveral Terminations that rhyme to them.

OOK. Book Brook Cook Crook Flook Hook Look Rook Shook Took Nook Miſtook Overtook Undertook Overlook Unhook Forſook Betook Partook. And the Terminations OAK, OCK, OKE and UCK.

OOL. Cool Fool Pool School Spool Tool Wool Befool. And the Words in OLE, OWL and UL.

OOM. See OM. OON. See ON.

OOP. Coop Groop Hoop Loop Poop Scoop Soop Stoop Swoop Troop Whoop Droop Unhoop Cock-a-Hoop. And the Words in OAP, OP, OPE, OUP and UP.

OOR. Boor Door Floor Moor Poor Battle-door Black-a-moor. And the Terminations OAR, OR, ORE, OUR, UR and URE.

OOSE and OOZE. Gooſe Looſe Chooſe Nooze Ooze Unlooſe Cartooze. Alſo the Terminations OS, OSE, OUS, OUSE and USE: And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon

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ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs, in EW, O, OO, OW, UE, &c.

OOST. Rooſt. This Word rhymes with the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs of the foregoing Termination, and with the Words in OUST and UST.

OOT. Boot Moot Foot Root Shoot Toot Soot Coot Hoot Overſhoot Unroot, and the Terminations OAT, OT, OTE, OUT, UIT, UT and UTE.

OOTH. Booth Sooth Smooth Tooth Forſooth. And the Words in OTH, OUTH and UTH.

OOZE. See OOSE.

OP, OAP and OPE. Crop Dop Cop Drop Sop Chop Fop Hop Knop Lop Mop Prop Pop Shop Slop Top Stop Swop Unſtop Overtop Underprop Cope Hope Grope Lope Nope Pope Mope Rope Scope Slope Aſlope Ope Tope Trope Heliofcope Hydroſcope Teleſcope Elope Interlope Heliotrope Microſcope Horoſcope Baroſcope Coap Soap Moap, and the Words in OOP and OUP.

OPH. See OF.

OPSE. Copſe. To this Word rhyme the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OAP, OP and OPE.

OPT. Adopt. This Word rhymes with the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OAP, OP and OPE.

OR, OAR and ORE. Abhor Admonitor Metaphor Apparitor Barretor Competitor Creditor Diſheritor Inheritor Auditor Compoſitor Impoſitor Monitor Emperor Anceſtor Soliciter Propoſitor Progenitor Servitor Expoſitor Conſpirator Orator Senator Succeſſor Confeſſor Executor Proſecutor Chancellor Counſellor Calumniator Conqueror Embaſſador Boar Roar Soar Oar Gloar Uproar Goar Bore Core Gore Frore Lore More Ore Pore Rore Score Shore Snore Sore Store Swore Tore Whore Were Aſhore Forbore Overbore Foreſwore Afore Before Battledore Adore Explore Deplore Helleboie Heretofore Implore Providore Reſtore Sycamore And the Words in OUR.

ORB. Orb Abſorb. And the Termination URB.

ORCE, ORSE, OURCE, OURS and OURSE. Force Divorce Perforce Inforce Reinforce Corſe Worſe Horſe Remorſe Unhorſe Indorſe Courſe Source Scourſe Diſcourſe Intercourſe Recourſe Reſource Ours Yours. Alſo the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OOR, OR, ORE, OUR and OWR.

ORCH. Torch Scorch Porch. And the Words in IRCH and URCH.

ORD and OARD. Cord Chord Lord Accord Record Harpſicord Uncord Board Hoard Aboard Sword Afford Abhorrd

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herd Word. Likewiſe the Terminations EARD, ERD, IRD and URD. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in IR, OAR, OR, ORE, OUR, OWER and UR.

ORE. See OR.

ORGE. Gorge Diſgorge Ingorge Regorge Forge. And the Words in URGE.

ORK, Cork Fork Ork Stork Pork Work. And the Terminations IRK and URK.

ORLD. World. This Word is rhym'd with the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EARL, IRL and URL.

ORM. Form Storm Conform Deform Perform Inform Reform Tranſform Uniform Miſinform Unconform Multiform Worm. And ſometimes the Words in ARM and IRM.

ORN. Corn Horn Scorn Thorn Born Adorn Unborn Suborn Unicorn Capricorn Shorn Torn Worn Borne Torn Sworn Forborne Overborn Overworn Forſworn Unſworn Unworn Unthorn. And the Terminations OURN and URN.

ORSE. See ORCE.

ORST. Worſt. To this Word rhyme the Terminations ERST and URST. Alſo the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in ERCE, ORCE and URSE.

ORT and OURT. Fort Port Sport Alamort Comport Deport Diſport Effort Export Import Tranſport Purport Report Support Court Wort Short Snort Sort Confort Diſtort Extort Exhort Refort Retort. And the Words in IRT and URT.

ORTH and OURTH. Forth Henceforth Fourth North Worth. And the Words in EARTH and IRTH.

OSE and OZE. Cloſe Doſe Jocoſe Moroſe Globoſe Choſe Doze Cloſe Gloze Noſe Hoſe Roſe Froze Proſe Thoſe Appoſe Compoſe Diſcloſe Depoſe Diſpoſe Diſcompoſe Expoſe Foreclose Incloſe Impoſe Interpoſe Oppoſe Preſuppoſe Propoſe Recompoſe Repoſe Suppoſe Tranſpoſe Tranſproſe Loſe Whoſe. And the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in EW, GO, OW, and of the other Endings that Rhyme to them. Likewiſe the following Words in

OSS. Boſs Croſs Droſs Goſs Foſs Gloſs Groſs Loſs Moſs Toſs Imboſs Engroſs Rhinoceros.

OST. Coſt Froſt Loſt Toſt Accoſt Pentecoſt Ghoſt Hoſt Moſt Poſt Roſt. And the Terminations AUST and OAST. Likewiſe the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OSE and OSS.

OT. Blot Cot Dot Got Hot Jot Lot Knot Not Plot Pot Rot Scot Shot Slot Snot Sot Spot Trot Wot Clot Grot Begot

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got Complot Forgot Misbegot Allot Camelot Befot Beſpot Abricot Gallipot Huguenot Ideot Shalot. And the Terminations AUGHT, AT, OAT, OTE, and OUGHT.

OTCH. Botch Crotch Notch. And the Terminations ATCH, AUCH, OACH, and UTCH.

OTE. Dote Flote Glote Lote Mote Note Quote Rote Stote Cote Smote Vote Wrote Antidote Denote Promote Remote Devote. And the Words in OAT.

OTH and OATH. Broth Cloth Froth Moth Troth Betroth Wrath Both Loth Sloth Oath Cloath Loath Growth Undergrowth. And the Words in OUTH.

OU. See OO and OW.

OUBT. See OUT.

OUCH. Couch Crouch Mouch Ouch Pouch Slouch Avouch Vouch Touch Retouch. Alſo the Terminations OACH, OTCH, UCH, and UTCH.

OUD and OWD. Cloud Crowd Loud Proud Shrowd Aloud Overcloud Unſhrowd Uncloud Cou'd Wou'd Shou'd. Alſo the Terminations OAD, ODE, and OOD; and the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EW, OO, OW, and of the Terminations that rhyme to them.

OVE. Dove Glove Love Shove Above Clove Grove Rove Stove Strove Throve Drove Wove Devove Alcove Interwove Unwove Move Prove Approve Behove Diſapprove Diſprove Improve Remove Reprove.

OUGH. See OF, OW, and UFF.

OUGHT. Bought Brought Fought Nought Ought Thought Sought Wrought Beſought Forethought Unthought Unbought Bethought Unſought Unwrought Methought Misthought Caught Draught Fraught Naught Taught Untaught Uncaught Miſtaught. And the Words in OAT, OT, and OTE.

OUL. Soul Roul Scoul Controul Bowl; and the Terminations OAL, OL, OLE and OWL.

OULD. Mould. This Word rhymes to the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OAL, OL, OLE, and OWL.

OUN. See OWN.

OUNCE. Bounce Flounce Frounce Ounce Pounce Trounce Denounce Prononnce Renounce. Alſo the Words in ONCE and ONSE. And the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OAN, ON, ONE, OON, and OWN.

OUND. Bound Found Ground Hound Mound Pound Round Sound Stround Wound Abound Aground Around Compound Confound Expound Impound Profound Propound Rebound Redound Reſound Surebound Surround Unſound Unbound Unfound Unwound. Alſo the Termi-

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nation OND and UND, and the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OWN and UN.

OUNG. Young. To which rhyme the Words in ONGUE and UNG.

OUNT. Count Fount Mount Account Amount Diſcount Diſmount Miſcount Paramount Surmount Tantamount Remount. And the Terminations ONT and UNT.

OUR and OW'R. Four Lour Pour Sour Tour Our Your Hour Scour Deflour Devour Amour Paramour Bow'r Cow'r Flow'r Pow'r Show'r Tow'r. And the Terminations OAR, OOR, and ORE.

OURGE. Scourge. To which Word rhyme the Words in ORGE and URGE.

OURN. Mourn Bourn Adjourn Sojourn Rejourn. And the Words in ORN and URN.

OURS. Ours Yours. And the Terminations ORCE and ORSE. Alſo the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OAR, OOR, OR, ORE, OUR and OW'R.

OURTH. See ORTH.

OUS. Adventurous Adulterous Ambiguous Amorous Anomalous Anonymous Birumenous Blaſphemous Boiſterous Calamitous Clamorous Congruous Covetous Credulous Dangerous Degenerous Emulous Fabulous Frivolous Generous Glutinous Gluttonous Gratuitous Hazardous Humorous Ignivomous Impoſtitious Idolatrous Incredulous Incongruous Infamous Injudicious Intriguous Lecherous Libidinous Ludicrous Lugubrious Leguminous Ludibrious Luminous Magnanimous Marvelous Miraculous Miſchievous Mountainous Murinous Neceſſitous Numerous Obſtreperous Odoriferous Ominous Opprobrious Oraculous Perfidious Perilous Peſtiferous Poiſonous Ponderous Populous Poſthumous Prepoſterous Proſperous Piruitous Querulous Rancorous Ravenous Ridiculous Rigorous Riotous Ruinous Saluriferous Scrophulous Scandalous Scrupulous Scurrilous Seductous Slanderous Soliciteous Sulphurous Synonimous Timorous Traiterous Treacherous Tyrannous Valorous Venomous Venturous Vigorous Villanous Ulcerous Unanimous Ungenerous Voluminous. And the Words in US.

OUSE. Houſe Louſe Mouſe Souſe Chowſe Houſs. And the Terminations OOSE, OSE, OUS, and US. Alſo the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OW, and of all the other Terminations that rhyme to it.

OUT and OUBT. Bout About Clout Flout Glout Gout Grout Hout Lout Out Without Pout Rout Scout Shout Snout Spout Sprout Stout Devout Undevout Throughout Doubt

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Doubt Redoubt Misdoubt. And the Words in OOT and UT,

OUTH. South Mouth Youth Couth Uncouth. And the Words in OATH, OOTH, OTH and UTH.

OW, O, OE, and OUGH. Ow Crow Blow Bow Flow Glow Grow Know Low Mow Show Sow Stow Strow Throw Tow Frow Trow Snow Slow Beſtow Foreknow Foreſhow Foreflow Overflow Overgrow Overthrow Outgrow Below Alow Row Reflow Out-row O Oh So Lo No Ho Go, To and fro, Ago Forego Outgo Undergo Overgo Portico Cupolo Callico Indigo Miſleto Bufalo Archipelago Incognito Toe Doe Foe Roe Sloe Tho' Altho' Hough Dough Do To Two Too Who Through Foredo Misdo Outdo Ado Undo Hitherto Thitherto You Bow Cow Brow Mow Now Prow How Plow Sow Vow Avow Allow Diſallow Diſavow Endow Enow Thou Bough Plough Slough. And the Words in EW, OO, and UE.

OWD. Shrowd Crowd. Alſo the Words in OUD, and the Participle Paſſive of the regular Verbs of the preceding Termination.

OWER. See OUR.

OWL. Bowl Cowl Fowl Growl Howl Owl Prowl. And the Termination OUL, and thoſe that rhyme to it.

OWN. Brown Clown Down Crown Adown Drown Frown Town Gown Imbrown Renown Noun. And the Words in OON and ONE, and all the Terminations that rhyme to them.

OWTH. See OTH.

OWZE. Browze Towze Blowze Rowze Bowze Carowze Spouſe Houſe Eſpouſe. And the Words in OOZE and OUSE; and the Terminations that rhyme to them.

OX. Box Fox Ox Pox Equinox Orthodox Heterodox. And the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon Singular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OAK, OCK, and OKE.

OY. Boy Buoy Coy Cloy Hoy Joy Foy Toy Annoy Alloy Decoy Convoy Deſtroy Enjoy Employ Miſemploy. And the Terminations IE or Y, and IGH.

IZE. See ISE.

U.

UARD. See ARD.

UB. Bub Club Chub Cub Dub Drub Grub Rub Scrub Shrub Snub Stub Tub Beelzebub Sillabub. And the following Termination,

UBE. Cube Tube.

UCE,

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UCE, UICE, UISE, and USE. Sluce Spruce Truce Conduce Deduce Induce Introduce Produce Pruce Reduce Seduce Traduce Juice Cruiſe Chuſe Muſe Uſe Abuſe Accuſe Amuſe Diſabuſe Diffuſe Circumfuſe Effuſe Diſuſe Excuſe Infuſe Miſuſe Refuſe Transfuſe Peruſe Abſtruſe Obtuſe Profuſe Recluſe. Alſo the Termination OOSE, and the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in EW, OO, OW and UE.

UCH and UTCH. Much Such Inſomuch Overmuch Touch Retouch Clutch Crutch Dutch Hutch Smutch. And the Words in OUCH, and all the other Terminations that rhyme to them.

UCK. Buck Chuck Cluck Duck Luck Muck Pluck Tuck Suck Struck Stuck Truck. And the Words in OAK, OCK, OKE, OOK, and UKE.

UCT. Conduct Deduct Inſtruct Obſtruct Product Reconduct Aqueduct. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in UCK.

UD and UDE. Bud Cud Scud Spud Stud Sud Mud. And the Words in OOD. Crude Rude Altitude Conclude Delude Elude Exclude Interlude Include Intrude Obtrude Seclude Aptitude Amplitude Beatitude Celſitude Certitude Diſſimilitude Exactitude Fortitude Gratitude Habitude Infinitude Ingratitude Inquietude Ineptitude Lenitude Laſſitude Latitude LongitudeMagnitudeMultitude PlenitudePromptitude Prelude Rectitude Servitude Solitude Similitude Veriſimilitude Viciſſitude Solicitude Turpitude. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in EW, OO, OW, and UE.

UDGE. Budge Drudge Grudge Judge Snudge Trudge Adjudge Forejudge Prejudge. And the Termination ODGE and UGE.

UE. See EW. UEST. See EST.

UFF and OUGH. Buff Cuff Bluff Gruff Huff Muff Puff Sauff-Stuff Ruff Rebuff Counterbuff Chough Rough Tough Trough Cough Enough. And the Termination OFF.

UFT. Tuft. And the Participle Paſſive of the preceding Termination.

UG. Bug Drug Dug Hug Jug Lug Mug Plug Pug Rug Shrug Snug Slug Smug Tug Undug.

UGE. Huge Refuge Subterfuge.

UGN. Impugn Oppugn Repugn.

UICE. See UCE. UIDE. See IDE.

UILD. Build Guild Rebuild. And the Termination ILD.

UILE. See ILE.

UILT. Guilt Quilt. And the Words in ILT.

UINT. See INT. UISE. See ISE.

UIT

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UIT. See IT and UTE.

UKE. Duke Puke Rebuke Mamaluke. And the Words in OOK and UCK.

UL and ULL. Bull Cull Dull Full Gull Hull Lull Mull Pull Scull Trull Annul Diſanul Mogul Beautiful Bountiful Fanſiful Merciful Pitiful Plentiful Sorrowful Dutiful Undutiful Unmerciful Wonderful Worſhipful. Alſo the Words in OOL and ULE.

ULCT. Mulct. This Word rhymes to the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in ULK.

ULE. Crule Mule Pule Rule Miſrule Over-rule Ridicule. And the Termination OOL.

ULF. Gulf Ingulf Wolf.

ULGE. Bulge Indulge Divulge.

ULK and OLK. Bulk Skulk Hulk Yolk Folk.

ULP. Gulp Pulp Inſculp. And the Termination ELP.

ULSE. Pulſe Impulſe Repulſe Expulſe Convulſe. And the Plural Number of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OOL, ULL, and ULE.

ULT and OULT. Adult Exult Occult Reſult Inſult Indult Conſult Difficult Juriſconſult Moult Poult Boult. And the Words in OLT.

UM and UMB. Crum Drum Gum Hum Mum Num Plum Scum Stum Sum Swum Thrum Grum Benum Viaticum Galbanum Guaiacum Delirium Encomium Laudanum Perpendiculum Dumb Thumb Plumb Accumb Succumb: And the Terminations OAM, OM, OME and OOM.

UME. Plume Fume Spume Sume Aſſume Conſume Perfume Preſume Re-aſſume Reſume Deplume. And the Words in OM, OMB, OME, OOM and UM.

UMP. Bump Crump Dump Trump Jump Lump Hump Mump Plump Pump Rump Stump Pomp.

UN. Bun Dun Gun Nun Pun Run Shun Stun Sun Tun Spun Begun Outrun Forerun Over-run. Alſo the Words in ON, and all the Rhymes included under that Termination.

UNCE. Dunce. And the Words in ONSE.

UNCH. Bunch Hunch Munch Lunch Punch.

UNCT. Adjunct Defunct. And the Participle Paſſive of the regular Verbs in UNK.

UND. Fund Refund. And the Terminations OND and OUND: together with the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in ON, OON, UN and UNE.

UNE. June Prune Tune Importune Opportune Jejune Untune Demilune. And the Terminations EWN, OON and UN.

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UNG. Bung Clung Dung Flung Hung Rung Strung Stung Sung Slung Sprung Swung Wrung Unſtrung. And all the Words under the Termination ONG.

UNGE. Plunge Spunge Expunge.

UNGS. Lungs. To which rhyme the Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon of the Verbs in ONG and UNG.

UNK. Drunk Funk Punk Slunk Stunk Shrunk Trunk *Sunk* Monk Conch.

UNKS. Hunks. And the Plural of the Nouns and third Perſons of the Verbs of the precedent Termination.

UNT. Blunt Brunt Bunt Hunt Grunt Runt Stunt. And the Words in ONT and OUNT.

UP and UPE. Cup Sup Up Stupe Dupe. And the Termination OOP.

UPT. Abrupt Corrupt Uncorrupt Interrupt. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in OOP and UP.

UR and IR. Blur Bur Cur Fur Knur Slur Spur Whur Concur Incur Demur Occur Fir Stir Beſtir Myrrh. And the Terminations OOR, OR, ORE, OUR and URE.

URB. Curb Diſturb. And the Termination ORB.

URCH. Church Lurch Birch.

URD and IRD. Curd Abſurd Word Bird Third Gird Ungird. And the Termination EARD.

URE and EWER. Cure Dure Lure Pure Sure Abjure Allure Aſſure Demure Conjure Endure Enure Immature Immure Impure Obdure Manure Mature Obſcure Procure Secure Unſure Adjure Calenture Coverture Diſcomfiture Diſtemperature Epicure Inveſtiture Intemperature Forfeiture Miniature Furniture Nouriture Overture Pourtraiture Primogeniture Quadrature Sepulture Signature Temperature Aperture Cynoſure. Garniture Literature Ligature Sewer Ewer Newer Skewer Brewer. And the Terminations OUR and UR.

URF. Scurf Turf.

URGE. Purge Surge Urge Scourge Forge. And the Terminations ERGE and IRGE.

URK. Lurk Turk Work Stark. And the Words in ERK and IRK.

URL and IRL. Burl Churl Curl Knurl Furl Hurl Purl Sourl Uncurl Unfurl Girl Twirl Whirl. And the Termination EARL.

URN. Burn Churn Spurn Turn Urn Overturn Return Atturn Counterturn. And the Words in EARN, ORN and OURN.

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URSE. Burſe Curſe Nurſe Purſe Accurſe Disburſe I
burſe Reimburſe Worſe. And the Terminations ORC
ORSE, OURCE, and OURS. Likewiſe the Plural Nu
ber of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Preſe
Tenſe of the Verbs in OUR, OWR and UR, and of t
Terminations that rhyme to them.

URST and IRST. Curſt Burſt Durſt Accurſt Worſt Fi
Thirſt Athirſt. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs
ORCE, ORSE, OURCE, and URSE.

URT. See IRT.

US. Thus Us Incubus Succubus Buſs Truſs Diſcu
Ranunculus Blunderbuſs Mittimus Overplus. And t
Words in OUS.

USE. See UCE.

USH. Buſh Bluſh Bruſh Cruſh Fluſh Goſh Huſh Pluſh.

USK. Dusk Husk Musk Tusk Busk.

UST. Cruſt Duſt Buſt Guſt Juſt Luſt Muſt Ruſt Thruſt
Truſt Aduſt Jouſt Adjuſt Auguſt Diſguſt Diſtruſt Intruſt
Miſtruſt Roboſt Unjuſt. Alſo the Words in OOST and
OUST. And the Participle Paſſive of the Verbs in
USE.

UT. But Cut Glut Gut Hut Jut Nut Put Rut Scut Shut
Slut Smut Strut Stut Abput Beſnout Inglut Uncut Unſhut.
And the Words in OOT, OUT and UTE.

UTCH. See UCH.

UTE and UIT. Brute Flute Lute Mute Nute Sute Abſo-
lute Acute Attribute Commute Compute Confute Conſti-
tute Depute Dilute Deſtitute Diſpute Diſſolute Execute
Impute Inſtitute Irreſolute Minute Perſecute Pollute Proſe-
cute Proſtitute Refute Repute Reſolute Reſalute Salute
Subſtitute Fruit Suit Recruit Purſuit. And the Words in
OOT.

UTH. Truth Ruth Untruth Youth, and the Words in
OOTH and OUTH.

UX. Flux Afflux Efflux Conflux Reflux Influx. And the
Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon ſingular of the Pre-
ſent Tenſe of the Verbs in OOK, UCK, and UKE.

UZ. Buz. And the Words in OOZE and US. Alſo the
Plural of the Nouns, and third Perſon of the Verbs in OO,
and OW.

UZE. See UCE.

Y.

Y or IE, and IGH. Die Fly Lie Ply Hie Cry Dry Fry
By Try Pry Tie Vie Fie Eye Spy I Buy Shy Sky Pie Sly Sty
Thy Why Wry High Nigh Sigh Thigh Awry Ally Comply
Apply Bely Imply Decry Miſapply Overfly Outfly Reply
Rely.

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Rely Supply Deery Descry Outvie Revie Defie Deny Espy Forespy Untie Outery Beautify Beatify Certify Charity Crucify Dignity Deify Edify Dissatisfy Dulcify Exemplify Falsify Fortify Fructify Gratify Indemnify Justify Magnify Modify Mollifie Mortify Notify Nullify Pacify Purify Petrify Putrify Qualify Rarefy Ratify Rectify Sanctify Satisfy Scarify Signify Specify Stupify Terrify Testify Verify Vertify Vilify Vitrify Vivify Amplify Glorify Apostacy Confederacy Conspiracy Contumacy Curacy Democracy Exrafy Effeminacy Efficacy Embassy Episcopacy Fallacy Fantasy Intimacy Intricacy Legacy Lunacy Magistracy Obstinacy Optimacy Pertinacy Prelacy Primacy Privacy Supremacy Papacy Piracy Theocracy Malady Remedy Tragedy Comedy Biography Cosmography Geography Orthography Topography Certainty Uncertainty Soveraignty Admiralty Specialty Loyalty Penalty Commonalty Fealty Ribaldry Chivalry Bigamy Poligamy Infamy Arrogancy Constancy Exorbitancy Flagrancy Fragrancy Elegancy Inconstancy Infancy Pliancy Petulancy Pregnancy Recusancy Redundancy Reluctancy Repugnancy Significancy Vacancy Vagrancy Necromancy Warranty Company Ditrany Litany Miscellany Momentany Tympany Tyranny Villany Accompany Epiphany Heptarchy Anarchy Hierarchy Monarchy Lethargy Accessary Testamentary Turbary Tutelary Visionary Vocabulary Voluntary Votary Valetudinary Novelty Antipathy Apathy Sympathy Idolatry Fatherly Outlawry Galaxy Husbandry Housewifry Minstrelsy Cruelty Contumely Enemy Academy Blasphemy Prophecy Adolescency Clemency Competency Complacency Continency Contingency Corpulency Decency Deficiency Emergency Excellency Fervency Fluency Frequency Inadvertency Inconsistency Inconveniency Insufficiency Independency Opulency Regency Sufficiency Transparency Turbulency Urgency Progeny Energy Liturgy Puberty Poverty Liberty Property Adultery Archery Artery Artillery Battery Beggary Bribery Bravery Butchery Chancery Chirurgery Cojolery Adversary Anniversary Antiquary Apothecary Arbitrary Aviary Auxiliary Boundary Breviary Burglary Cautionary Commentary Commissary Contemporary Contrary Contributary Corollary Customary Confessionary Dotary Diary Depository Dictionary Dignitary Dromedary Dispensary Emissary Exemplary Extraordinary Epistolary Formulary Glossary Granary Herbary Hereditary Honorary Imaginary Incendiary Infirmary Inventory Involuntary Judiciary Jugularly Lapidary Library Luminary Momentary Military Missionary Mortuary Necessary Notary Ordinary Pensionary Plagiary Plenary Plenipotentiary Prebendary Preliminary Primary Proprietary Planetary Refractary.

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fractary Rosemary Rosary Sallary Sanctuary Sanguinary S
litary Secundary Secretary Sedentary Seminary Statua
Summary Supernumerary Supplementary Scapulary Subl
nary Temporary Tributary Tumultuary Debauchery D
very Drollery Drudgery Flattery Foppery Forgery Fripp
Gallery Grocery Embroidery Imag'ry Imprimery Infant
Knavery Lechery Livery Lotte y Mastery Mercury Minist
Misery Mystery Mockery Monastery Mummery Nunne
Nursery Popery Presbytery Raillery Recovery Robbe
Slavery Slippery Sorcery Soldiery Thievery Treache
Trumpery Venery Witchery Discovery Tapestry Majes
Modesty Immodesty Honesty Dishonesty Amnesty Palmestr
Curtesy Heresy Posy Secrecy Poetry Discourtesy Symmetry
Geometry Policy Prodigy Subtlety Mutiny Destiny Ignomi-
ny Scrutiny Chymistry Hypocrisie Ability Absurdity Avidi-
ty Activity Adversity Affability Affinity Agility Alacrity
Ambiguity Amity Animosity Annuity Antiquity Assiduity
Austerity Authority Acclivity Avidity Brevity Brutality
Continuity Corporeity Credibility Calamity Capacity Cap-
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ty Curiosity Debility Declivity Deformity Deity Density.
Dexterity Dignity Disability Disparity Diversity Divinity
Divisibility Diuturnity Duplicity Exiguity Exility Enmity
Enormity Entity Equality Equanimity Equity Eternity Ex-
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Humanity Humidity Humility Hilarity Immobility Identity
Illegality Imbecility Immanity Immaturity Immensity Im-
mortality Immunity Immutability Impartiality Impassibility
Imperuosity Implacability Importunity Impossibility Impro-
bability Improbity Impunity Impurity Inhospitality Inacti-
vity Inability Inanity Incapacity Incivility Incommodity In-
comprehensibility Incongruity Incredulity Indemnity Indig-
nity Inequality Infallibility Infelicity Inferiority Infertility
Infidelity Infinity Infirmity Inflexibility Ingenuity Inhuma-
nity Iniquity Instability Integrity Invalidity Inutility Jollity
Irregularity Laity Legality Lenity Liberality Longanimity
Loquacity Lubricity Latinity Levity Materiality Magnani-
mity Majority Maligaity Maturity Mediocrity Minority. Mo-
bility Morality Mortality Multiplicity Mutability Nativity
Necessity Neutrality Nicety Nobility Nonconformity Nullity
Nudity Obliquity Obscenity Obscurity Opportunity. Partia-
lity Parity Perpetuity Particularity Perplexity. Perspicuity.

Per-

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Perverſity Plurality Popularity Poſſibility Poſterity Pravity Principality Priority Privity Probability Proclivity Prodigality Profundity Propinquity Prolixity Proſperity Proximity Purity Puſillanimity Paſſibility Probity Propenſity Puerility Quality Quantity Rarity Reality Regularity Ruſticity Rapidity Stolidity Sagacity Sanctity Scarcity Scurrility Security Sedulity Seniority Senſibility Senſuality Serenity Servility Severity Simplicity Sincerity Singularity Solemnity Solidity Spirituality Stability Sterility Stupidity Sublimity Superfluity Superiority Taciturnity Temerity Tenuity Tepidity Timidity Tranquillity Trinity Vacuity Validity Vanity Ubiquity Veracity Verity Virginity Vicinity Virility Viſibility Vivacity Unanimity Uniformity Unity Univerſality Univerſity Volubility Urbanity Utility Anxiety Contrariety Gaiety Impiety Impropriety Piety Satiety Propriety Sobriety Society Variety Cuſtody Melody Rhapſody Analogy Apology Aſtrology Chronology Elogy Genealogy Martyrology Mythology Philology Tautology Theology Chronology Etymology Doxology Phyſiology Monopoly Melancholy Aſtronomy Anatomy OEconomy Phiſiognomy Blazonry Acrimony Aſſimony Antimony Ceremony Colony Felony Gluttony Harmony Irony Matrimony Parcimony Patrimony Simony Symphony Ebony Agony Teſtimony Falconry Gallantry Canopy Panoply Soliloquy Colloquy Auditory Category Conſiſtory Dormitory Allegory Commendatory Contradictory Declaratory Defamatory Derogatory Directory Armory Laboratory Factory Hiſtory Inventory Introductory Interrogatory Memory Monitory Offertory Oratory Peremptory Pillory Preparatory Priory Promontory Purgatory Rectory Refectory Repoſitory Savory Succory Theory Tranſitory Victory Subtlety Faculty Difficulty Calumny Injury Luxury Penury Perjury Treaſury Uſury Augury Century Induſtry Deputy. There are likewiſe many other Words that properly belong to this Termination: Particularly the *Adverbs* in LY, which are form'd by the Addition of that *Syllable* to all the Adjectives of the Engliſh Tongue; But their Number being ſo great, I have totally omitted them.

ERRATA.

Page 429. Line 2. for Breaſt, read Beaſt. P. 509. L. 20. after the Word divided, leave out my. P. 853. L. 32. for Sterility, r. Sterility. P. 701. Line 29. for ſmile, r. ſleek.

THE

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The NAMES of the AUTHORS, cited by their Abbreviations, in the following Collection.

Mr. Addiſon.	Add.
Beaum. & Fletcher.	Beaum.
Mrs. Behn.	Behn.
Sir Rich. Blackmore.	Blac.
Mr. Bowles.	Bowles.
Mr. Broome.	Broome.
Mr. Brown.	Brown.
Late D. of Buckingham.	Buck
Preſent D. of Buckingham, and Marquis of Normanby.	Norm.
Mr. Butler.	Hud.
Mr. Carryl.	Car.
Mr. Cleaveland.	Cleav.
Mr. Congreve.	Cong.
Mr. Cowley.	Cowl.
Mr. Creech.	Cr.
Mr. Cromwel.	Cromw.
Mr. Crowne.	Cro.
Sir Will. D'Avenant.	D'Av.
Dr. D'Avenant.	Dr. D'Av.
Sir John Denham.	Denh.
Mr. Dennis.	Den.
Dr. Donne.	Don.
Earl of Dorſet.	Dorſ.
Mr. Dryden.	Dryd.
Mr. Dryden Jun.,	Dryd. Jun.
Mr. Duke.	Duke.
Sir George Etherege.	Ether.
Mr. Euſden.	Euſd.
Mr. Farquhar.	Farq.
Mr. Flatman.	Flatm.
Dr. Garth.	Garth.
Mr. Gay.	Gay.
Lord Halifax.	Hal.
Mr. Harvey.	Harv.
Mr. Higgons.	Hig.
Mr. Hopkins.	Hopk.
Sir Robert Howard.	How.
Mr. Hughes.	Hugh.
Ben. Johnſon.	Johnſ.
Mr. Johnſon.	Joh.
Lord Lanſdown.	Lanſd.
E. of Lauderdale.	La
Mr. Lee.	L
Mr. Marvel.	Ma
Mr. Milton.	M
Mr. Oldham.	Old
Mr. Oldiſworth.	Old
Mr. Otway.	Otw
Mr. Ozell.	O
Mr. Parſons.	Par
Mr. Philips.	Phi
Mrs. Philips.	Orind
Mr. Pope.	Pop
Mr. Prior.	Pr
Mr. Ratcliff.	Rat
Mr. Ravenſcroft.	Raven
Late E. of Rocheſter.	Roc
E. of Roſcommon.	Roſc
Mr. Rowe.	Row
Sir Carr Scrope.	Scr
Sir Charles Sedley.	Sed
Mr. Settle.	Set
Shakeſpear.	Shak
Mr. Smith.	Smi
Mr. Southern.	South
Spencer.	Spen
Dr. Sprat, late Biſhop of Rocheſter.	Sprat
Mr. Strafford.	Staff
Mr. Steele.	Steele
Mr. Stepney.	Step
Mr. Stoneſtreet.	Stoneſt
Sir John Suckling.	Suckl
Dr. Swift.	Swift
Mr. Tate.	Tate
Sir William Temple.	Temp
Mr. Tickell.	Tick
Mr. Trapp.	Tra
Mr. Vanbrug.	Vanb
Mr. Waller.	Wall
Mr. Walſh.	Wal
Mr. Wycherly.	Wych
Mr. Yalden.	Yald
Mr. Young.	You

THE

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THE *British Parnassus:*

Or, A Compleat Common-Place-Book OF *ENGLISH POETRY.*

ABSENCE.

ALAS, what Pains, what racking Thoughts he proves,
Who lives retir'd from her he dearest loves,
In cruel Absence doom'd past Joys to mourn,
And think on Hours that will no more return!
Oh! let me ne'er the Pangs of Absence try;
Save me from Absence, Love, or let me die.
All Things but thy Absence can endure; (Congr.
That's a Disease which Death alone must cure:
Let me no longer pin'd in Absence lie;
Rather than live without you, let me die. Car. Orid.
Oh! can you think that Death is half so dreadful,
As 'tis for me to live, and live without thee. Sands. Phæd. &c.
Life of it self will go now thou art gone,
Like Flies in Winter, when they lose the Sun. (Hip.
Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 1.
She's gone, and I like my own Ghost appear: (p. 1.
It is not living when she is not here. Dryd. Conq. of Gran.
Without her Presence all my Joys are vain; (p. 1.
Inspire a Curse, and Life it self a Pain. Dr. Conq. of Gran.

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Pastimes and Wine, which Verse inspire,
Are useless all, now you are gone:
Untun'd is both my Mind and Lyre,
And in full Courts I seem alone:
The Relish you to my Enjoyments give;
And Life, depriv'd of you, can hardly live. Chetw. Hor.

Since from my dear Astræa Sight
I was so rudely torn;
My Soul has never known Delight,
Useless it was to mourn:
But oh! alas! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie,
Thinking on her, whose Absence 'tis,
That makes me wish to die. Buck.

No Joy but you, no Life but yours I own;
I must survive my self, when you are gone:
If you withdraw your Light, how black a Shade
Must the sad Region of my Breast invade!
The World's a Heav'n to me, when you are here;
And Heav'n will be more Heav'n to meet you there. Blac.

Heav'n is not but where Emily abides; (K. Arth.
And, where she's absent, all is Hell besides. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

No Tongue my Pleasure nor my Pain can tell:
'Tis Heav'n to have thee, and without thee Hell. Otw. Orph.

With thee to live is Paradise alone;
Without the Pleasure of thy Sight is none. Dryd. State of Inn.

The Trees are wither'd all, since thou art gone,
As if for thee they put their Mourning on. Scrope. Ovid.

For thee the fading Trees appear to mourn;
And Birds defer their Songs till thy Return. Pope Ovid.

Parch'd are the Plains, and frying is the Field;
Nor with'ring Vines their juicy Vintage yield:
But if returning Phyllis blesses the Plain,
The Grass revives, the Woods are green again;
And Jove descends in Show'rs of kindly Rain. Dryd. Virg.

But, if Alexis from our Mountains fly,
Ev'n running Rivers leave their Channels dry. Dryd. Virg.

For him the feather'd Choirs neglect their Song;
For him the Lilies hang their Heads, and die:
Ye Flow'rs, that droop, forsaken by the Spring;
Ye Birds, that, left by Summer, cease to sing;
Ye Trees, that fade when Autumn's Heats remove;
Say, is not Absence Death to those who love? Pope.

When forc'd from Delia's Sight,
Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight:

Ev'n

Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But, bless'd with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year. Pope.
With thee conversing, I forget all Time,
All Seasons and their Change; all please alike:
Sweet is the Breath of Morn; her Rising sweet,
With Charm of earliest Birds; pleasant the Sun,
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams on Herb, Tree, Fruit and Flow'r,
Glist'ring with Dew; fragrant the fertile Earth
After soft Show'rs; and sweet the Coming-on
Of grateful Ev'ning mild; the silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird; and this fair Moon;
And these the Gems of Heav'n, her starry Train:
But neither Breath of Morn, when she ascends
With Charm of earliest Birds; nor rising Sun
On this delightful Land; nor Herb, Fruit, Flow'r,
Glist'ring with Dew; nor Fragrance after Show'rs;
Nor grateful Ev'ning mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn Bird; nor Walk by Moon;
Or glitt'ring Star-light, without thee is sweet. Milt. Par. Lost.
——— The Roses hang their Heads, and pine;
And, 'till you come, in vain perfume the Air. Temp. Hor.
Fair Galatea, with thy silver Feet,
O, whiter than the Swan, and more than Hybla sweet,
Tall as a Poplar, taper as the Bole,
Come, charm thy Shepherd, and restore my Soul;
Come, when my lated Sleep at Night return; (Virg.
And crown the silent Hours, and stop the rosy Morn. Dryd.
What shall I do? Oh, how alone am I?
I walk, methinks, as half of me were lost. Otw. C. Mar.
My Eyes are robb'd of what they love to see;
My Ears, of the dear Words they wish to hear;
My longing Arms, of the Embrace they covet:
Forgive me, Heav'n, if, when I these enjoy,
So perfect is the Happiness I find;
That my Soul, satisfy'd, feels no Ambition,
To change these humble Roofs, and sit above. Roch. Valent.
Oh! 'tis in vain to struggle with Desires,
Strong as my Love to thee: For, ev'ry Moment
I'm from thy Sight, the Heart within my Bosom
Moans like a tender Infant in its Cradle,
Whose Nurse had left it: Come, and with the Songs
Of gentle Love persuade it to its Peace. Otw. Ven. Pref.
Moments to absent Lovers tedious grow:
'Tis not how Time, but how the Mind, does go. Sedl. Ant. (& Cle.

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Fly ſwift, ye Hours; ye ſluggiſh Minutes fly;
Bring back my Love, or let her Lover die:
Make haſte, O Sun, and, to my Eyes, once more,
My Celia, brighter than thy ſelf, reſtore:
In ſpight of thee, 'tis Night when ſhe's away;
Her Eyes alone can the glad Beams diſplay,
That make my Sky look clear, and guide my Day:
O, when will ſhe lift up her ſacred Light,
And chaſe away the flying Shades of Night?
With her how faſt the flowing Hours run on!
But, oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone!
So ſlowly Time, when clog'd with Grief, does move,
So ſwift, when borne upon the Wings of Love. ——

Fly ſwift, ye Minutes, and contract the Space
Of Time, that holds me from her dear Embrace:
When I am there, I'll bid you kindly ſtay;
I'll bid you reſt, and never glide away. Oldh.

Move ſwiftly, Sun, and fly a Lover's Pace;
Leave Weeks and Months behind thee in thy Race. Dryd
An Age, in her Embraces paſt, (C. of Gran. p.
Would ſeem a Winter's Day;
Where Life and Light, with envious Haſte,
Are torn and ſnatch'd away:
But oh! how ſlowly Minutes rowl,
When abſent from her Eyes,
That fed my Love, which is my Soul;
It languiſhes and dies:
For then no more a Soul, but Shade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my Breaſt, by Abſence made
The living Tomb of Love. Roch.

—— The Wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And feſters by her Abſence. —— Dryd. Temp.

—— The Deer once ſhot, the Hunter may
Securely truſt him, tho' he run away:
For, flying with his Wound, the Arrow more
Vexes and gauls him, than it did before:
Abſence from her you love, if Love be true,
Is a thin Cloud between the Sun and you:
It never takes the Object from your Eye,
But rather makes you abler to deſcry:
On her in Abſence you muſt ever think:
For 'tis a kind of ſeeing when you wink. D'Aven.

Love's a high mettled Hawk, that beats the Air,
But ſoon grows weary when the Game's not near.
Dryd. Sir M. Mar-al
Abſen

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Abſence alone can make our Sorrows leſs;
And not to ſee what we can ne'er redreſs. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
My Heart can Danger, but not Abſence, bear:
To Love 'tis Wax, but Adamant to Fear. Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.
——— To ſhort Abſence I could yield:
For ſhort Retirement urges ſweet Return. Milt. Par. Loſt.
By a ſhort Abſence mutual Joys encreaſe:
'Tis from the Toils of War we value Peace.
When Jove a while the fruitful Show'r reſtrains, (Ovid.
The Field, on his Return, a brighter Verdure gains. King.

Death of ACHILLES.

The Sire of Cygnus, Monarch of the Main,
Mean time, laments his Son in Battel ſlain,
And vows the Victor's Death, nor vows in vain,
For nine long Years the ſmother'd Pain he bore;
Achilles was not ripe for Fate before:
Then, when he ſaw the promis'd Hour was near,
He thus beſpoke the God that guides the Year:
Immortal Offspring of my Brother Jove,
My brigheſt Nephew, and whom beſt I love;
Whoſe Hands were join'd with mine to raiſe the Wall
Of tott'ring Troy, now nodding to her Fall.
Doſt thou not mourn our Pow'r employ'd in vain;
And the Defenders of our City ſlain?
To paſs the reſt, cou'd noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, drag'd around his native Troy?
And yet the Murd'rer lives: Himſelf by far
A greater Plague, than all the waſteful War.
He lives, the proud Pelides lives, to boaſt
Our Town deſtroy'd, our common Labour loſt!
O, cou'd I meet him! But I wiſh too late;
To prove my Trident is not in his Fate.
But let him try, for that's allow'd, thy Dart,
And pierce his only penetrable Part.
Apollo bows to the ſuperior Throne;
And, to his Unkle's Anger, adds his own:
Then, in a Cloud involv'd, he takes his Flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal Fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he ſtood,
And ſtain'd his Arrows with Plebeian Blood.
Phœbus to him alone the God confeſs'd;
Then to the recreant Knight he thus addreſs'd:

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Doſt thou not bluſh, to ſpend thy Shafts in vain
On a degen'rate and ignoble Train?
If Fame, or better Vengeance be thy Care,
There aim; and, with one Arrow, end the War:
He ſaid, and ſhew'd from far the blazing Shield,
And Sword, which, but Achilles, none cou'd wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding Field,
The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th'invenom'd Shaft, and wings the fatal Flight.
Thus fell the Foremoſt of the Grecian Name;
And he, the baſe Adult'rer, boaſts the Fame:
A Spectacle to glad the Trojan Train;
And pleaſe old Priam, after Hector ſlain:
If by a Female Hand he had foreſeen
He was to die, his Wiſh had rather been,
The Lance and double Ax of the fair Warrior Queen.
And now the Terror of the Trojan Field,
The Grecian Honour, Ornament, and Shield,
High on a Pile th'unconquer'd Chief is plac'd:
The God, that arm'd him firſt, conſum'd at laſt:
Of all the mighty Man, the ſmall Remains
A little Urn, and ſcarcely fill'd, contains:
Yet, great in Homer ſtill, Achilles lives;
And, equal to himſelf, himſelf ſurvives. Dryd. Ovid.

ACHITOPHEL.

Of theſe the falſe Achitophel was firſt;
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt!
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of Wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace:
A firy Soul, which, working out its Way,
Fretted the Pigmy Body to Decay,
And o'erinform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in Extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high,
He ſought the Storm; but, for a Calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit:
O, why wou'd he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needful Hours of Reſt;
Puniſh a Body, which he cou'd not pleaſe,
Bankrupt of Life, yet prodigal of Eaſe;
And all, to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-leg'd Thing, a Son? Got,

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Got, while his Soul did huddled Notions try,
And born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendſhip falſe, implacable in Hate,
Reſolv'd to ruin, or to rule, the State.
Then, ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Uſurp'd a Patriot's all-attoning Name.
Yet Fame deſerv'd no Enemy can grudge;
The Stateſman we abhor, but praiſe the Judge:
In Iſrael's Courts near ſate an Abethdin,
With more diſcerning Eyes, or Hands more clean:
Unbrib'd, unſought, the Wretched to redreſs,
Swift of Diſpatch, and eaſy of Acceſs.
O! had he been content to ſerve the Crown,
With Virtues only proper to the Gown;
Or had the Rankneſs of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppreſs'd the noble Seed;
David for him his tuneful Harp had ſtrung,
And Heav'n had wanted one immortal Song. Dr. Abſ. & Ach.

A Martial Hero firſt, with early Care,
Blown, like a Pigmy by the Winds, to War:
A beardleſs Chief; a Rebel e'er a Man;
So young his Hatred to his Prince began.
Next this, (how wildly will Ambition ſteer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th'Uſurper's Ear;
Bart'ring his venal Wit for Sums of Gold,
He caſt himſelf into the Saint-like Mold;
Groan'd, ſigh'd, and pray'd, while Godlineſs was Gain;
The loudeſt Bagpipe of the ſqueaking Train:
But, as tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open Lewdneſs he could ne'er diſguiſe:
There ſplit the Saint; for hypocritick Zeal
Allows no Sins, but thoſe it can conceal:
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a Scope;
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.
Th'ungodly Principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs Cheat betrays his Part'ner's Game:
Beſides, their Pace was formal, grave, and ſlack;
His nimble Wit out-run the heavy Pack.
Yet ſtill he found his Fortune at a Stay,
Whole Crowds of Blockheads choaking up his Way;
They took, but not rewarded, his Advice:
Villain and Wit exact a double Price.
Pow'r was his Aim; but, thrown from that Pretence,
The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own Defence,
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the Anguiſh of his Soul, he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd.

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Behold him now exalted into Trust,
His Counsel's oft convenient, seldom just;
Ev'n in the most sincere Advice he gave,
He had a Grudging still to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatick Years,
Made him uneasy in his lawful Gears.
At best, as little honest as he could,
And, like white Witches, mischievously good.
To his first Bias longingly he leans,
And rather would be Great by wicked Means.
Thus, fram'd for Ill, he loos'd our triple Hold;
Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
From hence those Tears! That Ilium of our Woe
Who helps a pow'rful Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
What Wonder if the Waves prevail so far,
When he cut down the Banks that made the Bar?
Seas follow but their Nature to invade,
But he by Art our native Strength betray'd:
So Sampson to his Foe his Force confess'd,
And, to be shorn, lay slumb'ring on her Breast.
But when this fatal Counsel, found too late,
Expos'd its Author to the publick Hate;
When his just Sovereign, by no impious Way,
Could be seduc'd to arbitrary Sway;
Forsaken of that Hope, he shifts the Sail,
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar Gale,
And shews the Fiend confess'd, without a Veil.
He preaches to the Crowd, that Power is less,
But not convey'd, to Kingly Government:
That Claims successive bear no binding Force;
That Coronation Oaths are Things of Course,
Maintains, the Multitude can never err;
And sets the People in the Papal Chair.
The Reason's obvious; Int'rest never lies;
The Most have still their Int'rest in their Eyes,
The Pow'r is always theirs, and Pow'r is ever wise.
Thus this new Jehu spurs the hot mouth'd Horse,
Instructs the Beast to know his native Force,
To take the Bit between his Teeth, and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy. Dryd. Med.

ACIS, changed into a River.

Strait issued from the Stone a Stream of Blood,
Which soft the Purple, mingling with the Flood.

Then,

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Then, like a troubled Torrent, it appear'd;
The Torrent too, in little Space, was clear'd.
The Stone was cleft, and, thro' the yawning Chink,
New Reeds arose on the new River's Brink.
The Rock, from out its hollow Womb, disclos'd
A Sound, like Water in its Course oppos'd;
When, wondrous to behold! full in the Flood,
Up starts a Youth, and Navel high he stood:
Horns from his Temples rise, and either Horn
Thick Wreaths of Reeds, his native Growth, adorn:
Were not his Stature taller than before,
His Bulk augmented, and his Beauty more,
His Colour Blue, for Acis he might pass;
And Acis, chang'd into a Stream, he was:
But mine no more; he rouls along the Plains (by Galatea.
With rapid Motion, and his Name remains. Dr. Gv. spoken

ACTÆON.

Actæon was the first of all his Race,
Who griev'd his Grandsire for his borrow'd Face:
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching Horns, and Visage, not his own;
To shun his once lov'd Dogs, to bound away,
And from their Hunter to become their Prey.
—— The Man began to disappear
By slow Degrees, and ended in a Deer.
A rising Horn on either Brow he wears,
And stretches out his Neck, and pricks his Ears;
Rough is his Skin, with sudden Hairs o'ergrown,
His Bosom gores with Fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in Haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast:
But as, by Chance, within a neighb'ring Brook,
He saw his branching Horns, and alter'd Look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful Tone,
He try'd to speak, but only gave a Groan:
And, as he wept, within the watry Glass,
He saw the big round Drops, with silent Pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy Face.
—— —— He behind him spies
His op'ning Hounds, and now he hears their Cries.
He bounded off with Fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy Mountains, and the flow'ry Plain;

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Through Brakes and Thickets forc'd his Way, and flew
Through many a Ring, where once he did purſue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new Misfortune, and to tell his Name;
Nor Voice, nor Words, the brutal Tongue ſupplies,
From ſhouting Men, and Horns, and Dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and ſtun'd with their promiſcuous Cries.
When now the fleeteſt of the Pack, that preſs'd
Cloſe at his Heels, and ſprung before the reſt,
Had faſten'd on him, ſtrait another Pair
Hung on his wounded Haunch, and held him there,
'Till all the Pack came up, and every Hound
Tore the ſad Huntſman, grov'ling on the Ground,
That now he ſeem'd but one continu'd Wound.
He ſeels his rav'nous Dogs with Fury tear
Their panting Lord, diſfigur'd in a Deer. Add. Ovid.

A D A M, in Paradiſe.

In all the Joys that happy Minds attain,
Bleſs'd Adam firſt began to live and reign:
He to fair Eden's Paradiſe reſorts,
Where ev'ry Senſe its proper Pleaſure courts;
The joyful Spring, by ſoft Favonius fann'd,
Diffus'd her Riches with a wanton Hand;
From new-born Flow'rs luxurious Odours fly,
And heavenly Landskips meet his raviſh'd Eye;
The twining Branches weave him ſhady Bow'rs,
And Honey-Dews fall in delicious Show'rs:
Birds with their Songs their Sovereign ſalute,
From Boughs, which bend beneath their golden Fruit.
Pure Streams to him their criſtal Waters bring,
And the glad Fiſh leap up to ſee their King.
The harmleſs Beaſts their humble Homage paid,
And the ſole Monarch of the World obey'd.
Uninterrupted Peace his Mind poſſeſs'd,
And Joys unutterable fill'd his Breaſt.
A Day ſerene ſmil'd on his Godlike Mind,
Free from black Clouds, and undiſturb'd with Wind:
No Guilt, no Frown from Heaven diſturbs his Soul,
Calm as deep Rivers in ſtill Ev'nings roul;
No Storms of Paſſion, ſuch as us moleſt,
Annoy the peaceful Region of his Breaſt;
No boiling Luſt ſwell'd th'overflowing Blood,
To bear down Reaſon with th'impetuous Flood:

His

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His ſpotleſs Mind knew yet no other Fire,
Than thoſe pure Flames which heav'nly Minds inſpire.
O happy Man, above Deſcription bleſs'd,
Had he maintain'd the Station he poſſeſs'd! Blac. P. Arth.

Fall of A D A M.

When Adam fell, ſtrait troubled Nature moan'd,
And, ſhaking with a ſtrong Convulſion, groan'd:
Ev'n Paradiſe look'd ſad, the Herds repin'd,
And lofty Cedars ſhook without a Wind.
The Roſes fade, the Golden Apples turn'd
Pallid, and all the ſick Creation mourn'd.
To the thick Trees in vain fall'n Adam made,
To hide his blacker Guilt beneath their Shade;
The Serpent's Venom ſpreads through all his Veins,
And Sins Contagion unreſiſted reigns:
A Death-like Damp ſhoots through his poiſon'd Blood,
And Fears cold Chains arreſt the beating Flood.
Black Thoughts of Vengeance ſeize his guilty Heart,
And Conſcience wounds him with her poiſon'd Dart:
Where Peace dwelt undiſturb'd, and ſmiling Light,
Confuſion now, Chaos, and horrid Night;
Black frowning Clouds, and murm'ring Thunders, roul
O'er the vext Region of his guilty Soul.
Fierce driving Storms, and bleak tempeſtuous Wind,
Beat on the waſteful Deſart of his Mind:
Revenge, Deſpair, Grief, Jealouſy, and Fear,
Have in their Turn ſupream Dominion there:
Reaſon, dethron'd, muſt the Commands obey
Of this wild Rout, that holds the Sov'reign Sway.
As when a Planet, once all fair and bright,
Sickens, and ſhines with pale and faded Light,
By ſome fierce Storm, bred in its Bowels, rent,
As Clouds are by the Thunder in them pent;
The mighty Orb, disjointed, cracks; and all
The broken Parts in noiſy Ruin fall:
Sometimes it blazes with a diſmal Light,
And then, grown dim, ſeems loſt and drown'd in Night;
Then, ſinking, does the Starry Sky forſake,
Contented ſome inferiour Seat to take.
So Man, ſeduc'd by the Impoſtor, fell
From Heav'ns bright Coaſts to the black Verge of Hell.
(Blac. P. Arth.

A D O

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ADONIS.

So when bright Venus yielded up her Charms,
The bleſt Adonis languiſh'd in her Arms:
His Arrows ſcatter'd, and his Bow unſtrung:
Obſcure in Coverts lie his dreaming Hounds,
And bay the ſanſy'd Boar with feeble Sounds.
For nobler Sports he quits the ſavage Fields,
And all the Hero to the Lover yields. Smith Phæd. & Hip.

Kill'd by a Boar.

On the cold Mountain lies the wretched Youth,
Kill'd by a ſavage Boar's unpitying Tooth:
In his white Thigh the fatal Stroke is found;
Nor whiter was that Tooth which gave the Wound.
From the wide Wound faſt flows the ſtreaming Gore,
And ſtains that Skin which was all Snow before.
His Breath with quick ſhort Tremblings comes and goes,
And Death his fainting Eyes begins to cloſe.
From his pale Lips the ruddy Colour's fled,
Fled; and has left his Kiſſes cold and dead.
Deep in his Thigh, deep went the killing Smart;
But deeper far it went in Venus Heart:
There lies he ſteep'd in Gore, there lies he drown'd
In purple Streams, that guſh from his own Wound.
There lies he, like a pale and wither'd Flow'r,
Which ſome rude Hand had cropp'd before its Hour;
Yet Smiles and Beauties ſtill live in his Face;
Them Death can never frighten from their Place. Oldh. Bion.

ADULTERY.

The Stain of Violation is upon thee,
The ruddy ſpot freſh, ardent on thy Face:
Thy Cheeks are burning with th'Adult'rer's Mark,
His Print is on thy Lips; thy melted Eyes
Yet glow with languiſh'd Luſtre —— Lanſd. Her. Love.
Juſt reeking from my Arms! O thou Adultereſs,
Whoſe Name to mention ſure would tor my Lungs,
And blaſter up my Tongue! Inſatiate Scylla,
Bark'ſt thou for more? Then let the Furies ſeize thee,

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Whose burning Lust damns to the lowest Hell,
Smokes to the Heav'ns, and sullies all the Stars!
Had she not fallen thus, Oh! ten thousand Worlds
Could ne'er have balanc'd her; for Heav'n is in her,
And Joys, which I must never dream of more. Lee, Caes. Borg.
For, I would chuse to scramble at a Door,
Make my loath'd Meals out of the common Basket,
With dungeon Villains; wallow in the Stews,
And get my Bread by pois'ning my firm Limbs,
Ere pass an Hour with her I have espous'd,
If, but in Thought, consenting with another. Lee, Caes. Borg.
——— ——— All Women will deny:
What have we for your Truth, but your bare Words?
The subtile Path is trodden without Print,
Not the least Footstep to be trac'd for Truth. Lanfd. Her. Love.

ÆNEAS.

So, when in hostile Fire rich Asia's Pride,
For ten Years Siege had fully satisfy'd,
Æneas stole an Act of higher Fame,
And bore Anchises through the wand'ring Flame:
A nobler Burden, and a richer Prey,
Than all the Grecian Princes bore away.
Go, pious Prince, in Peace, in Triumph, go;
Enjoy the Conquest of thy Overthrow.
Thave sav'd thy Troy would far less glorious be;
By this thou overcom'st their Victory. Cowl. David.
Not Greece, nor hostile Juno, could destroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning Troy:
He 'scap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night, (of Guise.
When, loaded with his Gods, he took his Flight. Dryd. D.
To false Æneas when 'twas given by Fate
To tread the Paths of Death, and view the Stygian State,
Forsaken Dido was the first that stood
To strike his Eye; her Bosom bath'd in Blood,
Fresh from her Wound: Pale Horrour and Affright
Seiz'd the false Man; confounded at the Sight,
Trembling he gaz'd, and some faint Words he spoke;
Some Tears he shed, which, with disdainful Look,
Unmov'd she heard and saw, nor heeded more,
Than the firm Rock, when faithless Tempests roar:
With one last Glance his Falshood she upbraids, (Ench.
Then suddenly retires, and seeks eternal Shades. Lanfd. Brit.

Not

Not great Æneas ſtood in plainer Day,
When the dark mantling Miſt diſſolv'd away,
He to the Tyrians ſhew'd his ſudden Face,
Shining with all his Goddeſs Mother's Grace;
For ſhe her ſelf had made his Countenance bright,
Breath'd Honour on his Eyes, and her own purple Light. Dr.

ÆOLUS.

Then th'angry Goddeſs, on ſwift Vengeance bent,
To Æolus's bluſt'ring Kingdom went;
Where he the Winds in rocky Caves conſtrains,
And curbs their Fury with ſtrong Bars and Chains;
Which juſtling Storms with Indignation bear,
And with a murm'ring Noiſe the Mountain tear.
High on his Throne their King their Force allays,
And with his Sceptre raging Tempeſts ſways;
Which did he not, th'Earth, and Sea, and Heav'n,
Would thro' the empty Space be rent and driv'n:
But this th'Almighty fearing, he confin'd (Laud. Virg.
The Winds to gloomy Caves, which lofty Mountains bind.
Great Æolus, whoſe Empire's abſolute
O'er Winds and Waves. —— Laud. Virg.
The ſtormy God. —— —— Laud. Virg.

ÆTNA.

Loſt in the gloomy Horrours of the Night,
We ſtruck upon the Coaſt where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waſte, its Entrails fraught with Fire,
That now caſts out dark Fumes, and pitchy Clouds,
Vaſt Show'rs of Aſhes hov'ring in the Smoak;
Now belches molten Stones, and ruddy Flame
Incens'd, or tears up Mountains by the Roots;
Or ſlings a broken Rock aloft in Air:
The Bottom works with ſmother'd Fire, involv'd
In peſtilential Vapours, Stench and Smoke.
'Tis ſaid, that Thunder-ſtruck Enceladus,
Grov'ling beneath th'incumbent Mountain's Weight,
Lies ſtretch'd ſupine, eternal Prey of Flames;
And when he heaves againſt the burning Load,
Reluctant to invert his broiling Limbs,
A ſudden Earthquake ſhoots thro' all the Iſle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under Ground;

Then

Then pours out Smoke in wreathing Curls convolv'd, (Virg.
And ſhakes the Sun's bright Orb, and blots out Day. Add.
——— Thund'ring Ætna,
Whence to the Clouds Coals, mix'd with Smoke, ariſe;
Whence ſulph'rous Flames in Whirlings blaſt the Skies.
Oft from its Bowels mighty Stones are thrown,
And moulder'd Rocks thro' ſpacious Air are blown:
Oft from its Hollow dreadful Groans are ſent
By raging Flames, in its deep Caverns pent. Laud. Virg.
Nigh, livid Seas of kindled Sulphur flow,
And, whilſt enrag'd the firy Surges glow,
Convulſions in the lab'ring Mountains riſe;
And hurl their melted Vitals to the Skies. Garth.
But Snow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling Flames and ſcatter'd Cinders fly:
The diſtant Country in the Ruin ſhares;
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain ſpares. Wall.
Nor Ætna, vomiting ſulphureous Fire,
Will ever belch; for Sulphur will expire,
The Veins exhauſted of the liquid Store: (Dryd. Ovid.
Time was ſhe caſt no Flames; in Time will caſt no more.

AFFLICTION.

The Sun, who with one Look ſurveys the Globe,
Sees not a Wretch like me; and could the World
Take a right Meaſure of my State within,
Mankind muſt either pity me, or ſcorn me. Dr. Maid. Queen.
——— All Days to me
Henceforth are equal ——— ——
To morrow, and the next, and each that follows,
Will undiſtinguiſh'd roul, and but prolong
One hated Line of more extended Woe, Cong. Mour. Bride.
O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-ſwol'n Heart
Vent all its Griefs, and give a Looſe to Sorrow,
Martia could anſwer thee in Sighs, keep pace
With all thy Woe, and count out Tear for Tear. Add. Cato.
All comfortleſs, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in View deſtroy'd at once. Milt. Par. Loſt.
——— From his wakeful Eyes
Inquietude diſpel'd the Sweets of Slumber:
As when the gloomy Thunderer prepares
To drown the World with Deluges of Rain;
Or ſends his ſtormy Hail, or fleecy Snows,
To cloath the Surface of the hoary Earth;

On

Or, when he's ready to encline to Arms
Two Nations, and diſcloſe the Jaws of War;
Thro' all the Heav'ns the dreadful Lightnings play,
Nor ceaſe, nor pauſe, but Flaſh ſucceeds on Flaſh:
So, ——
Sighs after Sighs burſt from his manly Breaſt,
O'ercaſt his Look, and ſhake his very Soul.
—— —— With Grief o'erwhelm'd he lies,
And, with wild Sorrow frantick, from his Head
Tears his diſhevel'd Locks; he inward groans,
And, in his ſore Diſtreſs, with loud Complaints,
Makes his Addreſs to Jove, and mourns his Wars. Br. Hom.
Me Jove afflicts with Troubles without Number,
Which ne'er will ceaſe, until forgot in Death.
I'm ſore diſtreſs'd, forlorn, and void of Hope,
And Sleep is grown a Stranger to my Eyes.
—— —— —— My tortur'd Heart
Sinks, overwhelm'd with Cares that wreck my Breaſt;
Grief diſcompoſes and diſtracts my Thoughts;
My panting Heart, as if t'would force its Priſon,
Bounces and beats againſt my Sides; my Strength
Fails me thro' Grief; and ev'n my Feet refuſe
To bear ſo great a Load of Wretchedneſs. Broome, Hom.
One Woe ſtill treads upon another's Heel. Shak. Haml.
And where Misfortunes great and many are,
Life grows a Burden, and not worth our Care. Dryd.
(Conq. of Gran. p. 2.
But know, young Prince, that Valour ſoars above
What the World calls Misfortune and Affliction:
Theſe are not Ills; elſe they would never fall
On Heav'ns firſt Fav'rites, and the beſt of Men.
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind Occaſion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues, which ſhun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the ſmooth Seaſons, and the Calms of Life. Add. Cato.
The gen'rous Mind is by its Suff'rings known,
Which no Affliction tramples down;
But, when oppreſs'd, will upward move,
Spurn its own Clog of Cares, and ſoar above:
Thus the young Royal Eaglet tries
On the Sun-beams his tender Eyes;
And, if he ſhrink not at th'offenſive Light,
He's then for Empire fit, and takes his ſoaring Flights.
Tho' Cares aſſault thy Breaſt on ev'ry Side,
Yet bravely ſtem th'impetuous Tide;

No

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No tributary Tears to Fortune pay,
Nor add to any Loss a nobler Day;
But with kind Hopes support thy Mind,
And think thy better Lot behind:
Amidst Afflictions let thy Soul be great,
And show thou dar'st deserve a better Fate. Yald.
Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our Sorrows,
But to the Gods permit th'Event of Things:
Our Lives, discolour'd with our present Woes,
May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.
So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
Works it self clear, and, as it runs, refines;
'Till, by Degrees, the flowing Mirrour shines;
Reflects each Flow'r, that on the Borders grows,
And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shews. Add. Cato.
But silent Patience is Affliction's Cure,
And they still conquer most, who most endure. D'Aven.
'Tis noble to endure, and not relent (Rhodes.
The Bruises of Affliction's heavy Hand. DAven. Siege of
They feel not Joy, who have not Sorrow felt:
We thro' Afflictions make our Way to Heav'n. D'Aven. Law
(against Lovers.
And struck with Rays of prosp'rous Fortune blind,
We Light alone in dark Afflictions find. Dryd.
Calamity alone's the perfect Glass, (against Lovers.
Wherein we truly see and know our selves. D'Aven. Law
Distress is Virtue's Opportunity. South. Fate of Capua.
Common Disasters Sorrow raise,
But Heav'n's severest Frowns amaze.
—— Afflictions spring not from the Earth,
Nor to the Ground owe a spontaneous Birth;
Yet Men to Woe, as to their Centre tend,
As Streams to Seas; as Flames to Heav'n ascend. Blac. Job.
Calamity, that severs worldly Friendship. Beaum. Doub.
(Mar.
A Soul exasp'rated in Ills falls out
With every Thing, its Friend, it self —— Add. Cato.
A Sad prophetick Spirit dwells with Woe. Rowe, Luc.

AFFRONT.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget, Affronts;
Old Age is slow in both. —— —— Add. Cato.

On

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On Adamant our Wrongs we all engrave,
But write our Benefits upon the Wave. King. Ovid.

——— It wounds indeed,
To bear Affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have Power to punish. —— Dryd. Span. Fryar.

AFRICAN.

——— Behold the African,
That traverses the vast Numidian Desarts
In Quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow:
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase;
Amidst the running Stream he slakes his Thirst;
Toils all the Day, and, at th'Approach of Night,
On the first friendly Bank he sits him down,
Or rests his Head upon a Rock till Morn;
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
And if, the following Day, he chance to find
A new Repast, or an untasted Spring,
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury. Add. Cato.

AGAMEMNON.

Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost Name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by Fame;
The proud Revenger of another's Wife;
Yet by his own Adult'ress lost his Life:
Fell at his Threshold, and the Spoils of Troy
The foul Polluters of his Bed enjoy. Dryd. Virg.

The four AGES *of the World.*

A beauteous Scene adorns the foremost Page,
Where Nature's Bloom presents the Golden Age:
The Golden Leaf to Silver soon resigns,
And fair the Sheet, but yet more faintly shines:
Of baser Brass the next denotes the Times;
An impious Page, deform'd with deadly Crimes:
The fourth yet wears a worse and browner Face,
And adds to gloomy Days an Iron Race. Cong.

The Golden Age to Silver was debas'd;
To Copper that; our Metal came at last. Dryd. Ovid.

Gol-

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Golden AGE.

The laſt great Age, foretold by ſacred Rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd Courſe: Saturnian Times
Rowl round again; and mighty Years, begun
From their firſt Orb, in radiant Circles run:
The baſe degen'rate Iron Offspring ends:
A Golden Progeny from Heav'n deſcends. Dryd. Virg.

The ſharpen'd Share ſhall vex the Soil no more,
But Earth unbidden ſhall produce her Store:
The Land ſhall laugh; the circling Ocean ſmile;
And Heav'ns Indulgence bleſs the holy Iſle. Dryd.

AJAX killing himſelf.

—— The Maſter of the ſevenfold Shield:
He, who could often, and alone, withſtand
The Foe, the Fire, and Jove's own partial Hand,
Now cannot his unmaſter'd Grief ſuſtain,
But yields to Rage, to Madneſs, and Diſdain:
Then ſnatching out his Fauchion, Thou, ſaid he,
Art mine: Ulyſſes lays no Claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever truſty Sword,
Now do thy laſt kind Office to thy Lord.
'Tis Ajax who requeſts thy Aid, to ſhow,
None but himſelf himſelf could overthrow.
He ſaid; and, with ſo good a Will to die,
Did to his Breaſt the fatal Point apply,
It found his Heart, a Way till then unknown,
Where never Weapon enter'd but his own.
No Hand could force it thence, ſo fix'd it ſtood,
Till out it ruſh'd, expell'd by Streams of ſpouting Blood;
The fruitful Blood produc'd a Flow'r, which grew
On a green Stem; and of a purple Hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo ſlew.
Inſcrib'd in both, the Letters are the ſame;
But thoſe expreſs the Grief, and theſe the Name. Dryd. Ovid.

Tranſformation of ALCYONE and CEYX.

She ſaid, and to the neighb'ring Mole ſhe ſtrode,
Rais'd there to break th' Incurſions of the Flood:

Head-

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Headlong from thence to plunge her ſelf ſhe ſprings;
But ſhoots along, ſupported on her Wings.
A Bird, new-made, about the Banks ſhe plies,
Not far from Shore, and ſhort Excurſions tries:
Nor ſeeks in Air her humble Flight to raiſe,
Content to skim the Surface of the Seas:
Her Bill, tho' ſlender, ſends a creaking Noiſe,
And imitates a lamentable Voice.
Now, lighting where the bloodleſs Body lies,
She, with a fun'ral Note, renews her Cries:
At all her Stretch her little Wings ſhe ſpread,
And with her feather'd Arms embrac'd the Dead.
Then, flick'ring to his pallid Lips, ſhe ſtrove
To print a Kiſs, the laſt Eſſay of Love.
Whether the vital Touch reviv'd the Dead,
Or that the moving Waters rais'd his Head
To meet the Kiſs, the Vulgar doubt alone:
For ſure a preſent Miracle was ſhewn.
The Gods their Shapes to Winter-Birds tranſlate,
But both obnoxious to their former Fate.
Their conjugal Affection ſtill is ty'd;
And ſtill the mournful Race is multiply'd.
They bill, they tread; Alcyone, compreſs'd,
Sev'n Days ſits brooding on her floating Neſt.
A wintry Queen: Her Sire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry Storm, and huſhes ev'ry Wind;
Prepares his Empire for his Daughter's Eaſe,
And for his hatching Nephews ſmooths the Seas. Dryd. Ovid.

ALECTO.

The Daughter of the Night. Dryd. Virg.
That baleful Fury, who delights in War,
In Envy, Miſchief, Anger, and Deſpair.
Such horrid Shapes the Helliſh Monſter takes,
Teeming with crawling Swarms of hiſſing Snakes,
Ev'n Pluto and her Siſters hate the Fiend. Laud. Virg.
Smear'd as ſhe was with black Gorgonian Blood,
The Fury ſprang above the Stygian Flood;
And, on her wicker Wings, ſublime thro' Night
She to the Latian Palace took her Flight:
There fought the Queen's Apartment; ſtood before
The peaceful Threſhold, and beſieg'd the Door.
From her black bloody Locks the Fury ſhakes
Her darling Plague, the Fav'rite of her Snakes:

With

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With her full Force she threw the pois'nous Dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's Heart.
Unseen, unfelt, the firy Serpent skims
Betwixt her Linnen, and her naked Limbs;
His baleful Breath inspiring, as he glides,
Now, like a Chain, around her Neck he rides;
Now, like a Fillet, to her Head repairs,
And with his circling Volumes folds her Hairs:
At first the silent Venom slid with Ease,
And seiz'd her cooler Senses by Degrees:
Then, e're th'infected Mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive Accents she began the War.
But when she saw her Reasons idly spent,
She flew to Rage; for now the Snake possess'd
Her vital Parts, and poison'd all her Breast.
She raves; she runs with a distracted Pace,
And fills, with horrid Howls, the publick Place. Dryd. Virg.
And now the Goddess, exercis'd in Ill,
Who watch'd an Hour to work her impious Will,
Ascends the Roof, and to her crooked Horn
Adds all her Breath; the Rocks and Woods around,
And Mountains tremble at th' Infernal Sound.
The sacred Lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline Fountain, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful Blast, the Signal of the War.
Young Mothers wildly stare, with Fear oppress'd,
And strain their helpless Infant to their Breast. Dryd. Virg.
The sullen Fiend, her sounding Wings display'd; (Virg.
Unwilling left the Light, and sought the neather Shade. Dryd.
To this Infernal Lake the Fury flies, (Virg.
Her Hides her hated Head, and frees the lab'ring Skies. Dryd.

AMAZON.

On Death and Wounds Camilla looks with Joy,
Free'd from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy.
Now, thick as Hail, her fatal Darts she flings;
The two-edg'd Ax now on their Helmets rings?
Her Shoulders bore Diana's Arms and Bow;
And if, too strongly press'd, she fled before the Foe,
Her Shafts, revers'd, did Death and Horrour bear,
And found the Rash, who durst pursue the Fair.
Near her fierce Tulla and Tarpeia ride,
And bold Larina, conqu'ring by her Side.

These

Theſe, above all, Camilla's Breaſt did ſhare,
For Faith in Peace, and Gallantry in War. Staff. Virg.
Italians all, in Peace their Queen's Delight;
In War the bold Companions of the Fight. Dryd. Virg.
Such were the Thracian, Amazonian Bands,
When firſt they dy'd with Blood Thermodoons Sands.
Such Troops Hippolita her ſelf did head,
And ſuch the bold Pethefilea led;
When Female Shouts alarm'd the trembling Fields, (Virg
And glaring Beams ſhot bright from Maiden Shields. Staff
Above the reſt the Volſcian Amazon
Contains an Army in her ſelf alone;
And heads a Squadron terrible in Fight,
With glitt'ring Shields, in brazen Armour bright. Dryd. Virg.
A Golden Belt her naked Breaſt ſuſtains,
With Men, a Maid in Arms a Fight maintains. Laud. Virg.
With fatal Certainty Thaleſtris knew
To ſend the Arrow from the twanging Yew:
And, great in Arms, and foremoſt in the War,
Bonduca brandiſh'd high the Britiſh Spear. Prior.
But canſt thou wield the Sword, and bend the Bow,
With active Force repel the ſturdy Foe?
When the loud Tumult ſpeaks the Battel nigh,
And winged Deaths in whiſtling Arrows fly.
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted, ſtay;
Perform thy Part, and ſhare the dang'rous Day. Prior.

AMBITION.

Ambition is the Mind's Immodeſty;
For all Ambition is but Hope's Exceſs. D'Aven.
What is Ambition, but Deſire of Greatneſs?
And what is Greatneſs, but Extent of Pow'r?
But Luſt of Pow'r 's a Dropſy of the Mind,
Whoſe Thirſt encreaſes, while we drink to quench it;
'Till, ſwoll'n, and ſtretch'd by the repeated Draught,
We burſt, and periſh. —— Hig. Gen. Conq.
Ambition is an Idol, on whoſe Wings
Great Minds are carry'd only to Extreams;
To be ſublimely great, or to be Nothing. South. Loy. Broth.
The Love of Glory, ——
Which in great Souls ſtill rages to a Fault; (& Arm.
The Crime of Angels, and of Men like Angels. Den. Rin.

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In War, Men Envy ſtill Ambition name,
Ambition, Valour; but 'tis Valour's Shame,
When Envy feeds it more than noble Fame. D'Aven.

Ambition has its Luſt as well as Love. How. D. of Lerma.
Ambition, like a wanton Woman's Haſte,
Invites new Slaves, grown weary of the laſt. How. D. of Lerma.

Ambition, the Diſeaſe of Virtue, bred,
Like Surfeits, from an undigeſted Fulneſs,
Meets Death in that, which is the Means of Life. Sophy. Denh.

Ambition! dang'rous Sickneſs of the Great! D'Aven. Circe

Others Ambition, that imperious Dame,
Expoſes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
Upon the World's great Theatre:
Thro' Dangers and thro' Blood they wade to Fame,
To purchaſe grinning Honour, and an empty Name. Oldh.

Ambition is a God-like Fault;
Or rather, 'tis no Fault in Souls born Great,
Who dare extend their Glory by their Deeds. Dryd. K. Arth.

Where does proud Ambition dwell?
In the loweſt Rooms of Hell:
Who are the Pillars of Ambition's Court?
Grim Deaths and ſcarlet Murthers it ſupport.
What lies beneath her Feet? Her Footſteps tread
On Orphan's tender Breaſts, and Brothers dead. Dryd. Temp.

Ambition, like a Torrent, ne'er looks back:
It is a Swelling, and the laſt Affection
A high Mind can put off: It is a Rebel
Both to the Soul and Reaſon; and inforces
All Laws, all Conſcience; treads upon Religion,
And offers Violence to Nature's ſelf. Johnſ. Cat.

The Search of Glory and of Fame is endleſs: Pyrrhus.
New Countreys will afford new Conqueſts ſtill. Hopkins.

For dire Ambition will admit no Bounds;
There are no Limits to aſpiring Crowns.
The Spaniard, by his Europe Conqueſts bold,
Sail'd o'er the Ocean for the Indian's Gold:
The Carthaginian Hero did not ſtay,
Becauſe he met vaſt Mountains in his Way:
He paſs'd the Alps like Mole-hills: Such a Mind,
As thinks on Conqueſt, will not be confin'd. Dor.

The greedy Wolves th' unguarded Sheep devour
But while their Hunger laſts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundleſs Avarice his Want exceeds,
And, on his Neighbours, round about him, feeds.
His Pride and vain Ambition are ſo vaſt,
That, Deluge-like, they lay whole Nations waſte.

The

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The Beasts and Monsters Hercules oppreſt,
Might, in that Age, ſome Provinces infeſt.
Theſe more deſtructive Monsters are the Bane
Of ev'ry Age, and in all Ages reign. Wall.
Who falls in Fight cannot himſelf accuſe;
And he dies bravely who a Crown purſues. Dryd. Auren.
——————— Already Cæſar
Has ravag'd more than half the Globe; and ſees
Mankind grown thin by his deſtructive Sword.
Should he go farther, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battels, and ſupport his Crimes.
Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works! ——————— Add. Cato.
Ah! curſt Ambition, to thy Lures we owe
All the great Ills that Mortals bear below:
Curs'd by the Hind, when to the Spoil he yields
His whole Year's Sweat, and vainly ripen'd Fields;
Curs'd by the Maid, torn from her Lover's Side,
When left a Widow, tho' not yet a Bride.
By Mothers curſt, when Floods of Tears they ſhed,
And ſcatter uſeleſs Roſes on the Dead. Tickell.
If the ſucceſsful Troublers of Mankind,
With Laurel crown'd, ſo great Applauſe do find;
Shall the next World leſs Honour yield to thoſe,
That ſtop their Progreſs, and their Rage oppoſe?
Next to that Pow'r, which does the Ocean awe,
Is, to ſet Bounds, and give t' Ambition Law. Wall.
——— O fling away Ambition;
By that Sin fell the Angels: How then can Man,
The Image of his Maker, hope to win by't? Shak. Hen. 8.

AMELLUS.

——— There grows a Flow'r in marſhy Ground,
Its Name Amellus, eaſy to be found.
A mighty Spring works in its Roots, and cleaves
The ſprouting Stalk, and ſhews it ſelf in Leaves.
The Flow'r it ſelf is of a Golden Hue;
The Leaves inclining to a darker Blue:
The Leaves ſhoot thick about the Flow'r, and grow,
Into a Buſh, and ſhade the Turf below.
The Plant in holy Garlands often twines
The Altar's Poſts, and beautifies the Shrines:
Its Taſt is ſharp; in Vales new-ſhorn it grows,
Where Mella's Stream in wat'ry Mazes flows. Add. Virg.

The

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The Flow'r it ſelf is glorious to behold,
And ſhines on Altars like refulgent Gold. Dryd. Virg.

A M I E L.

Indulge one Labour more, my weary Muſe,
For Amiel; who can Amiel's Praiſe refuſe?
Of antient Race by Birth, but nobler yet
In his own Worth, and without Title great:
The Sanhedrim long Time as Chief he rul'd;
Their Reaſon guided, and their Paſſion cool'd:
So dext'rous was he in the Crown's Defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a loyal Nation's Senſe,
That, as their Band was Iſrael's Tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now rather Charioteers the Seat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe Careers his ſteady Skill commend.
They, like th'unequal Ruler of the Day,
Miſguide the Seaſons, and miſtake the Way;
While he, withdrawn, at their mad Labour ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils. Dryd. Abſ. & Ach.

Temple of A M M O N.

Now to the ſacred Temple they draw near,
Whoſe only Altars Lybian Lands revere.
There, but unlike the Jove by Rome ador'd,
A Form uncouth, ſtands Heav'ns Almighty Lord.
No Regal Enſigns grace his potent Hand,
Nor ſhakes he there the Lightning's flaming Brand:
But, ruder to behold, a horned Ram,
Belies the God, and Ammon is his Name.
There no proud Domes are rais'd, no Gems are ſeen
To blaze upon his Shrines with coſtly Sheen:
But plain, and poor, and unprophan'd he ſtood;
Such, as to whom our great Forefathers bow'd.
Here, and here only, thro' wide Lybia's Space,
Tall Trees the Land, and verdant Herbage grace.
Here the looſe Sands by plenteous Springs are bound,
Knit to a Maſs, and moulded into Ground.
Here ſmiling Nature wears a fertile Dreſs,
And all Things here the preſent God confeſs.

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Before the Temple's Entrance, at the Gate,
Attending Crowds of Eaſtern Pilgrims wait,
And from the horned God expect Relief. Rowe Luc.
Canſt thou believe the vaſt Eternal Mind
Was e'er to Syrts and Lybian Sands confin'd?
That he would chuſe this Waſte, this barren Ground,
To teach the thin Inhabitants around,
And leave his Truth in Wilds and Deſarts drown'd?
Is there a Place that God would chuſe to love
Beyond this Earth, the Seas, yon' Heav'n above,
And virtuous Minds, the nobleſt Throne for Jove?
Why ſeek we farther then? Behold around,
How all thou ſee'ſt does with the God abound:
Jove is alike in all, and always to be found. Rowe. Luc.

AMSANCTUS.

In midſt of Italy, well known to Fame,
There lies a Lake, Amſanctus is the Name.
Below the lofty Mounts; on either Side,
Thick Foreſts the forbidden Entrance hide:
Full in the Centre of the ſacred Wood,
An Arm ariſes of the Stygian Flood?
Which, breaking from beneath with bell'wing Sound,
Whirls the black Waves and rattling Stones around.
Here Pluto pants for Breath from out his Cell,
And opens wide the grinning Jaws of Hell. Dryd. Virg.

ANGEL.

From a fair Cloud, which rather op'd, than broke,
A Flaſh of Light, rather than Lightning, came;
So ſwift, and yet ſo gentle was the Flame.
Upon it rode, and, in his full Career,
Seem'd to my Eyes no ſooner there than here:
The comelieſt Youth of all th' Angelick Race;
Lovely his Shape, ineffable his Face:
His Beams of Locks fell part diſhevel'd down,
Part upwards curl'd, and form'd a nat'ral Crown.
His Coat and flowing Mantle were ſo bright,
They ſeem'd both made of woven ſilver Light. Cowl.
——————— A glorious Light now ſhone,
And, lo! an Angel Poſt comes haſt'ning down

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From Heav'n: I see him cut the yielding Air
So swift, he seems at once both here and there.
So quick, my Sight in the Pursuit was slow,
And Thought could scarce so soon the Journey go.
No angry Message in his Looks appears;
His Face no Signs of threat'ning Vengeance wears:
Comely his Shape, of Heav'nly Mien and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of beauteous Virgins are.
Such he was seen by the bless'd Maid of old,
When he th' Almighty Infant's Birth foretold. Oldh.
From the bright Empire of eternal Day,
Where waiting Minds for Heav'ns Commission stay,
Amariel flies: A darted Mandate came (Tyr. Love.
From that great Will, which moves this mighty Frame. Dryd.
——— Behold, a Heav'nly Light
Shoots smiling thro' the Grove with silent Flight:
The Trees admire the Glory on them shed,
And seem to start, and humbly bow their Head.
Celestial Sweetness, mild and God-like Grace,
Ineffable, sate blooming on his Face.
His Cheeks such Beauty shew'd, such Light and Joy his Eyes,
As from full Bliss, fresh Youth, and Strength immortal rise.
The purest Piece of Heav'n's etherial Blue,
In a rich Mantle, from his Shoulders flew.
Celestial Linnen, finely spun, and wove
On Looms Divine, by all the Skill above,
Bleach'd on th' Empyreal Plains till white as Snow,
Made the long Robe, which to his Feet did flow.
Immortal Gold, illustrious as the Morn,
And dazling Gems, by high Archangels worn,
With pond'rous Pearls from Heav'n's bright Eastern Shore,
Adorn the shining Garments that he wore.
A purple Girdle, from the Morning Skies,
New rent, around his Starry Vesture ties.
Thus he appear'd; and, with the Light he gave,
And unknown Fragrancy, fill'd all the Cave. Blac. P. Arth.
Behold a glorious Form, like some inferior God;
——— Celestial Lustre spread
From his immortal Eyes and radiant Head;
A Heav'nly Bloom adorn'd his youthful Face. Blac. K. Arth.
Immortal Life his Heav'nly Mould did move, (Arth.
And thro' his radiant Limbs the vital Glory strove. Blac. K.
A suddain Glory, like the Virgin Day,
Dawn'd in the Place, and did mild Light display.

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Odours Divine, ineffable Perfume,
Was ſuddenly diffus'd around the Room:
Such as are breath'd from freſh celeſtial Bow'rs,
From bleſs'd Junquils, and Heav'nly Jeſs'min Flow'rs:
Then, dreſs'd in airy Garments to be ſeen,
Her Guardian Angel now approach'd the Queen:
His Neck and Hands were both divinely fair,
And his long Robe, that hung, neglecting Care,
Was white as Snow, new moulded in the Air:
Unfading Youth, a freſh Empyreal Red,
And blooming Honours on the Seraph ſpread. Blac. Eliza.

So Angels, when they ſtoop to mortal Sight,
Strike us with Awe; yet raviſh with Delight. Lee Nero.

Mortals, in Sight of Angels, mute become:
The nobler Nature ſtrikes th' inferior dumb. Dryd. Auren.

——— Th' Arch-Angel ſoon drew nigh,
Not in his Shape celeſtial; but as Man
Clad to meet Man: over his lucid Arms
A military Veſt of Purple flow'd,
Livelier than Meliboean, or the Grain
Of Sarra, worn by Kings and Heroes old
In Time of Truce: Iris had dipt the Woof:
His ſtarry Helm unbuckled ſhew'd him prime
In Manhood, where Youth ended: By his Side,
As in a gliſt'ring Zodiack, hung the Sword;
Satan's dire dread, and in his Hand the Spear. Milt. Par. Loſt.

Now from th' immortal Battlements of Heav'n
He with expanded Pinions wings his Way,
Bright as the Morn, and ſwifter than its Ray. Blac. Eliza.

And now a Stripling Cherube he appears,
Not of the Prime, yet ſuch as in his Face
Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, and to ev'ry Limb
Suitable Grace diffus'd. ——— ———
Under a Coronet his flowing Hair
In Curls on either Cheek play'd: Wings he wore
Of many a colour'd Plume ſprinkled with Gold:
His Habit fit for ſpeed ſuccinct; and held
Before his decent Steps a ſilver Wand. Milt. Par. Loſt.

Like to a Man in Shew and Shape he far'd,
But full of Heav'nly Majeſty and Might:
A Stripling ſeem'd he thrice five Winters old,
And radiant Beams adorn'd his Locks of Gold:
Of ſilver Wings he took a ſhining Pair,
Fringed with Gold, unwearied, nimble, ſwift,
With theſe he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
And over Seas and Earth himſelf does lift.

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Thus clad he cut the Spheres and Circles fair,
And the pure Skies with ſacred Feathers cleit:
On Libanon at firſt his Foot he ſet,
And ſhook his Wings with roary May-dews wet. Fairf. Taſſ.

And as he flew, the Darkneſs of his Way,
And the black Horrours of the dreary Sky,
He, ſhaking his eternal Wings, diſpers'd:
Old Night illuſtrated her dusky Face
With Rays, which his celeſtial Eyes diffus'd:
Thus, breaking thro' a Storm, the Lord of Day
The Clouds with Purple and with Gold adorns:
And thus a Star from the nocturnal Heav'n
Into the Lap of our great Mother falls. Den. Taſſ.

So the keen Bolt a Warriour-Angel aims,
Array'd in Clouds; and wrapt in mantling Flames;
He bears a Tempeſt on his ſounding Wings,
And his red Arm the forky Vengeance flings.
At length, Heav'ns Wrath appeas'd, he quits the War,
To roul his Orb, and guide his deſtin'd Star;
To ſhed kind Fate, and lucky Hours beſtow,
And ſmile propitious on the World below. Tickell.

Ye ſacred Envoys of th'eternal King. Oldh.
Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who conquer whereſoe'er you are. Roſc.

——— Behold the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubins: Four Faces each
Had, like a double Janus; all their Shape
Spangled with Eyes, more numerous than thoſe
Of Argus; and more wakeful than to drowze,
Charm'd with Arcadian Pipe, the paſt'ral Reed
Of Hermes, or his opiat Rod. ——— Milt. Par. Loſt.

Around in Throngs the proſtrate Seraphs lay,
Abſorpt in Glory, and Exceſs of Day. Blac. Job.

From the celeſtial Hoſt a glorious Band
Of Seraphs was detach'd by high Command.
Hither the ſhining Warriours ſtrait repair;
Drawn out in long Array, amidſt the Air,
Their Blades, divinely temper'd, flam'd on high,
And blazing Shields inlighten all the Sky.
Th' Angelick Cuiraſſiers in Armour ſhone
Of Adamant, from Rocks Empyreal hewn.
High milk-white Plumes, like ſnowy Clouds, ariſe
From their bright Creſts, and nod againſt the Skies;
Rich Helmets, of immortal beaten Gold,
Adorn their Heads: Braſs of etherial Mould,

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Refin'd above, their jointed Gauntlets made;
Braſs, that the Teeth of Time can ne'er invade.
Broad ſilver Belts, richly embroider'd o'er,
Rare Seraph's Work, their ſhining Shoulders bore; (Arth.
And round them Sky-dy'd purple Scarfs they wore. Blac. P.

——— All in bright Array
The Cherubim deſcended; on the Ground
Gliding meteorous: As Ev'ning Miſt,
Ris'n from a River, o'er the Mariſh glides,
And gathers Ground faſt at the Lab'rers Heels,
Homeward returning. ——— Milt. Par. Loſt.

——— Then all
The Multitude of Angels, with a Shout
Loud as from Numbers, without Number, ſweet
As from bleſt Voices, utt'ring Joy; Heav'n rung
With Jubile, and loud Hoſannas fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
Tow'rds either Throne they bow, and to the Ground
With ſolemn Adoration down they caſt
Their Crowns, inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flow'r which once
In Paradiſe, faſt by the Tree of Life,
Began to bloom; but ſoon for Man's Offence
To Heav'n remov'd, where firſt it grew, there grows,
And flow'rs aloft ſhading the Fount of Life,
And where the River of Bliſs thro' midſt of Heav'n
Rouls o'er Elyſian Flow'rs her amber Stream;
With theſe, that never fade, the Spirits elect
Bind their reſplendent Locks inwreath'd with Beams.
Now, in looſe Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement, that like a Sea of Jaſper ſhone,
Impurpled with celeſtial Roſes ſmil'd.
Then, crown'd again, their Golden Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that, glitt'ring by their Side
Like Quivers hung; and with Preamble ſweet
Of charming Symphony they introduce
Their ſacred Song, and waken Raptures high:
No Voice exempt, no Voice but well could join
Melodious Part; ſuch Concord is in Heav'n! Milt. Par. Loſt.

——— Th' Empyreal Hoſt
Of Angels, by Imperial Summons call'd,
Innum'rable before th' Almighty's Throne
Forthwith from all the Ends of Heav'n appear'd:
Under their Hierarchs in Order bright
Ten thouſand thouſand Enſigns high advanc'd,
Standards, and Gonfalons, 'twixt Van and Reer,

Stream

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Stream in the Air, and for Diſtinction ſerve
Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees:
Or in their glitt'ring Tiſſues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, Acts of Zeal and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbs
Of Circuit inexpreſſible they ſtood,
Orb within Orb, ———
Then all the Angels, Progeny of Light,
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Pow'rs,
That Day, as other ſolemn Days, all ſpent
In Song and Dance about the ſacred Hill;
Myſtical Dance, which yonder ſtarry Sphere
Of Planets and of Fix'd in all her Wheels
Reſembles neareſt; Mazes intricate,
Eccentrick, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then moſt, when moſt irregular they ſeem;
And in their Motions Harmony Divine
So ſmooths her charming Tones, that God's own Ear
Liſtens delighted. ——— ——
Forthwith from Dance to ſweet Repaſt they turn
Deſirous; all in Circles as they ſtood,
Tables are ſet, and on a ſuddain pil'd
With Angels Food; and rubied Nectar flows
In Pearl, in Diamond, and maſſy Gold;
Fruit of delicious Vines, the Growth of Heav'n:
On Flow'rs repos'd, and with freſh Flowrets crown'd,
They eat, they drink, and in Communion ſweet
Quaff Immortality and Joy. ——— ———
Wide over all the Plain, and wider far
Than all this globous Earth in Plain outſpread,
Such are the Courts of God! th' Angelick Throng,
Diſpers'd in Bands and Files, their Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life;
Pavilions numberleſs, and ſudden rear'd,
Celeſtial Tabernacles, where they ſlept,
Fann'd with cool Winds, ſave thoſe who in their Courſe
Melodious Hymns about the Sov'reign Throne
Alternate all Night long. ——— Milt. Par. Loſt.

ANGER.

Anger is the Diſeaſe of Beaſts untam'd: (Gond.
Their Wrath is Hunger, but in Man 'tis Pride. D'Aven.
The youthful Warriour's moſt excus'd Diſeaſe. D'Aven.
(Gond.
He

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He carries Anger as the Flint bears Fire,
Which, much inforc'd, will ſhew a haſty Spark,
And ſtrait is cold again. Shak. Jul. Cæſ.

I know you, Troilus, you are hot and firy;
You kindle at a Wrong; and catch it quick,
As Stubble does the Flame. Dryd. Troil & Creſ.

My Heart ſwells at him, and my Breath grows ſhort:
But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell. —— —— Dryd. Riv. Lad.

This ſaid, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
Which in his manly Stomach burn'd:
Thirſt of Revenge, and Wrath, in Place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze. Hud.

—— —— Racks of Fury,
Like hurry'd Clouds over the Face of Heav'n,
Before a Tempeſt, in his Looks appear. Suckl. Brenn.

—— —— Frowning he went;
His Eyes, like Meteors, roul'd, then darted down
Their red and angry Beams, as if his Sight
Would, like the raging Dog-Star, ſcorch the Earth,
And kindle Rivers in its Courſe. Cong. Mourn. Bride.

With Fury toſs'd, his Face inflam'd with Ire,
His burning Eyes dart glaring Sparks of Fire:
As when a Bull for Fight his Horns prepares,
Bellows aloud, and with bent Forehead dares
A ſturdy Oak: He ſpurns the Ground in Rage,
And puſhes at the Winds ere he engage. Laud. Virg.

—— The Maſter of the ſev'nfold Shield,
Upſtarted fierce, and kindled with Diſdain;
Eager to ſpeak, unable to conſtrain
His boiling Rage, he roul'd his Eyes around. Dryd. Ovid.

The glooming Sire, too ſenſible of Wrong,
To vent his Rage in Words, reſtrain'd his Tongue. Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guiſc.

Then ſoon to deadly Pale he chang'd his Look:
He trembled ev'ry Limb, and felt a Smart, (Pal. & Arc.
As if cold Steel had glided thro' his Heart. Dryd. Chau.

Upſtarted from his Throne the King of Men,
His Breaſt with Fury fill'd, his Eyes with Fire; (Hom.
Which rouling round he ſhot in Sparkles on the Sire. Dryd.

—— His Rage aſcended to his Eyes
From his cloſe Breaſt, which hid till then the Flame;
And, like ſtir'd Fire, in Sparkles upward flew. D'Aven. Gond.

—— He, with indignant Looks,
And threat'ning Accents terribly begun. Broome. Hom.

Theſe Words, ſo full of Malice, mix'd with Art:
Inflam'd with Rage the youthful Hero's Heart. Then

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Then, groaning from the Bottom of his Breaſt,
He heav'd for Vent, and thus his Wrath expreſs'd. Dr. Vir.
Burning with Fury, from his Eyes the Flames
Like Lightning flew: Sorrow, immix'd with Rage,
Poſſeſs'd his Soul ——— Oldiſw. Hom.
She this Way moves, with a diſorder'd Haſte;
Her Brows the ſtormy Marks of Anger bear. Dryd. Auren.
O do not look ſo terribly upon me, (Ven. Preſ.
How your Lips ſhake, and all your Face diſorder'd! Otway
I ſee thou art implacable, more deaf
To Pray'rs than Winds and Seas; yet Winds to Seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and Sea to Shore:
Thy Anger, unappeaſable, ſtill rages,
Eternal Tempeſt, never to be calm'd. Milt. Sam. Agon.

Weeping for Anger.

Now Tears of Rage, not Pity, drown'd her Eyes. D'Aven.
Unable to expreſs his Indignation,
Speechleſs he ſtood, and told his Rage by Tears. Old. Hom.
The ſullen Tyrant ſlept not all the Night,
But, lonely walking by a winking Light,
Sobb'd, wept, and groan'd, and beat his wither'd Breaſt.
Then all at once his Grief and Rage appear'd,
And Floods of Tears ran trickling down his Beard. Dryd.
(Bocc. Sig. & Guiſc.

ANGLER.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring Shade,
Where cooling Vapours breathe along the Mead,
The patient Fiſher takes his ſilent Stand,
Intent, his Angle trembling in his Hand:
With Looks unmov'd, he hopes the ſcaly Breed,
And eyes the dancing Cork, and bending Reed.
Our plenteous Streams a various Race ſupply,
The bright-ey'd Perch, with Fins of Tyrian Dye;
The ſilver Eel, in ſhining Volumes roul'd;
The yellow Carp, in Scales bedropp'd with Gold;
Swift Tronts, diverſify'd with crimſon Stains;
And Pikes, the Tyrants of the wat'ry Plains. Pope.

ANNIVERSARY.

The Sun, revolving thro' th'Etherial Space,
The ſhining Circle of the Year has fill'd. Dryd. Virg.

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And now the riſing Day renews the Year. Dryd. Virg.
——— The revolving Sun
His crooked Race has thro' the Zodiack run. Blac. P. Arth.
Ten Times the Sun had paſs'd his oblique Way,
By Turns contracting and increaſing Day,
Darting to either Pole a warmer Ray. Blac. P. Arth.

ANT.

A frugal People, and inur'd to Sweat;
Lab'ring to gain, and keeping what they get. Stoneſt. Ov.
As when the Ants invade a Heap of Wheat,
Mindful of Winter goes the dusky Train
Thro' Lawns, to fill their empty Stores with Grain,
Bearing through narrow Paths, ſome guard the Prey,
Some with more Labour weighty Ears convey;
Some to their Task the ſtraggling Troops confine;
Some puſh the Slow: Thus all in Labour join. Laud. Virg.
Thus, with fam'd Providence, the ſlender Ant,
The great Example of good Management,
Whilſt the fair Seaſon laſts, and laviſh'd Grain
Profuſely on the Floors unwatch'd remain,
Induſtriouſly his little Garner fills,
And the Proviſions for his Winter ſteals:
Grateful he takes what the Occaſion grants,
And with his preſent Waſte ſupplies his future Wants.
—— And when the Winter ſharper grows,
And the decaying Year turns hoar with Snows;
When Nature's Penury can nought afford,
The little Beaſt lives, wanton on his Hoard,
On what, with anxious Care, his prudent Foreſight ſtor'd.
The wiſer Emmet ——— ———
In Summer-time ranges the Fallows o'er,
With Pains and Labour, to lay in his Store;
But, when the bluſt'ring North, with ruffling Blaſts,
Saddens the Year, and Nature overcaſts,
The prudent Inſect, hid in Privacy,
Enjoys the Fruits of his paſt Induſtry.
No Ant of Senſe was e'er ſo awkward ſeen,
To drudge in Winter, loiter in the Spring. Oldh.

ANTÆUS.

As when, Earth's Son, Antæus ———
——— ——— In Iraſſa ſtrove With

With Jove's Alcides, and, oft foil'd, ſtill roſe,
Receiving from his Mother Earth new Strength,
Freſh from his Fall, and fiercer Grapple join'd,
Throttled at length in th'Air, expir'd and fell. Milt. Par. Reg.

MARK ANTHONY.

I love this Man, who runs to meet his Ruin,
And ſure the Gods, like me, are fond of him:
His Virtues lie ſo mingled with his Crimes,
It would confound their Choice to puniſh one,
And not reward the other. ——
Virtue's his Path; but ſometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vaſt Soul; and then he ſtarts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice, that bears him far
From his firſt Courſe, and plunges him in Ills:
But, when his Danger makes him find his Fault,
Quick to obſerve, and full of ſharp Remorſe,
He cenſures eagerly his own Miſdeeds,
Judging himſelf with Malice to himſelf,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Becauſe his other Parts are more than Man.
Can any Roman ſee, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind;
Unbent, unſinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vaſt Extent of all his Honours,
And cramp'd within a Corner of the World?
O Anthony!
Thou braveſt Soldier, and thou beſt of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature! next to Nature's God! (them,
Could'ſt thou but make new Worlds, ſo would'ſt thou give
As Bounty were thy Being; Rough in Battel
As the firſt Romans, when they went to War;
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,
Than all their praying Virgins left at Home.
Behold, ye Pow'rs,
To whom you have intruſted Humane Kind:
See Europe, Africk, Aſia, put in Balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light, worthleſs Woman!
I think the Gods are Anthony's, and give,
Like Prodigals, this nether World away,
To none but waſteful Hands.
But you, ere Love miſled your wand'ring Eyes,
Were ſure the chief and beſt of humane Race,
Fram'd in the very Pride and Boaſt of Nature,

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So perfect, that the Gods, who form'd you, wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, a lucky Hit
Has mended our Design. Their Envy hinder'd,
Else you had been immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heaven would work for Oſtentation Sake,
To copy out again. Dryd. All for Love.

ANTIPODES.

Ev'n as our Shadows in ſmooth Streams appear,
So Feet to Feet ſome Animals walk there,
Yet can no ſooner fall into thoſe Skies
That lie beneath, than we to Heav'n can riſe:
When Phœbus climbs their Eaſt, the feeble Light
Of Stars peeps forth, and beautifies our Night. Creech Lucr.

For when Aurora leaves our Northern Sphere,
She lights the downward Heav'n, and riſes there;
And when on us ſhe breaths the living Light,
Red Veſper kindles there the Tapers of the Night. Dr. Virg.

APOLLO.

The Bowyer God —— Dryd, Hom.

—— Behold Apollo, arm'd
With his dread Bow, and never erring Darts. Broome Hom.

See! the far-ſhooting Son of Great Latona! Oldiſ. Hom.

God of the ſilver Bow, whoſe Eyes ſurvey
The ſacred Cilla: Thou, whoſe awful Sway
Cryſa the bleſt, and Tenedos, obey. Dryd. Hom.

Apollo, O thou greateſt Deity!
Patron of bleſs'd Soracte, and of me;
For we are all thy own: Whole Woods of Pine
We heap in Piles, which to thy Glory ſhine;
And, when we trample on the Fire, our Soles,
By thee preſerv'd, contemn the glowing Coals. Staff. Virg.

O Father Phœbus! whether Lycia's Coaſt
And ſnowy Mountains thy bright Preſence boaſt;
Whether to ſweet Caſtalia thou repair,
And bathe in ſilver Dews thy yellow Hair;
Or, pleaſed to find fair Delos float no more,
Delight in Cynthus and the ſandy Shore;
Or chuſe thy Seat in Ilion's proud Abodes,
The ſhining Structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods.
By thee the Bow and mortal Shafts are borne;
Eternal Charms thy blooming Youth adorn.

Skill'd

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Skill'd in the Laws of ſecret Fate above,
And the dark Counſels of Almighty Jove.
Thou doſt the Seeds of future War foreknow,
The Change of Sceptres, and impending Woe:
Thy Rage the Phrygian felt, who durſt aſpire
T'excel the Muſick of thy heav'nly Lyre;
Thy Shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty Flame,
Th'immortal Victim of thy Mother's Fame:
Thy Hand ſlew Python, and the Dame who loſt
Her num'rous Offspring for a fatal Boaſt.
In Phlegyas' Doom thy juſt Revenge appears,
Condemn'd to Furies, and eternal Fears;
He views the Food, would taſte, yet dares not try,
But dreads the mould'ring Rock, that trembles from on high.
Or, if the Style of Titan pleaſe thee more,
Whoſe purple Rays th'Achæmenes adore;
Or great Oſyris, who firſt taught the Swain,
In Pharian Fields, to ſow the golden Grain;
Or Mitra, to whoſe Beams the Perſian bows,
And pays in hollow Rocks his awful Vows;
Mitra, whoſe Head the Blaze of Light adorns,
Who graſps the ſtruggling Heifer's Lunar Horns. Pope. Stat.
Hear me, O hear me; thou, tho' far remote,
Canſt hear the humble Suppliants who invoke thee. Ol. Hom.
—— Fair-hair'd Latona's Son,
Great God, whoſe ſhining Arrows are ſo dreadful;
Thou, who fam'd Cilla doſt protect, and Chryſa;
Whom Tenedos obeys, Smyntheus Apollo! Ozell Hom.

Temple of APOLLO *at Cumæ.*

The pious Prince aſcends the ſacred Hill,
Where Phœbus is ador'd, and ſeeks the Shade
Which hides from Sight his venerable Maid:
Deep in a Cave the Sybil makes abode,
Thence full of Fate returns, and of the God.
Thro' Trivia's Grove they walk, and now behold,
And enter now, the Temple roof'd with Gold.
When Dædalus, to ſhun the Cretan Shore,
His heavy Limbs on jointed Pinions bore,
The firſt who ſail'd in Air, 'tis ſung by Fame,
To the Cumæan Coaſt at length he came,
And, here alighting, built this coſtly Frame.
Inſcrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The Steerage of his Wings, that cut the Sky:

Then

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Then o'er the lofty Gate his Art emboſs'd
Androgeos' Death, and Offrings to his Ghoſt:
Sev'n Youths from Athens yearly ſent, to meet
The Fate appointed by revengeful Crete:
And, next to theſe, the dreadful Urn was plac'd,
In which the deſtin'd Names by Lots were caſt;
The mournful Parents ſtand around in Tears,
And riſing Crete againſt their Shore appears.
There too, in living Sculpture, might be ſeen
The mad Affection of the Cretan Queen;
Then, how ſhe cheats her bellowing Lover's Eye;
The ruſhing Leap; the doubtful Progeny;
The lower Part a Beaſt, a Man above;
The Monument of their polluted Love.
Not far from thence he grav'd the wond'rous Maze,
A thouſand Doors, a thouſand winding Ways:
Here dwells the Monſter, hid from humane View,
Not to be found, but by the faithful Clue,
'Till the kind Artiſt, mov'd with pious Grief,
Lent to the loving Maid this laſt Relief,
And all thoſe erring Paths deſcrib'd ſo well,
That Theſeus conquer'd, and the Monſter fell.
Here hapleſs Icarus had found a Part,
Had not the Father's Grief reſtrain'd his Art:
He twice eſſay'd to caſt his Son in Gold,
Twice from his Hands he drop'd the forming Mould.

Cave of the Sybil.

A ſpacious Cave within its farmoſt Part
Was hew'd aud faſhion'd, by laborious Art,
Thro' the Hill's hollow Sides: Before the Place
A hundred Doors a hundred Entries grace;
As many Voices iſſue, and the Sound
Of Sybil's Words as many times rebound. Dryd. Virg.

APOTHECARY's-HALL.

Nigh where Fleet-Ditch deſcends in ſable Streams,
To waſh his ſooty Naiads in the Thames,
There ſtands a Structure, on a riſing Hill,
Where Tyros take their Freedom out to kill:
Some Pictures, in theſe dreadful Shambles, tell,
How, by the Delian God, the Python fell;
And how Medea did the Philtre brew,
That could in Æſon's Veins young Force renew;

How

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How ſanguine Swains their am'rous Hours repent,
When Pleaſure's paſt, and Pains are permanent:
And how frail Nymphs, oft, by Abortion, aim
To loſe a Subſtance, to preſerve a Name. Garth.

APOTHEOSIS.

Daphnis, the Gueſt of Heav'n, with wond'ring Eyes,
Views, in the Milky Way, the Starry Skies:
And, far beneath him, from the ſhining Sphere,
Beholds the moving Clouds, and rowling Year.
For this, with chearful Cries the Woods reſound,
The purple Spring arrays the various Ground, } crown'd.
The Nymphs and Shepherds dance, and Pan himſelf is }
The Wolf no longer prowls for nightly Spoils,
Nor Birds the Sprindges fear, nor Stags the Toils;
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His Mother's milder Beams, and peaceful Influence.
The Mountain Tops unſhorn, the Rocks rejoice,
The lowly Shrubs partake of human Voice;
Aſſenting Nature, with a gracious Nod,
Proclaims him, and ſalutes the new-admitted God.
Be ſtill propitious, ever good to thine;
Behold, four hallow'd Altars we deſign,
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus, riſe;
On each is offer'd annual Sacrifice:
The holy Prieſts, at each returning Year,
Two Bowls of Milk, and two of Oil, ſhall bear; }
And I my ſelf the Gueſts with friendly Bowls will chear. }
Two Goblets will I crown with ſparkling Wine,
The gen'rous Vintage of the Chian Vine,
Theſe will I pour to to thee, and make the Nectar thine, }
In Winter ſhall the genial Feaſt be made
Before the Fire, by Summer in the Shade.
Damœtas ſhall perform the Rites divine,
And Lyctian Ægon in the Song ſhall join.
Alphesibœus, tripping, ſhall advance,
And mimick Satyrs in his antick Dance,
When to the Nymphs our annual Rights we pay,
And when our Fields with Victims we ſurvey;
While ſalvage Boars delight in ſhady Woods,
And finny Fiſh inhabit in the Floods;
While Bees on Thyme, and Locuſts feed on Dew;
Thy grateful Swains theſe Honours ſhall renew:
Such Honours as we pay to Pow'rs divine,
To Bacchus and to Ceres, ſhall be thine:

Such

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Such annual Honours ſhall be giv'n, and thou
Shalt hear, and ſhalt condemn thy Suppliants to their Vow.
(Dryd. Virg.

APPLAUSE.

Your native Town you enter'd like a Pilgrim,
And had no Welcome home; whilſt he return'd,
Tort'ring the Air with Noiſe; and patient Fools,
Whoſe Children he had ſlaughter'd, tore their Throats,
With ſhouting his Applauſe,—— Shak. & Tate Coriol.

From neighb'ring Groves Shouts of Applauſe rebound,
The Hills and Shores repeat the joyful Sound. Laud. Virg.

Applauding Hums the crowded Valley fill'd.
And now loud Shouts ran thro' th'applauding Field.
(Laud. Virg.

—— —— —— The vaulted Firmament,
With loud Acclaims, and vaſt Applauſe, is rent. Dryd.
(Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

The conſcious Rocks loud Acclamations reach,
And Joys luxurious rend the ouzy Beach:
The Cliffs and Hills my echo'd Thoughts rehearſe,
Applaud my Subject, and approve my Verſe. Brown.

—— Murmurs riſe, with mix'd Applauſe,
Juſt as they favour, or diſlike, the Cauſe. Dryd. Virg.

ARACHNE, *chang'd into a Spider.*

Like Autumn Leaves, ſhe ſheds her falling Hairs,
With theſe her Noſe, and next, her riſing Ears;
Her Head to the minuteſt Subſtance ſhrunk,
And the ſtrong Juice contracts her changing Trunk;
Strait to her Sides her ſleader Fingers clung,
And there her nimble Feet in Order hung:
Her bloated Belly ſwells to larger Size,
Which now with ſmalleſt Threads her Work ſupplies:
The Virgin in the Spider ſtill remains,
And in that Shape her former Art retains. Gay. Ovid.

ARBOUR.

—— —— I took the Way,
Which thro' a Path, but ſcarcely printed, lay:
In narrow Mazes oft it ſeem'd to meet,
And look'd, as lightly preſs'd by Fairy Feet.
At laſt it led me where an Arbour ſtood,
The ſacred Receptacle of the Wood.

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I, ſeiz'd at once with Wonder and Delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the tranſporting Sight.
'Twas bench'd with Turf, and, goodly to be ſeen,
The thick young Graſs aroſe in freſher Green.
The Mound was newly made: No Sight could paſs
Betwixt the nice Partitions of the Graſs;
The well united Sods ſo cloſely lay,
And all around the Shades defended it from Day:
For Sycamours with Eglantine were ſpread,
A Hedge about the Sides, a Cov'ring over Head:
And ſo the fragrant Brier was wove between,
The Sycamour and Flow'rs were mix'd with Green,
That Nature ſeem'd to vary the Delight,
And ſatisfy'd at once the Smell and Sight.
The Maſter Workman of the Bow'r was known
Thro' Fairy Lands, and built for Oberon:
He twining Leaves with ſuch Proportion drew,
They roſe by Meaſure, and by Rule they grew;
No mortal Tongue can half the Beauty tell,
For none but Hands divine could work ſo well.
Both Roof and Sides were like a Parlour made,
A ſoft Receſs, and a cool Summer Shade:
The Hedge was ſet ſo thick, no foreign Eye
The Perſons plac'd within it could eſpy;
But all that paſs'd without with Eaſe was ſeen,
As if nor Fence nor Tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a Field; and ſome was plain
With Graſs; and ſome was ſow'd with riſing Grain,
That, now the Dew with Spangles deck'd the Ground,
A ſweeter Spot of Earth was never found:
I look'd, and look'd; and ſtill with new Delight,
Such Joy my Soul, ſuch Pleaſures fill'd my Sight:
And the freſh Eglantine exhal'd a Breath,
Whoſe Odours were of Pow'r to raiſe from Death.
Nor ſullen Diſcontent, nor anxious Care,
Ev'n tho' brought thither, could inhabit there;
But thence they fled, as from their mortal Foe,
For this ſweet Place could only Pleaſure know.
Thus, as I mus'd, I caſt aſide my Eye,
And ſaw a Medlar Treee was planted nigh;
The ſpreading Branches made a goodly Shew,
And full of op'ning Blooms was ev'ry Bough.
A Goldfinch there I ſaw with gawdy Pride
Of painted Plumes, that hopp'd from Side to Side,
Still pecking as ſhe paſs'd, and ſtill ſhe drew
The Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r, and ſuck'd the Dew:

Suſ-

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Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her Throat,
And tun'd her Voice to many a merry Note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my Soul, and pleas'd my Ear.
Her short Performance was no sooner try'd,
Then she I sought, the Nightingale, reply'd;
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the Grove echo'd, and the Valleys rung:
On the green Bank I sate, and listen'd long,
Nor till her Lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the Grove:
Only methought the Time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry Note I fear'd would be the last.
My Sight, and Smell, and Hearing, were employ'd,
And all three Senses in full Gust enjoy'd:
Single, and conscious to my self alone,
Of Pleasures to th'excluded World unknown:
Pleasures, which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a Spot of Ground. Dryd. Chaue. The (Flower and the Leaf.

ARCHER, ARCHERY, and ARROW.

——— ——— Great Archer he!
As many Shafts as his full Quiver held,
So many Fates he drew, so many kill'd:
Quick and unerring they as darted Eye-beams, flew,
As if he gave them Sight and Swiftness too; (Oldh.
Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows threw.
The fam'd Cydonian Warriours (Phœd. & Hip.
From twanging Eughs shall send their fatal Shafts. Smith.
——— Well skill'd to draw
The twanging Bow, and send the fatal Dart. Broome.
——— ——— He opes his Quiver;
And draws a Shaft which ne'er before had serv'd;
Swift as the Wind, sad Source of future Woe!
——— ——— He drew the Nerve with so much Strength,
The Shaft-Head kiss'd the Bow, the String his Pap;
Round came the yielding Horn, the Bow-string twang'd,
Out flew the Shaft, and whizz'd among the Throng,
Impatient to discharge its dire Commission. Ozell. Hom.
——— ——— She strongly drew
Till both Horns met; the winged Arrow flew
Whizzing thro' Air: As once he heard it part,
And felt the Arrow sticking in his Heart. Laud. Virg.

For

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For Bows the Strength of brawny Arms imploy.
Emblems of Valour, and of Victory. Dryd. Chauc. the (Flower and the Leaf.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the War,
Directing ointed Arrows from afar,
And Death with Poison arm'd. —— Dryd. Virg.

Their Height above the feather'd Arrow soars,
Shot from the tougheſt Bow; and, by the Brawn
Of expert Archers, with vaſt Vigour drawn. Dryd. Virg.

Like Flights of Arrows from the Parthian Bows,
When from afar they gaul th' embattel'd Foes. Dryd. Virg.

Next by the Heroes Orders they expoſe
The Gifts, and to the Sports invite their Bows.
Sergeſtes Maſt they from the Galley tore,
And, that erected on the neighb'ring Shore,
With Cords upon the Top a Dove they tie,
The living Mark at which their Arrows fly.
Strait all with Vigour bend their yielding Bows,
And each his Arrows from his Quiver choſe:
Hyrtacides the firſt his Shaft lets fly;
Whizzing in Air, and quiv'ring thro' the Sky,
It ſtruck the Maſt, which trembled with the Wound;
The Pigeon flutters, and loud Shouts reſound:
Bold Mneſtheus ſtrongly drew, and with his Eye
Directs his Aim and Arrow to the Sky.
The Bird he miſs'd, too eager in his Haſte,
But cut the Knots, which ty'd it to the Maſt:
She ſtretch'd her Wings, and to a Cloud they climb
Eurytion, ſtanding ready, watch'd his Time,
And pierc'd the Dove, upon her Wings diſplay'd;
She dies aloft, and quickly ſtrikes the Ground,
And renders back the Arrow in the Wound.
Hopeleſs of Victory, Aceſtes now
Remains alone; yet draws his ſounding Bow
To boaſt his Art, and lets his Arrow fly:
The chaſing Arrow, firing as it flies,
Leaves flaming Tracks behind, and burning Skies;
Till, ſpent in Wind, the fainting Blazes fail,
Like falling Stars, which draw a glaring Trail. Laud. Virg.

ARISTOTLE.

The mighty Stagyrite firſt left the Shore,
Spread all his Sails, and durſt the Deeps explore:
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the Light of the Mæonian Star.

Poets

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Poets, a Race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage Liberty,
Receiv'd his Laws; and ſtood convinc'd, 'twas fit
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er Wit. Pope.

ARMS and ARMOUR.

Liberal Nature did diſpenſe
To all Things Arms for their Defence;
And ſome She Arms with Sinewy Force,
And ſome with Swiftneſs in the Courſe;
Some with hard Hoofs, or forked Claws,
And ſome with Horns, or tuſked Jaws;
And ſome with Scales, and ſome with Wings,
And ſome with Teeth, and ſome with Stings:
Wiſdom to Man ſhe did afford,
Wiſdom for Shield, and Wit for Sword:
What to beauteous Womankind,
What Arms, what Armour has ſh'aſſign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the Fair,
What Arms, what Armour can compare?
They are all Weapon, and they dart,
Like Porcupines, from ev'ry Part. Cowl. Anac.

Whilſt Cruelty was not improv'd by Art,
And Rage not furniſh'd yet with Sword nor Dart;
With Fiſts, or Boughs, or Stones, the Warriors fought:
Theſe were the only Weapons Nature taught. Creech. Lucr.

——————— They were
Not arm'd, like Soldiers, marching in a War,
But Countrey Hinds, alarmed from afar
By Wolves loud Hunger, when the well-known Sound
Raiſes th' affrighted Villages around.
Some Goads, Flails, Plough-Shares, Forks, or Axes bore,
Made for Life's Uſe, and better Ends before:
Some knotted Clubs, and Darts, or Arrows dry'd
I' th' Fire, the firſt rude Arts that Malice try'd,
Ere Man the Sin of too much Knowledge knew,
And Death, by long Experience, witty grew. Cowl. Dav.

Ingenious to their Ruin, ev'ry Age
Improves the Arts and Inſtruments of Rage.
Death-haſt'ning Ills Nature enough has ſent,
And yet Men ſtill a thouſand more invent. Wall.

Now they put on the dreadful Pomp of Arms. Bro. Hom.

In Arms he ſhines, conſpicuous from afar,
And bears aloft his ample Shield in Air,

Within

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Within whoſe Orb the thick Bull-hides were rouſ'd,
Pond'rous with Braſs, and bound with duCtile Gold;
And, while two pointed Jav'lins arm his Hands,
Majeſtick moves along, and leads his Lycian Bands. Pope
(Hom. ſpoken of Sarpedon.

I felt'd along a Man of bearded Face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a ſhining Caſe;
So wond'rous hard, and ſo ſecure of Wound, (Ind. Emp.
It made my Sword, tho edg'd with Flint, rebound. Dryd.
He ſaw his Face, with Steel o'erſpread,
And his high Plume, that nodded o'er his Head.
—— His burniſh'd Helm, that ſhone from far;
The Pride of Warriors, and the Pomp of War. Dryd. Hom.
As when a fierce wide-waſting Fire devours
Some vaſt prodigious Foreſt on a Mountain,
Illuminating the far diſtant Fields; ſo ſhone (Hom.
The Splendour of their Arms, reflecting up to Heav'n. Ozell.
Forth from his Cask and Buckler flaſh'd, continual,
A Fire, like that of the bright Autumn-Star,
Which ſheds a livelier and more ſparkling Light,
When it aſcends from bathing in the Ocean:
Such was the Luſtre that environ'd Diomed, (Hom.
And ſuch the Brightneſs, gleaming from his Arms. Ozell.
Then o'er his Back a Leopard's Hide he caſt,
Diſtinct with Spots; a Helm of poliſh'd Braſs
Shone on his Head with formidable Brightneſs:
And in his Hand a mighty Spear he bore: (Hom.
Thus arm'd, with martial Stalk, he ſtrode along. Broome
Him, clad in Arms, before his Tent they found,
Stretch'd on the Earth: On ev'ry Side him lay
Sleeping his brave Companions of the War:
Their Shields ſuſtain'd their Heads, and near them ſtood
Upright their Spears; and from them ſtream'd a Flame,
As Lightning dreadful, which, to fright the World,
The Thund'rer launches from his angry Arm. Broome Hom.
—— —— His Arms are Gold,
Wond'rous, and dazle the Beholders Sight; (Hom.
To bear ſuch Arms, the Gods are only worthy. Broome.
He in refulgent Braſs himſelf array'd:
Around his Legs he bound his brazen Greaves,
Cloſe, and compact with Claſps of poliſh'd Silver:
Then put a Breaſt-plate on his manly Breaſt. Broome Hom.
Ten Pales the Breaſt-Plate held of burniſh'd Steel;
Twelve were of Gold, and twenty were of Tin;
On either Side, three dreadful Dragons Forms
Seem'd even to hiſs, and dart their forky Stings:

Their

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Their Bodies were diſtinct with various Dyes,
And ſhone like Rainbows, which the Arm of Jove
Paints in the Heav'ns, and ſtretches in the Clouds,
As Signs for ever to the Race of Man.
A Sword he took, luſtred with Studs of Gold;
The Scabbard Silver, and the Belt was Gold.
He bore a vaſt Circumf'rence of a Shield,
Moony and large, that cover'd his whole Body:
Around it were ten Orbs of poliſh'd Braſs,
And in it twenty Boſſes of white Tin,
And in the Middle one of burniſh'd Steel.
There was the Gorgon, dreadful to behold,
Caſting her hideous Eyes around, engrav'd:
And near the Gorgon, Rout, and gaſtly Fear:
A Strap of Silver grac'd the wond'rous Shield,
O'er which, in various Folds, a frightful Dragon
Twiſted his Spires; three Heads the Monſter bore,
Crown'd with the dreadful Pride of riſing Creſts.
Then on his Head he plac'd a maſſy Helmet;
Four Creſts adorn'd it, and four lofty Plumes
Wav'd terrible, and nodded in the Air.
Two Spears he bore, pointed with ſhining Braſs,
That caſt a dreadful Brightneſs to the Skies. Broome Hom.

He dreſs'd himſelf in Arms; two dreadful Spears
Aloft he bore, and ruſh'd again to Battel.
As when the Thund'rer, from Olympus' Heights,
Launches the Lightning from his angry Arm,
Portending Ruin to the Race of Men;
It burſts the Clouds; and, flaſhing thro' the Skies,
Drives a long Trail of Light from Pole to Pole:
So ſhone Idomeneus's beamy Arms,
And ſhed a dreadful Glory o'er the Plain. Broome Hom.

Innumerable Spears, the Spoils of War,
My Tent contains: ———
Precious they are, and ſhed a Luſtre round
Th'illuminated Walls. ———
Spears, and Shields, and gorgeous Helms,
And golden Breaſt-plates glitter in my Tent;
And dazle with their Beams Beholders Eyes. Broome Hom.

——— They bore Arms
Unfit and uſeleſs in the ſtanding Fight.
No brazen Helms, with horrid Pride adorn'd
Their Heads; no Shields their Breaſts, no Spears their Hands:
Expert they come to draw the twanging Bow,
Or from the Sling precipitate the Stones. Broome Hom.

He

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He arm'd his Shoulder with a fourfold Shield;
A Helmet dreadfully adorn'd his Head,
Whose plumy Crests wav'd horrible in Air:
Then took a Spear, and strode again to War. Broome Hom.

Priam beheld him coming in his Armour:
He glitter'd, like an Autumn Star, that shoots
Its Rays above the Ocean, and displays
Fresh Light, superior to the lesser Studs,
That grace the Shade: Such is Orion's Dog,
Lively and bright, but fatal Star to Mortals,
Presaging Drought and Fevers to Mankind:
Such Horrours and such Rays from great Achilles
Shone, thro' the Plains advancing. —— Oldisw. Hom.

Æneas' crested Helm flam'd glaring bright;
His golden Shield reflects a dazling Light:
Thus blazing Comets in the Night appear
In sanguine Fires; and thus the threat'ning Star
Of Sirius fills the Air with dismal Lights; (Virg.
And anxious Men with Plagues and Famine frights. Laud.

He tries his Armour, where rich Metals shine,
And Flow'rs of Gold with Leafs of Silver twine:
Upon his Head his crested Helmet ty'd,
Adorn'd with Plumes in Indian Purple dy'd:
He fits his Shield, and girds his flaming Blade, (Virg.
Which Vulcan for his Sire of Stygian Temper made. Laud.

In Arms he stood all terrible and gay;
As Eryx, or Mount Athos, or the Head
Of Appennine, which leafy Oaks o'ershade;
And proudly mounts aloft his ancient Brow
Above the Clouds, white with eternal Snow. Laud. Vir.

—— Impatient to revenge
Patroclus's Death, Achilles seiz'd his Arms,
The Work and Gift of Vulcan: Then put on
His Buskins, which by golden Buckles hung:
Then his bright Breast-plate, and his Belt that bore
His deadly Sword; and next his Buckler took;
That cast a beamy Splendour like the Moon:
As when some Lantern, from a lofty Hill,
Or Tow'r, along the Ocean spreads its Lustre,
To light the Mariners, by Tempests toss'd
Far from the Shore, on which they wish to land;
Such Beams from great Achilles's Buckler shone.
Then on his manly Head he plac'd his Helmet,
On which the Crest resembled some red Star,
Threat'ning Mankind: The Plume of fine wrought
Nodded above, and floated in the Wind. Oldisw. Ho

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As bold Mirmillo the grey Dawn deſcries,
Arm'd Cap-a-pe, where Honour calls, he flies;
And finds the Legions planted at their Poſt;
Where Querpo in his Armour ſhone the moſt:
His Shield was wrought, if we may credit Fame,
By Mulciber, the Mayor of Bromingham:
A Foliage of diſſembled Senna Leaves,
Grav'd round its Brim, the wond'ring Sight deceives:
Emboſs'd upon its Field, a Battel ſtood
Of Leeches, ſpouting Hemorrhoidal Blood:
The Artiſt too expreſs'd the ſolemn State
Of grave Phyſicians, at a Conſult met;
About each Sympton how they diſagree;
And how unanimous in Caſe of Fee.
And whilſt one Aſſaſſin another plies
With ſtarch'd Civilities, the Patient dies.
Beneath this blazing Orb bright Querpo ſhone,
Himſelf an Atlas, and his Shield a Moon:
A Peſtle, for his Truncheon, led the Van;
And his high Helmet was a Cloſe-ſtool Pan:
His Creſt an Ibis, brandiſhing her Beak,
And winding in looſe Folds her ſpiral Neck.
This when the young Querpoides beheld,
His Face in Nurſes Breaſt the Boy conceal'd;
Then peep'd; and with th' effulgent Helm would play:
But, as the Monſter gap'd, he'd ſhrink away. Garth.

A truſty Coat of Mail to me he ſent,
Thrice chain'd with Gold, for Uſe and Ornament. Dr. Virg.

A Coat of Mail, which brave Demoleus wore,
In War for his Defence, for Ornament in Peace:
Rich was the Gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet ſo pond'rous with its Plates of Gold, (Virg.
That ſcarce two Servants could ſuſtain the Weight. Dryd.

The Coat of Mail was wrought with Plates of Gold,
And Chains of Iron link'd its treble Fold;
Both to adorn in Arms, and to defend. Laud. Virg.

Light Demi-Lances from afar they throw,
Faſten'd with Leathern Thongs to gaul the Foe:
Short crooked Swords in cloſer Fight they wear;
And on their warding Arm light Bucklers bear. Dryd. Virg.

The Heroe arms in haſte: his Hands infold
His Thighs with Cuiſſes of refulgent Gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and ruſhing to the Field,
That Hand ſuſtaining the celeſtial Shield.
This gripes the Lance, and with ſuch Vigour ſhakes,
That to the Reſt the beamy Weapon quakes. Dryd. Virg.

His

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His vig'rous Limbs had dazling Armour on,
And round his Head his poliſh'd Helmet ſhone:
His conqu'ring Sword hung down with awful Grace,
And Scars of Honour ſeam'd his manly Face.
His warlike Hand grip'd his Vulcanian Shield,
With rare Devices pourtray'd on the Field:
With martial State he ſtrides along the Room,
And ſhakes at ev'ry Step his lofty Plume. Blac. Pr. Arth.

His Helm of poliſh'd Steel, brac'd round his Head,
Did o'er the Field a glorious Terrour ſpread:
Bright Stones and high-rais'd Needle-work adorn
The ſhining Belt, acroſs his Shoulders worn:
His fatal Sword, the Bane of Gothick Pride,
With fearful Grace hung by his warlike Side. Blac. K. Arth.

Prince Arthur roſe, and arm'd himſelf for Fight:
Pieces with ſilver Studs his Legs incas'd;
And Plates of Gold his warlike Thighs embrac'd.
Then on his Head he lac'd his burniſh'd Helm;
Whence flaſhing Brightneſs did the Sight o'erwhelm:
Like ſome celeſtial Orb, his blazing Shield
Darted amazing Luſtre thro' the Field:
And next he girded to his martial Side
His faithful Sword ſo oft in Battel try'd.
Thus arm'd, the Hero mounts his thund'ring Steed:
With his ſtrong Arm he grip'd his trembling Spear:
His very Friends, tho' pleas'd, yet ſeem'd to fear:
And, as he ſpur'd his Courſer, and advanc'd,
Unſuff'rable Splendour from his Armour glanc'd:
As glorious Michael, when the Foe alarms
The bliſsful Realms, clad in celeſtial Arms;
Bright as the Sun, leads forth th' Angelick Hoſt;
To chaſe th' Invaders from the Heav'nly Coaſt:
In ſuch illuſtrious Arms the Prince was ſeen;
His warlike Grace was ſuch, and ſuch his Godlike Mien.
(Blac. P. Arth.

With his ſtrong Arm he graſp'd his ſpacious Shield;
Where a fierce Dragon guarded all the Field:
So bright it blaz'd, the Metal, when it came
Red from the Forge, did ſcarce more fiercely flame.
Then his long Spear he grip'd, which ſhone from far
Bright, as if pointed with a Morning Star.
Such fearful Splendour from his Armour glanc'd! Bl. K. Arth.

His Arms caſt round a Splendour, quick as Lightning,
Bright as the riſing Flames, or orient Sun. Broome Hom

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A R M Y.

To Morrow's Dawn shall cover all your Plain;
Bright Arms shall flash upon you from afar; (p 1.
A Wood of Lances, and a moving War. Dryd. C. of Gran.
The dreadful Plains an Iron Harvest yield;
And polish'd Steel glares fiercely thro' the Field. Laud. Virg.
We ken them from afar: The setting Sun
Plays on their shining Arms and burnish'd Helmets,
And covers all the Field with Gleams of Fire. Add. Cato.
The dreadful Plains with glaring Armour shine. Laud. Vir.
As when the Northern Wind impetuous drives
Thick Flakes of Snow, that whiten the bright Air:
So look'd the shining Breast-plates, Shields and Casks,
And Spears:
The Blaze to Heav'n expanded, and the Earth
Smil'd with new Glory, clad in smiling Brass, (Hom.
Under the trampling Troops and Steeds resounding. Odiss.
Now all the Field resounds with loud Alarms:
Each Army does for bloody Toil prepare,
And draw their Troops out to renew the War:
The thund'ring Courlers shake the trampled Ground,
And warlike Clamours from the Hills rebound;
Amidst the Plain the rapid Chariots fly,
And with thick Clouds of Dust annoy the Sky. Blac. P. Arth.
Their various Arms afford a pleasing Sight;
A peaceful Train they seem, in Peace prepar'd for Fight.
Betwixt the Ranks the proud Commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with Gold, and Vests in Purple dy'd. Dryd. Virg.
Like Fields of Corn their armed Squadrons stand,
As thick and numberless they hide the Land. Cowl. David.
As from a hollow Rock are seen to issue
Legions of Bees, follow'd by other Legions;
Flying in Clusters on the vernal Flow'rs;
Some here, some there, incessantly disporting:
So from all Sides the Troops in Shoals advance,
Hast'ning along in numberless Platoons. Ozel. Hom.
As in the Meads of Asia, on Cayster's Banks,
Innumerable Flocks of wild Geese, Cranes, or Swans,
Are seen to light upon the Earth with Cries,
Which make the Meadows ring again.
Some settling e're the rest are half-way down;
So did the Squadrons and Battalions move
From out their Camp:
The Earth groan'd horribly beneath the Feet
Of Men and Horses. ——

They

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They ſtood upon Scamander's ſpacious Meadows,
As num'rous as the Leaves and Flow'rs of Spring. Ozel. Hom.

They ſate to view the Army in the Midſt,
Pleas'd with the fine Appearance of the Troops,
Whoſe Shields and Helmets, and reſplendent Spears,
Reflected Horrour thro' the glitt'ring Plains.
As when the Eaſtern Blaſts rowze the calm Ocean,
And roul the Waves in Ranks, with Light and Shade
Caſting alternate Horrours: So the Trojan,
And Grecian Hoſt appear'd in dreadful Order. Ozel. Hom.

Not thicker Billows bear the Lybian Main,
When pale Orion ſets in wint'ry Rain;
Not thicker Harveſts on rich Hermus riſe,
Or Lycian Fields, when Phœbus burns the Skies;
Than ſtand theſe Troops: their Bucklers ring around;
Their Trampling turns the Turf, and ſhakes the ſolid Ground.
Dryd. Virg.

A Cloud of Foot ſucceeds, and fills the Fields
With Swords, and pointed Spears, and clatt'ring Shields.
Dryd. Virg.

Hail to the Sun! from whoſe returning Light
The chearful Soldiers Arms new Luſtre take;
To deck the Pomp of Battel, O, my Friends,
Was ever ſuch a glorious Face of War?
See, from this Height, how all Galatia's Plains
With Nations numberleſs are cover'd o'er;
Who, like a Deluge, hide the Face of Earth,
And leave no Object in the vaſt Horizon,
But glitt'ring Arms and Skies. —— Rowe Tamerl.

Behold the Saxon Groſs begins to move:
Their Infantry embattel'd, ſquare and cloſe,
March firmly on to fill the middle Space,
Cover'd by their advancing Cavalry:
By Heav'n, 'tis beauteous Horrour. Dryd. K. Arth.

—— As when the Wolves have chas'd a Stag,
And ſlain him on the Mountains; gorg'd with Blood,
They form a Troop, and to the Springs repair
To quench their Heat: Then from their ſparkling Eyes
Emit freſh Flames, the Marks of inward Fury:
In ſuch Array, all eager for the Fight, (Hom.
Embattel'd by their Chief, the Troops aſſembled. Oldiſw.

—— Their Ranks they cloſ'd,
And wedg'd each other in: As, when the Builder
Cements the ſtreet Stones, compact and ſolid,
Defenſive againſt Winds and Storms: So cloſe
The firm Battalions knit themſelves together;
And, joining Shield to Shield, Helmet to Helmet,

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And Man to Man, one warlike Body form'd:
So thick they ſtood, their Plumes each other met,
And, like a Foreſt, wav'd before the Wind. Oldiſw. Hom.
Their ſwarthy Hoſts would darken all the Plain,
Doubling the native Horrours of the War,
And making Death more grim. ——— Add. Cato. Spoken of an Army of Negroes.
As when ſome Shepherd from a Rock's high Proſpect
Spies a thick Vapour forming from the Deep,
And driv'n by boiſt'rous Zephyr tow'ards the Shore;
Blacker than Night the Cloud at Diſtance ſeems,
And brings a furious Tempeſt in its Womb;
The Shepherd at the Sight is froze with Fear,
And to ſome ſhelt'ring Cave compels his Flock:
So look'd theſe thick Battalions as they mov'd, (Hom.
Clad in brown Arms, and briſtling with their Pikes. Ozel.
Cluſter'd like Flies, that hover in the Spring
Around a Pail, that foams with ſnowy Milk. Oldiſw. Hom.
Now from the Hills th'embattel'd Saxon ſwarms,
And covers all the Plain with hoſtile Arms:
As when the great Commanders Orders give
To quit the ſtraight Dominions of their Hive:
The Bees pour out a num'rous Colony,
From their ſweet Cells; the buſy Youth on high
Wheel in the Air, and darken all the Sky:
While brazen Pans charm and compoſe their Heat,
In ſome tall neighb'ring Tree they fix their Seat:
Thither th' unnumber'd Vulgar ſtrait reſort;
And cluſt'ring Crowds ſurround their Monarch's Court:
So thick the Saxons on the Field appear,
Foll'wing their Leaders with an endleſs Reer,
As, when the Sea grown black, the hazy Sky
And riſing Winds foretel a Tempeſt nigh,
Th'experienc'd Mariners, with haſty Care,
Furl their ſpread Sails, and for a Storm prepare:
Strait, in the black Horizon, to the Skies
The dusky Billows threat'ning Heads ariſe;
Th'unnumber'd Troops upon each other throng,
And with a gloomy Aſpect march along:
Advancing, they their boundleſs Front extend
O'er all the Main, and fearful Wreck portend:
The Saxon Hoſt thus in its March appears;
And, where it came, thick Groves of briſtling Spears,
Broad Ir'n Backs, and Breaſt-plates, brazen Shields,
Mail-Coats, and burniſh'd Helms o'erſpread the Fields:
Chariots of War in Clouds of Duſt advance,
And, toſſing up their Foam, the thund'ring Courſers prance.
Their

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Their Armies Wings ſtretch'd out, they to the Foes
A long-extended Ridge of War oppoſe,
The Britiſh Squadrons, tho' outnumber'd far,
Run boldly on the horrid Edge of War.
Both Armies thus rang'd in Battalia ſtood;
And Death prepar'd her thirſty Jaws for Blood. Blac. P. Arth.

Fame, thro' the little City, ſpreads aloud
Th' intended March, amid the fearful Crowd:
The War at hand appears with more Affright,
And riſes ev'ry Moment to the Sight.
The trembling Wives the Walls and Turrets crowd,
And follow, with their Eyes, the duſty Cloud;
Which Winds diſperſe by Fits; and ſhew from far
The Blaze of Arms, and Shields, and ſhining War:
The Troops, drawn up in beautiful Array,
O'er heathy Plains purſue the ready Way:
Repeated Peals of Shouts are heard around,
The neighing Courſers anſwer to the Sound;
And ſhake with horny Hoofs the ſolid Ground. Dryd. Virg.

——— ——— Anon they move
In perfect Phalanx to the Dorian Mood
Of Flutes and ſoft Recorders; ſuch as rais'd
To Height of nobleſt Temper Heroes old
Arming to Battel; and inſtead of Rage
Deliberate Valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With Dread of Death to Flight or foul Retreat;
Nor wanting Pow'r to mitigate and ſwage,
With ſolemn Touches, troubled Thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh, and Doubt, and Fear, and Sorrow, and Pain,
From mortal and immortal Minds. Thus they,
Breathing united Force, with fixed Thought
Mov'd on in Silence to ſoft Pipes, that charm'd
Their painful Steps o'er the burnt Soil; and now,
Advanc'd in View, they ſtand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful Length and dazling Arms, in Guiſe
Of Warriours old, with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what Command their mighty Chief
Had to impoſe: He thro' the armed Files
Darts his experienc'd Eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole Battalion views, their Order due,
Their Viſages and Stature as of Gods:
Their Number laſt he ſums. And now his Heart
Diſtends with Pride, and hard'ning in his Strength
Glories: For, never ſince, created Man
Met ſuch imbody'd Force, as, nam'd with theſe,
Could merit more than that ſmall Infantry,
War'd on by Cranes; tho' all the Giant Brood

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Of Phlegra with th' heroick Race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each Side
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods. —— Milt. Par. Loſt.

Thus, under heavy Arms, the Youth of Rome
Their long laborious Marches overcome;
Chearly their tedious Travels undergo;
And pitch their ſudden Camp before the Foe. Dryd. Virg.

Doubling their Speed, they march with freſh Delight,
Eager for Glory, and require the Fight. Add.

The Steeds with raging Hoofs the Ground did tear,
And Chariots with their Thunder fill'd the Air:
The Troops, advancing o'er the Hills, did choak
The Concave of the Sky with Duſt and Smoke:
Thro' which their Armour's glancing Luſtre ſhow'd,
Like radiant Sun-beams, breaking thro' a Cloud:
The deep Brigades compos'd an endleſs Throng,
And with an awful Slowneſs march'd along:
Drawn out in Order, they diſplay'd from far
The ſullen Pomp and the rough Looks of War:
As when ſhort Days and cold autumnal Air
To ſome new Seat warn Swallows to repair:
The chatt'ring Race around their Leaders fly,
And at their Summons rendezvous on high,
And with their Numbers darken all the Sky.
So thick the Franks did on their March appear; (Arth.
So black and wide their Front, ſo long their Rear. Blac. K.

As when the Southern Wind involves the Mountains
With a thick Fog, unwelcome to the Shepherd,
But to the Thief more uſeful than the Night;
For then the ſharpeſt Eye can ſcarce extend
So far as a ſtrong Arm can throw a Stone;
So did the March of the two Armies raiſe
Whirlwinds of Duſt, that fruſtrated the Sight. Ozel. Hom.

—— When two embattel'd Armies rage,
And in a ſpacious Plain at laſt engage,
When all run here and there; the furious Horſe
Beat o'er the trembling Fields with nimble Force:
Strait dreadful Sparklings from their Arms appear,
And fill with a ſtrange Light the wond'ring Air:
Earth groans beneath their Feet; the Hills around, (Lucr.
Flatt'ring the Noiſe, reſtore the dreadful Sound. Creech

A R T.

Art is but Nature's Ape, and plays her Ill D'Aven. Gond.
And Art, to ſtifle Nature, ſtrives in vain:
For ev'ry Thing, that's from its Centre borne,
Still thither tends, ſtill thither will return: So

So from its Orb a Comet glaring flies,
With unauſpicious Beams, thro' diſtant Skies;
But ſoon revolting to its native Sphere,
Owns the attractive Force and Vortex there. ———

ASCARIDES.

Two Brothers, nam'd Aſcarides, aroſe:
Both had the Volubility of Tongue;
In Meaning faint, but in Opinion ſtrong. Garth.

ASTONISHMENT.

This is a Sight, that, like the Gorgon's Head,
Runs thro' my Limbs, and ſtiffens me to Stone.
He bluſhes, and would ſpeak, and wants a Voice;
And ſtares, and gapes, like a ſorbidden Ghoſt,
'Till he be ſpoke to firſt. Dryd. Cleom.
What means that ghaſtly Look?
Haſt thou the Furies ſeen? Why ſtand'ſt thou ſpeechleſs?
What means that deep-fetch'd Groan? Why does Deſpair
Stare thro' thy haggard Eyes? Den. Iphig.
——— Thy late dreadful Tale
Had rais'd ſuch various Furies in my Soul,
As left me impotent of Thought or Speech. Dea. Lib. Aff.
Fixt in Aſtoniſhment, I gaze upon thee,
Like one juſt blaſted by a Stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for Breath, and ſtiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful Looks: a Monument of Wrath! Add. Cato.
——— He ſtood amaz'd,
Aſtoniſhed and blank, while Horrour chill
Ran thro' his Veins, and all his Joints relax'd:
From his ſlack Hand the Garland wreath'd for Eve
Down dropt, and all the faded Roſes ſhed:
Speechleſs he ſtood and pale. ——— Mil. Par. Loſt.
He would have cry'd; but, hoping that he dreamt,
Amazement ty'd his Tongue, and ſtopp'd th' Attempt.
Dryd. Boce. Sig. & Guiſc.
O my Heart pants, and ev'ry Nerve is ſhaken:
Upon my Forehead ſits a Damp like Death:
My Blood runs cold; I feel the Channel freeze:
Scarce will my trembling Limbs ſupport my Weight,
But ſhake like Cowards on a Day of Battel. Lanſd. Her. Love.
A Death like Cold ſeiz'd on me: From my Brow,
Like Southern Dew, the liquid Drops did flow:
Stiff and unmov'd I lay; and, on my Tongue,
My dying Words, when I would ſpeak them, hung:

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As when imperfect Sounds from Children fall, (Theo
When in their Dreams they on their Mothers call. Bowle
Amazement is the ugliest Shape of Fear. D'Aver
(Siege of Rhode

ASTROLOGY, and ASTRONOMY.

He shews them now Tow'rs of prodigious Height,
Where Nature's Friends, Philosophers, remain,
To censure Meteors in their Cause and Flight,
And watch the Winds Authority on Rain.
Others, with optick Tubes, the Moon's scant Face
(Vast Tubes which, like long Cedars, mounted lie)
Attract thro' Glasses to so near a Space,
As if they came not to survey, but pry. D'Aven.
Why does the constant Sun
With measur'd Steps his radiant Journey run?
Why does he order the diurnal Hours
To leave Earth's other Part, and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing Lamp with liquid Light,
Commanding her with delegated Pow'rs
To beautify the World, and bless the Night?
Why does each animated Star
Love the just Limits of its proper Sphere?
Why does each consenting Sign
With prudent Harmony combine,
In Turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the Globe and regulate the Year?
Man does with dang'rous Curiosity
These unfathom'd Wonders try;
With fancy'd Rules, and arbitrary Laws,
Matter and Motion he restrains;
And study'd Lines and fictious Circles draws:
Then, with imagin'd Sovereignty,
Lord of his new Hypothesis he reigns:
He reigns! How long? 'Till some Usurper rise,
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new Lines, and other Circles feigns.
From this last Toil again what Knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shews
That all his Predecessor's Rules
Were empty Cant, all Jargon of the Schools;
That he on t'other's Ruin rears his Throne,
And shews his Friend's Mistake, and thence confirms his
(own. Prior.

Th'Egyp-

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Th'Egyptians say, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting and his Rise;
Twice has he risen in the West,
As many Times set in the East:
But whether that be true, or no,
The Devil any of you know.
Some hold the Heav'ns, like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up;
And, were't not for their Wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the Ground.
Plato believ'd, the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.
Some Mercury, some Venus seat,
Above the Sun himself in Height.
The learned Scaliger complain'd
'Gainst what Copernicus maintain'd,
That in Twelve hundred Years and odd,
The Sun had left his antient Road,
And nearer to the Earth is come,
'Bove fifty thousand Miles from Home:
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he that had so little Shame,
To vent such Fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his Rump well claw'd:
Which Monsieur Bodin hearing, swore
That he deserv'd the Rod much more,
That durst upon a Truth give Doom,
He knew less than the Pope of Rome.
Cardan believ'd, great States depend
Upon the Tip o'th' Bear's Tail's End;
Which, as she whisk'd it tow'rds the Sun,
Strew'd mighty Empires up and down:
Which, others say, must needs be false,
Because your true Bears have no Tails.
Some say, the Zodiack Constellations
Have long since chang'd their antique Stations
Above a Sign, and prove the same
In Taurus now, once in the Ram:
Affirm the Trigons chopp'd and chang'd,
The war'ry with the fi'ry rang'd:
Then how can their Effects still hold
To be the same they were of old?
This, tho' the Art were true, would make
Our modern Soothsayers mistake,
And in one Cause they tell more Lies,
In Figures and Nativities,

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Than th'old Chaldean Conjurers,
In many Hundred thouſand Years.
Beſides their Nonſenſe in Tranſlating,
For Want of Accidence and Latine.
Like Idus & Calendæ, engliſh'd
The Quarter Days, by skilful Linguiſt:
And yet with Canting, Slight, and Cheat,
'Twill ſerve their Turn to do the Feat;
Make Fools believe in their Foreſeeing
Of Things before they are in Being;
To ſwallow Gudgeons ere they're catch'd,
And count their Chickens ere they're hatch'd:
Make them the Conſtellations prompt,
And give them back their own Accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt Price for't, or beſt believes. Hud.

Were the Stars only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by Night?
To wait on Drunkards, Thieves, Gold-Finders,
And Lovers, ſolacing behind Doors;
Or giving one another Pledges
Of Matrimony under Hedges?
Or Witches ſimpling, and, on Gibbets,
Cutting, from Malefactors, Snippets;
Or, from the Pillory, Tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?
Only to ſtand by and look on,
But not to know what's ſaid or done?
Is there a Conſtellation there,
Who was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferior Concern.
Were they not, during all their Lives,
Moſt of 'em, Pirates, Whores, and Thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old Practices ſome Skill?
Is there a Planet, that by Birth
Does not derive his Houſe from Earth?
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and has been, done below.
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did we not here the Argo rig,
Make Berenice's Perriwig?
Whoſe Liv'ry does the Coachman wear?
Or who made Caſſiopeia's Chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold Intelligence. Hud.

But

But ſure the heav'nly Movers ſtrict care,
Whether our Motion here be falſe or true;
For we proceed, whilſt they are regular,
As if we Dice for all our Actions threw.
We ſeem ſurrender'd to indifferent Chance, (Gond.
Ev'n Death's grave Work ſeems like farcaſtick Play. D'Av.
So, by the Courſe of the revolving Spheres,
Whene'er a new diſcover'd Star appears,
Aſtronomers, with Pleaſure and Amaze,
Upon that Infant Luminary gaze;
They find their Heav'n enlarg'd, and wait from thence
Some bleſt, ſome more than common, Influence:
But ſuddenly, alas! the fleeting Light,
Retiring, leaves their Hopes involv'd in endleſs Night.——

ATALANTA.

He ſung the Lovers Fraud, the longing Maid,
With Golden Fruit, like all the Sex, betray'd. Dr. Virg.
When Crowds of Suitors Atalanta try'd,
She Wealth and Beauty, Wit and Fame deſy'd;
Each daring Lover with advent'rous Race,
Purſu'd his Wiſhes in the dang'rous Race:
Like the ſwift Hind the bounding Damſel flies:
She gains the Goal, the diſtanc'd Lover dies. Gay.

ATE.

Amidſt the Crowd infernal Ate ſhakes
Her Scourge aloft, and Creſt of hiſſing Snakes. Dr. Virg.
——— The Daughter of great Jove,
Ate, the Goddeſs of Revenge, ———
Who never from her curs'd Deſigns deſiſts,
But, ſcorning with her Feet to touch the Earth,
Flies round the Heads of Men, inſtilling Strife,
And arming Parties to each other's Ruin. Oldiſw. Hom.
Jove, catching Ate by the bated Head,
Then ſwore, ſhe never ſhould return to Heav'n,
To vex the Gods; then whirl'd her round, and flung her
To Earth, where now ſhe plagues unhappy Mortals. Ol. Ho.

ATHEIST.

He with Contempt on bleſt Religion trod,
Mock'd all her Precepts, and renounc'd his God:
As awful Shades, and Horrors of the Night,
Diſturb the Mother, and the Child affright,

Who

Who see dire Spectres, thro' the gloomy Air,
In threat'ning Forms advance; and, shudd'ring, hear
The Groans of wand'ring Ghosts; and Yellings of Despair.
From the same Spring, he says, Devotion flows;
Conscience of Guilt from Dread of Vengeance rose:
Religion is the Creature of the Spleen,
And troubled Fancy forms the World unseen:
That tim'rous Minds, with self-tormenting Care,
Create those awful Phantoms which they fear. Blac. Creat.

ATLAS.

—— See Atlas' lofty Top,
Whose rocky Sides support the Starry Skies:
His hoary Head with piny Forests crown'd,
Which Clouds and never-clearing Mists surround,
And stormy Show'rs: There windy Tempests blow
His Shoulders, cover'd with eternal Snow:
And from his aged Chin great Rivers rise:
His horrid Beard hangs dangling full of Ice. Laud. Virg.
I'll hold thee up, firmer than Atlas stands,
And prop a richer Heav'n with mortal Hands. Lee, Glor.

ATTENTION.

—— They, list'ning all around,
Attend, insatiate, and devour the Sound. Cong.
My Soul is wrapt in dreadful Expectation, (Virg.
And listens to thee, as if Fate were speaking. Den. Ap. &
I'll lie, and listen here as rev'rently
As to an Angel. If I breathe too loud, (no King.
Tell me; for I would be as still as Night. Beau. King and
Still as a Statute, lo!
I stand, nor shall the Wind presume to blow.
Speak, and it shall be Night; not one shall dare
To sigh, tho' on the Rack he tortur'd were,
Nor for his Soul whisper a dying Pray'r. Lee, Sophon.
O, I will hearken, like a doating Mother, (of Lerma.
To hear her Children prais'd by flatt'ring Tongues. How, D.
The Angel ended, and in Adam's Ear
So charming left his Voice, that he a while (Par. Lost.
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear. Milt
—— All deep Attention paid,
And silent sate, and hush'd as Midnight Shade. Bl. K. Arth.
When Venulus began, the murm'ring Sound
Was hush'd, and sacred Silence reign'd around. Dryd. Virg.

Whea

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——— When he ſpeaks,
The Air, a charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in Mens Ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honey'd Sentences. Shak. Hen. V.
Th'attentive Queen
Dwelt on his Accents. Smith, Phæd. & Hip.
——— She, with a greedy Ear,
Devour'd up my Diſcourſe. Shakſ. Othello.
——— Sure 'tis the Calm of Nature:
So huſh'd a Silence, as if all the Gods L. J. Brut.
Look'd down, and liſten'd to what we were ſaying. Lee.
At firſt ſoft Whiſpers thro' th'Aſſembly went;
With ſilent Wonder then they watch'd th'Event,
All huſh'd ——— Dryd. Chanc. Pal. & Arc.
Then thus to both reply'd th'Imperial God,
Who ſhakes Heav'ns Axles with his awful Nod:
When he begins, the ſilent Senate ſtand
With Rev'rence liſt'ning to the dread Command:
The Clouds diſpel, the Winds their Breath reſtrain,
And the huſh'd Waves lie flatted on the Main. Dryd. Virg.
To him the ſalvage Linxes liſt'ning ſtood,
The Rivers roſe on Heaps, and ſtop'd the running Flood,
The hungry Herd refuſe their needful Food. Dryd. Virg.
He bow'd, and ſpoke: The Winds forgot to roar,
And the huſh'd Waves glide ſoftly to the Shore. Pope.

AVENTINUS.

Next Aventinus drives his Chariot round
The Latian Plains, with Palms and Lawrel crown'd:
Proud of his Steeds, he ſmoaks along the Field,
His Father's Hydra fills his ample Shield;
A hundred Serpents hiſs about the Brims:
The Son of Hercules he juſtly ſeems,
By his broad Shoulders and gigantick Limbs.
Of heav'nly Part, and Part of earthly, Blood,
A mortal Woman mixing with a God:
For ſtrong Alcides, after he had ſlain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His lowing Herds; and thence in Triumph led,
On Tuſcan Tyber's flow'ry Banks they fed:
Then on Mount Aventine the Son of Jove
The Prieſteſs Rhea found, and forc'd to Love.
Like Hercules himſelf his Son appears,
In ſalvage Pomp a Lion's Hide he wears;
About his Shoulders hangs the ſhaggy Skin,
The Teeth and gaping Jaws ſeverely grin.

Thus

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Thus, like the God his Father, homely dreſs'd,
He ſtrides into the Hall, a horrid Gueſt. Dryd. Virg.

AVERNI.

Muſe, of th'Averni ſing; and whence the Name,
And whence the Rage, and hurtful Nature came:
So call'd, becauſe the Birds, that cut the Sky,
If o'er thoſe Places they but chance to fly,
By noxious Steams oppreſs'd, fall down, and die:
Death meets them in the Air, and ſtrikes them dead;
They fall with hanging Wing, and bended Head;
And ſtrike the poiſ'nous Lake, or deadly Field:
Such Vapours boiling Springs near Cumæ yield. Creech. Lucr.

——— Here the Road
To Hell lies open, and the dark Abode,
Which Acheron ſurrounds, th'innavigable Flood. Dr. Virg.

You muſt not fanſy theſe the Gates of Hell;
That there the ſmutty Gods and Manes dwell,
And thro' thoſe Places draw the wand'ring Souls,
As Deer ſuck Serpents from their lurking Holes. Cr. Lucr.

AVERSION.

Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls, and mould'ring Earth
Of human Bodies: For I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the Shrowd of ſome pale Corſe
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of Garcia's more deteſted Bed —— Cong. Mourn. Bride.

As well the noble Salvage of the Field
Might tamely couple with a fearful Ewe;
Tigers ingender with the tim'rous Deer;
Wild muddy Boars defile the cleanly Ermine;
Or Vultures ſort with Doves, as I with thee, Lee, Mith.

No! were we join'd, ev'n tho' it were in Death,
Our Bodies burning in one Fun'ral Pile,
The Prodigy of Thebes would be renew'd,
And my divided Flames ſhould break from thine. Dr. D. Sch.

AUGUR.

Calchas, the Sacred Seer, who had in View
Things preſent and the Paſt, and Things to come foreknew,
Supream of Augurs —— —— Dryd. Hom.

The Holy Chalchas, who reads ev'ry Page
Of ſecret Fate, and knows the Hearts of Gods. Lanſd. Her. Love.

O thou,

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O thou, who know'ſt, beyond the Reach of Man,
The Laws of Heav'n, and what the Stars decree;
Whom Phœbus taught unerring Prophecy,
From his own Tripod, and his holy Tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
What Auſpices their Notes and Flights declare. Dryd. Virg.

He mark'd the Tracts of ev'ry Bird that flew,
And ſure Preſages from their flying drew. Dryd. Ovid.

Vers'd in Portents, experienc'd, and inſpir'd
To tell Events, and what the Fates requir'd. Dryd. Virg.

He Heav'n inaſpects, and the wand'ring Stars;
From offer'd Entrails Prodigies expounds,
And Peals of Thunder, with preſaging Sounds. Dryd. Virg.

Some frantick Augur has obſerv'd the Skies:
Some Victim wants a Heart, or Crow flies wrong.
Shall I go publiſh Hector dares not fight,
Becauſe a Madman dreamt he talk'd with Jove?
What could the God ſee in a brain-ſick Prieſt, (& Creſs.
That he ſhould ſooner talk to him than me? Dryd. Troil.

Now, Dotard, now; thou blind old Wizard, Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghoſts, your Altars now,
Your Birds of Knowledge, that in duſky Air
Chatter Futurity ——— Lee, Oedip.

AURORA.

So, when Aurora firſt ſalutes the Sight,
Pleas'd, we behold the tender Dawn of Light;
But when with riper Red ſhe warms the Skies,
In circling Throngs the wing'd Muſicians riſe,
And the gay Groves rejoice in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty ſhines,
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire reſigns. Garth.

Like bright Aurora, whoſe refulgent Ray
Foretels the Fervour of enſuing Day,
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks Retreat
To leafy Shadows from the threaten'd Heat. Wall.

Thus breaks Aurora thro' the Veil of Night,
Thus fly the Clouds, divided by her Light,
And ev'ry Eye receives a new born Sight. Cong. Old Bas.

Aurora now had left Tithonus' Bed,
And o'er the World her bluſhing Rays had ſpread. Den. Vir.

—— Behold the fair Aurora riſe,
And gild with purple Beams the bluſhing Skies:
The warbling Lark ſalutes her chearful Ray,
And welcomes with his Song the riſing Day.

The

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The rising Day ambrosial Dew distils;
Th'ambrosial Dew with balmy Odours fills
The Flow'rs; the Flow'rs rejoice, and Nature smiles. Br,
So, when Aurora first unveils her Eyes,
A purple Dawn invests the blushing Skies. Gay, Ovid.

AUTUMN.

Next Autumn, when the Sun's withdrawing Ray
The Night enlarges, and contracts the Day,
To crown his Labour, to the Farmer yields
The yellow Treasures of his fruitful Fields;
Ripens the Harvest for the crooked Steel,
(While bending Stalks the rural Weapon feel)
The fragrant Fruit for the nice Palate fits,
And to the Press the swelling Grape submits. Blac.
Our Woods, with Juniper and Chestnuts crown'd,
With falling Fruits and Berries paint the Ground, (Virg.
And lavish Nature laughs, and strews her Stores around. Dr.

B.

BABE.

MAN at his Birth, unhappy Son of Grief,
Is helpless cast on the wild Coasts of Life,
In want of all Things whence our Comforts flow,
A sad and moving Spectacle of Woe!
Infants in ill-presaging Cries complain,
As conscious of a coming Life of Pain:
All Things mean-time to Beasts kind Nature grants,
Prevents their Suff'rings, and supplies their Wants:
Brought forth with Ease, they grow, and skip, and feed,
No dandling Nurse, or gingling Gugaw need;
In Caves they suck, or o'er the Mountains range,
Nor ever thro' the Year their Garment change:
Unvers'd in Arms, and ignorant of War,
They need no Forts, and no Invasion fear:
Whate'er they want, from Nature's Hand they gain,
The Life she gave, she watches to maintain. Blac. Lucr.
With Throes and Pangs into the World we come,
The Curse and Burthen of the Womb;
Nor wretched to our selves alone,
Our Mothers Labours introduce our own.
In Cries and Tears our Infancy we waste,
Those sad prophetick Tears that flow,
By Instinct of our future Woe:
And ev'n our Dawn of Life with Sorrow's overcast. Yald.

As

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—— As ſoon as born, he helpleſs lies,
And mourns his Woes in ill-preſaging Cries;
But does not Nature for the Child prepare
The Parents Love, the Nurſes tender Care,
Who, of their own forgetful, ſeek his Good, (Blac.
Infold his Limbs in Bands, and fill his Veins with Food?

The lovely Babe was born with ev'ry Grace;
Ev'n Envy muſt have prais'd ſo fair a Face:
Such was his Form, as Painters, when they ſhow
Their utmoſt Art, on naked Loves beſtow;
And, that their Arms no Diff'rence might betray,
Give him a Bow, or his from Cupid take away. Dryd. Ovid.

When humbly on the Royal Babe we gaze,
The manly Lines of a Majeſtick Face
Give awful Joy: 'Tis Paradiſe to look
On the fair Frontiſpiece of Nature's Book:
If the firſt op'ning Page ſo charms the Sight,
Think how th'unfolded Volume will delight!
See how the venerable Infant lies
In early Pomp; how thro' the Mother's Eyes
The Father's Soul, with an undaunted View,
Looks out, and takes our Homage as his Due.
See on his future Subjects how he ſmiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with Craft beguiles;
But, with an open Face, as on his Throne,
Aſſures our Birthrights, and aſſumes his own. Dryd.
(ſpoken of the Prince of Wales.

BACCHANALS.

Like Bacchanals the beaten Ground they ſhake,
As when of old the trembling Earth they trod
In meaſur'd Rounds, to pleaſe the luſtful God:
When their lewd Songs to Priapus they ſung,
And Groves obſcene with ſounding Cymbals rung.
She, like a Fury, roams about the Town.
And then ſhe, madding, roves o'er Hills and Plains;
In Woods ſhe ſacred Rights to Bacchus feigns.
To ſhaded Hills her Daughter ſhe conveys,
And Evoë roars aloud; Bacchus, ſhe ſaid,
Bacchus is only worthy of the Maid:
To thee ſhe Dances leads, for thee her flowing Hair
She feeds, and bears for thee an Ivy Spear.
Like Madneſs all the Latine Matrons ſeiz'd,
They quit their own, to ſeek new Dwellings pleas'd;

To

To wanton Winds expose their trembling Hair,
While some with Howlings rend the trembling Air,
And wrapp'd in Skins, they Vine-leav'd Lances bear.
The Queen a Torch amidst the giddy Throng
Sustains, and sings young Turnus' nuptial Song;
And then she darts her sanguine Looks around,
And of a sudden cries with dreadful Sound,
Io, ye Latine Dames, if Parents Care
Can touch your Hearts, with me unbind your Hair,
And Bacchus' Rites pursue: Thro' Woods and Wilds
They run; Alecto drives them thro' the Fields. Latid.

BACCHUS.

O Bacchus, God of Joys and friendly Cheer. Dryd. Virg.
——— Thou Son of Semele,
The Joy of Man, and Pleasure of the Gods. Broome.
O thou, whose Bounty makes our Fields abound;
For thee the Seasons smile, our teeming Ground
And foamy Vessels with thy Gifts are crown'd.
Great Liber come, and lay thy Buskins by,
With me thy Thighs in bleeding Clusters die. Latid. Virg.
In jolly Hymns they praise the God of Wine,
Whose earthen Images adorn the Pine,
And there are hung on high, in Honour of the Vine.
A Madness so devout the Vineyard fills,
In hollow Valleys, and on rising Hills:
On whate'er Side he turns his honest Face,
And dances in the Wind, those Fields are in his Grace.
To Bacchus therefore let us tune our Lays,
And in our Mother Tongue resound his Praise:
Thin Cakes in Chargers, and a guilty Goat,
Dragg'd by the Horns, be to his Altar brought;
Whose offer'd Entrails shall his Crime reproach,
And drip their Fatness from the Hazel Broach. Dryd. Virg.
'Twas Bacchus first who prun'd the climbing Vine,
And taught the Grape to stream with gen'rous Wine. Gay.
The God we now behold with open'd Eyes,
A Herd of Lynx and Panthers round him lies,
In glaring Forms: The grapy Clusters spread
Around his Brows, and dangle on his Head. Add. Ovid.
——— Thro' prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
And howling Matrons solemniz'd the God:
All Ranks and Sexes to his Orgies ran,
To fill the Pomps, and mingle in the Train. Add. Ovid.
Fierce Tigers Daphnis taught the Yoke to bear;
And first with curling Ivy dress'd the Spear:

Daph-

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Daphnis did Rites to Bacchus first ordain;
And holy Revels for his reeling Train. Dryd. Virg.

BALM-TREE.

Balm slowly trickles thro' the bleeding Veins
Of happy Shrubs, in Idumean Plains. Dryd. Virg.
The soft Idume weeps her od'rous Tears. Dryd. Virg.
Such Nature in that gen'rous Plant is found,
Whose ev'ry Breach does with a Salve abound;
And wounds it self to cure another's Wound:
Glad with Expence of Blood to serve their Use;
In Pity to Mankind it sheds its Juice:
First, with kind Tears our Maladies bewails,
And after heals:
And makes those very Tears the Remedy produce. Oldh.
So sov'raign are those Drops, the Balm-Tree sweats.
Dryd. Riv. Lad.

BARBICAN Play-House.

Close to the Walls, which fair Augusta bind,
The fair Augusta, much to Fears inclin'd,
An ancient Fabrick, rais'd t'inform the Sight,
There stood of Yore, and Barbican it hight:
A Watch-Tow'r once; but now, so Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty Name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-Houses rise,
Scenes of lewd Loves, and of polluted Joys:
Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undisturb'd by Watch, in Silence sleep.
Near these, a Nursery erects its Head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where Infant Punks their tender Voices try.
And little Maximins the Gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater Johnson dares in Socks appear:
But gentle Simkin just Reception finds
Amidst this Monument of vanish'd Minds:
Pure Clinches the Suburbian Muse affords, (Flec.
And Panton, waging harmless War with Words. Dryd. Mac.

BAR-

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BARZILLAE

In this short File Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with Honours and with Years:
Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In Regions waste, beyond the Jordan's Flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the State:
But, sinking underneath his Master's Fate,
In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd,
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd:
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart;
Which well the noblest Objects knew to chuse,
The fighting Warriour, and recording Muse:
His Bed could once a fruitful Issue boast;
Now more than half a Father's Name is lost:
His eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me, so Heav'n will have it, always mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhood's Prime,
By unequal Fates, and Providences Crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son:
Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.
O narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Seas, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known:
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy own:
O ancient Honour, O unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes, unpunish'd, never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the Date of all immod'rate Fame.
Now, free from Earth, thy disencumber'd Soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and starry Pole:
Here stop, my Muse; here cease thy painful Flight:
No Pinions can pursue immortal Height. Dryd. Abs. & Ach.

BASTARD.

Thou, Nature, art my Goddess: To thy Law
My Services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the Plague of Custom, and permit
The Curiosity of Nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen Moonshines
Lag of a Brother? Why Bastard? Wherefore base,
When my Dimensions are as well compact,

My

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My Mind as gen'rous, and my Shape as true
As honeſt Madam's Iſſue? Why brand they us
With Baſe, with Baſeneſs, and with Baſtardy?
Who in the luſty Stealth of Nature take
More Compoſition and fierce Quality,
Than does, within a dull, ſtale, tir'd Bed,
Go to th' creating a whole Tribe of Fops,
Got between Sleep and Waking. Shak. K. Lear.

BATCHELOUR.

——— Thus looſe I move,
Free and unbounded taſte the Sweets of Life,
Love where I pleaſe, and never know the Striſe,
That's bred by that domeſtick Plague, call'd Wife.
Otw. Friendſ. in Faſh.

For who, that has the Joys of Freedom known,
Would chuſe to put the Marriage Fetters on?
To bind himſelf a Galley-Slave for Life,
And drag about that gauling Load, a Wife?
Th' unmarry'd Youth no anxious Cares moleſt,
No Sorrows diſcompoſe his peaceful Breaſt:
His Heart and Thoughts are, as his Perſon, free,
And Pleaſure courts him with Variety:
With ſparkling Wines he oft revives his Soul,
And drowns all Trouble in the Cordial Bowl:
Then finds ſome Nymph, who freely yields her Heart,
And ſtrives to eaſe the faithful Lover's Smart,
Who thinks her Kindneſs Charm enough to move,
And ſcorns all other Bonds, but thoſe of Love:
Nor Love's ungrateful to the willing Maid:
Debts, that have leaſt of Force, are ſureſt paid:
But, when oblig'd to kiſs, Men ſoon grow tir'd,
And hate thoſe Pleaſures they before admir'd. ———

BATHILLO.

Laſt roſe Bathillo, deck'd with borrow'd Rays,
Renown'd for other's Projects, others Lays:
A gay, pragmatical, pretending Tool;
Opiniatively wiſe, and pertly dull.
A Demi-Stateſman, talkative and loud;
Hot without Courage, without Merit proud;
A Leader fit for the unthinking Crowd.
With dapper Geſture, but with haughty Look,
His lewd Aſſociates vainly he beſpoke. ———

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BATHING.

She, bathing, ſtood far in the cryſtal Stream:
It muſt be ſhe; that naked, dazling Sweetneſs:
The very Figure of that Morning Star,
That, dropping Pearls, and ſhedding dewy Sweets,
Fled from the greedy Waves, when I approach'd. Lee
——— The Streams my Fair betray'd: (Theod
To my fond Eyes ſhe all tranſparent ſtood.
She bluſh'd: I ſmil'd as the ſlight-cov'ring Flood:
Thus thro' the Glaſs the lovely Lilly glows:
Thus thro' the ambient Gem ſhines forth the Roſe. ———

BATTEL.

Sound all our Trumpets there: To Arms! To Arms!
Beat the big Drum! Speak ev'ry Voice of War. Hopk. Pyrr.
And now on either Side the Trumpets blow,
Signal of Onſet, Reſolution firm
Inſpiring, and pernicious Love of War.
The adverſe Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,
Collecting all their Might. ——— Phil.
Iron and Lead, from Earth's dark Entrails torn,
Like Show'rs of Hail, from either Side are borne:
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mother's Bowels at their Foes. Wall.
To charge the Foe the eager Britons flew,
And miſſive Fires and Hand-Granadoes threw:
Sent whiſtling Show'rs of Lead, and Storms of artful Fire;
Volley for Volley gave, and Wound for Wound:
Redoubled Volleys rend the ambient Air,
And flying Clouds, now faſter flew for Fear.
The Muskets Vollies and the Shouts of War,
The Soldiers Cries, the Drums and Trumpets Voice,
A horrid Medley made of loud diſcordant Noiſe:
Dreadful Confuſion, complicated Sounds,
And confluent Horrours ſcare the liſt'ning Towns:
Echos with Echos combat in the Skies;
Clamours with Clamours meet, and Cries with Cries:
On rouling Waves of Air and adverſe Tides
Borne to and fro triumphant Uproar rides:
Rencount'ring Sounds th'etherial Deep embroil,
From Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to Heav'n recoil:
Unſeen Deſtruction, ſwiftly, thro' the Skies,
In leaden Tempeſts back and forward flies:
Their pond'rous Balls in Vollies they unload;
And maſſy Deaths in Flame and Smoke explode:

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On either Side thus terribly they fir'd,
Neither advanc'd, and neither Foe retir'd:
On the same Ground inflexible they stood,
Fearless of Death, and obstinate in Blood. Blac. Eliza.

——— ——— Now from each Van
The brazen Instruments of Death discharge
Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds
Of Smoke sulphureous; intermix'd with these
Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,
Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring
Surprizing Slaughter: On each Side they fly
By Chains connex'd, and with destructive Sweep
Behead whole Troops at once: The hairy Scalps
Are whirl'd aloof; while ruin'rous Trunks bestrow
Th' ensanguin'd Field: With latent Mischief stor'd
Show'rs of Granados rain, by suddain Burst
Disploding murd'rous Bowels, Fragments of Steel,
And Stones and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust;
A thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs
Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout,
With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.
Of Pain impatient, the high-prauncing Steeds
Disdain the Curb, and, flinging to and fro,
Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire
Indignant, by unkostile Wounds destroy'd,
Thus, thro' each Army, Death, in various Shapes,
Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore
Lie clotted; lifeless some, with Anguish these
Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,
Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din
Of Guns, and Trumpets Clang, and solemn Sound
Of Drums o'ercome their Groans: In equal Scale
Long hung the Fight: Few Marks of Fear were seen,
None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,
Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky
Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine
Roars stormy; they together dash the Clouds,
Levying their equal Force with utmost Rage:
Long undecided lasts the airy Strife.
So they, incens'd; till Churchill, viewing where
The Violence of Tallard most prevail'd,
Came to oppose his slaught'ring Arm, with speed
Precipitant he rode, urging his Way
O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds,
Rouling in Death's Destruction, grim with Blood,
Attends his furious Course. ——— ———

——— Around

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——— Around his Head
The glowing Balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous Sway deals fatal Blows
Amongſt the ſcatter'd Gauls. ———
——— ——— Swift and fierce,
As wint'ry Storm, he flies to reinforce
The yielding Wing; In Gallick Blood again
He dews his reeking Sword, and ſtrows the Ground
With headleſs Ranks: ——— ———
——— ——— ——— Unmanly Dread invades
The French aſtony'd; ſtrait their uſeleſs Arms
They quit, and in their ſwift Retreat confide
Unſeemly yelling: Diſtant Hills return
The hideous Noiſe. What can they do? Or how
Withſtand his wide-deſtroying Sword? Or where
Find Shelter, thus repuls'd? Behind, with Wrath
Reſiſtleſs, th'eager Engliſh Champions preſs,
Chaſtiſing tardy Flight: Before them rouls
His Current ſwift the Danube, vaſt and deep,
Supream of Rivers: To the frightful Brink,
Urg'd by compulſive Arms, ſoon as they reach'd,
New Horrour chill'd their Veins: Devote they ſaw
Themſelves to wretched Doom: With Efforts vain,
Encourag'd by Deſpair, or obſtinate
To fall like Men, in Arms ſome dare renew
Feeble Engagement, meeting glorious Fate
On the firm Land: The reſt, diſcomfited,
Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood.
Bands, num'rous as the Memphian Soldiery,
That ſwell'd the Erythræan Wave, when wall'd
The unfreze Waters marvelouſly ſtood,
Obſervant of the great Command: Upbore
By frothy Billows, thouſands float the Stream
In cumbrous Mail, with Love of farther Shore,
Confiding in their Hands, that ſedulous ſtrive
To cut th' outragious Fluent: ———
——— ——— ——— Their Horſes paw
The ſwelling Surge with fruitleſs Toil: Surcharg'd,
And in his Courſe obſtructed by large Spoil,
The River flows redundant, and attacks
The ling'ring Remnant with unuſual Tide:
Then, rouling back, in his capacious Lap,
Ingulphs their whole Militia, quick immers'd.
Nor did the Britiſh Squadrons now ſurceaſe
To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd: Full many felt
In the moiſt Element a ſcorching Death,
Pierc'd ſinking; ſhrowded in a duſky Cloud

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The Current flows, with livid mixture Flames
Boiling; as once Pergamian Xanthus boil'd,
Inflam'd by Vulcan, when th' swift footed Son
Of Peleus to his baleful Banks purs'd
The straggling Trojans: Nor less eager drove
Victorious Churchill his desponding Foes
Into the Deep immense, that many a League
Impurpled ran, with gushing Gore distain'd. Phil.
As when the Western Wind exerts its Rage,
And tyrannizes o'er the liquid Plain;
Strait, Mountains of congested Waves are seen,
Each riding on the others Back to Land,
Where with loud Roar they're broken; if they meet
Some tow'ring Rock, that proudly interposes,
They higher swell, and briskling spit their Foam,
And cover its surmounted Head with Weeds;
So did the num'rous Bodies of the Greeks
Advance to Battel. Each their Leader had,
Whom silently they follow'd: You'd have said,
Jove had of Speech depriv'd this Multitude:
Their Armour flash'd unsufferable Brightness.
The Trojans, like a Flock of Ewes, penn'd up
Within a rich Man's Fold, till all be milk'd,
And never give o'er baaing, while they hear
Their Lambkins bleat: So they their wide Host fill'd
With Cries and Shouts. ——— ———
Mars led the Trojans, and the Greeks Minerva;
But Terrour follow'd both, and Flight, and Discord,
Burning with Rage insatiable.
This unrelenting Deity, destructive
To both the Armies, ran from Rank to Rank,
Inflaming ev'ry Heart with deadly Rage,
And feeding on the Mischiefs she fomented.
Now were both Armies met, and Battel join'd;
Shields jostle Shields, and Lances Lances cross;
Strength answers Strength, and mighty Tumult rises;
The Victors Shouts, and Groans of those that fall,
Confounded mix, while Earth is drown'd with Blood.
As when impetuous Torrents, big with Rain, ———
Eating their Way, rush headlong from the Hills,
And in a Vale's deep Gulph commix their Stores;
The Shepherd, from some Rock's remotest Height,
Hears the loud Roar, and shiv'ring hugs himself:
So from their Conflicts, Fright and Clamour rose,
And tore the Air, and fill'd with Dread the Region.
Both Greeks and Trojans fell in countless Numbers:
Like Wolves they rush, and Death for Death exchang'd.

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Each Combatant ſo well perform'd his Duty,
That could a Man, unhurt, have view'd the Battel,
And thro' each Scene of Death been ſafely led
By Pallas, he throughout the Field had found
Nothing but Subjects of Applauſe and Wonder.
So many Greeks and Trojans ſtrew'd the Plain; (Hom.
And on the Spot, where each Man fought, he fell. Ozell.
They ceaſe not from the Fight: Now here, now there,
The reſtleſs Combate rages thro' the Field,
Whilſt Storms of adverſe Spears obſcure the Sky. Oz. Hom.
Clad in bright Arms, the Infantry ruſh'd forth,
And waited with Impatience, till Aurora
Brighten'd her Rays, and uſher'd in full Day.
The Foot was rang'd before the Horſe; the Horſe
Mov'd to the Battel, and ſuſtain'd the Foot.
Then mighty Jove, by Claps of dreadful Thunder,
Which ſhook the very Pillars of the Heav'ns
From their Foundations, gave the Sign of Battel.
As when two Bands of Mowers adverſe ſtand,
Rang'd at the two Extreams of ſome vaſt Field
Where wanton Ceres ſmiles in Sheaves of Gold:
Rank againſt Rank, with Emulation fir'd,
Advances on each Side; in Loads the Corn
Falls to the Ground before the ſharpen'd Scythes:
The Trojans thus and Greeks each other charg'd;
And Death ſtalk'd o'er the Plain: No Thoughts appear'd
Of Flight; none of Diſmay: In even Scales
The Battel hung: As two fierce Wolves engage
And combat o'er the Prey, they ruſh'd in Arms.
Diſcord with Joy beheld the bloody Scene;
For ſhe alone was there, of all the Gods. Bro. Hom.
Now equal Ruin rag'd on either Side;
And Victory mutual Favours did divide,
Flowing and ebbing with an equal Tide.
With like Succeſs, by Turns, the doubtful Field,
The Victors and the Vanquiſh'd win and yield:
Such was the bloody Labour of the Day;
And in ſuch ev'n Scales their Fortune lay. Blac. Pr. Arth.
——— The Battel doubtful ſtood,
As two ſpent Swimmers, that cling faſt together,
And choak their Art. ——— Shak. Macb.
The Battel fares like to the Morning War,
Where dying Clouds contend with growing Light:
Now, ſways it this Way, like a mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide to combat with the Wind;
Now ſways it that Way, like the ſelf ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retire by Fury of the Wind:

Some-

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Sometimes the Wind prevails, and then the Flood;
Now one the better, then another beſt.
Both tugging to be Victors, Breaſt to Breaſt:
But neither conquer'd is, nor Conqueror:
Such is the equal Poiſe of this fell War. Shak. Hen. 6. p. 3.

While to her Noon the ſacred Day advanc'd,
On even Wings, between the warring Armies,
Dubious the Conqueſt hover'd; till the Hour
In which the Woodman in ſome ſhady Vale
Prepares his Dinner, when his fin'wy Arms
Are tir'd with felling the rough Foreſt-Oaks.
Then the fierce Grecians puſh'd the yielding Trojans:
Forth to the Battel Agamemnon ruſh'd;
As when a famiſh'd Lion in a Foreſt
Aſſaults the Covert of the trembling Hind,
His hungry Jaws devour the tender Fawns
While the affrighted Dam, tho' ſhe beholds,
No Aid can bring: For ſhe with Fear is ſeiz'd,
Trembles, and, thro' the Woods, and o'er the Lawns
From the fell Beaſt precipitates her Flight;
So ruſh'd Atrides 'gainſt th' unhappy Youths,
Nor durſt the Trojans, who beheld the Fight,
Move to aſſiſt, or interpoſe their Aid,
But fled diſorder'd from his conqu'ring Arm.
——— ——— Where the Trojans ſtood
In firmeſt Battel join'd, the Hero ruſh'd;
And all the Grecians iſſu'd to the Fight.
The Grecian Foot o'erpower'd the Trojan Foot;
Put them to flight, and ſlew them as they fled:
Th' Horſe puſh'd their Horſe, and mighty Clouds of Duſt
Roſe from beneath the Feet of Men and Horſes,
Darken'd the Skies, and overcaſt the Day.
Still Agamemnon preſs'd the yielding Trojans;
Laid waſte the Fight, and dealt Deſtruction round,
As when a fierce wide waſting Fire devours
Some vaſt prodigious Foreſt on a Mountain,
To ev'ry Side the Wind extends the Flame,
And with the Boughs the very Trunks deſtroys:
So fell the Trojans by Atrides' Arms:
Dire was the Noiſe; Confuſion ſtalk'd around:
Th' affrighted Steeds hurry'd the empty Cars
Thro' the Battalions, and defac'd the War,
The Charioteers, whoſe Reins they us'd to hear,
Pierc'd with deep Wounds, lay breathleſs on the Ground;
A Prey, which hungry Vultures view with Joy,
But frightful Objects to their weeping Wives.
Still o'er the Plain the trembling Trojans fled;

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Fled like a Herd of Beeves, which some hungry Lion
Drives o'er the Meadows in a gloomy Night;
He chases all, but only one destroys:
Her down he tears, and rends, and then devours:
Thus Agamemnon chas'd the flying Trojans,
And still he slew the last: They, from their Cars,
Struck by his Spear, precipitating fell.
He thro' the Ranks still forc'd his dreadful Way
With mighty Stones, and with his Spear and Sword;
Nor ceas'd from Slaughter. —— Broome Hom.

As when fierce Zephyr rushes from the West,
To dissipate the Clouds, which the South-East
Had gather'd; them he drives along the Skies,
And scatters in his Course: Then Waves on Waves
He raises, and afflicts the hoary Deep:
So, by the Sword of Hector, Heaps on Heaps
Rose on the Plain, and strew'd the Ground with Deaths.
Broome Hom.

Then Jove, who, from the Heights of lofty Ida,
Beheld the Fight, in equal Ballance hung
The Battel; and with equal Strides grim Death
Stalk'd thro' the Grecian and the Trojan Army. Br. Hom.

As when some Stream, increas'd by Floods of Rain,
That tumble with a dreadful Sound from Mountains,
O'erflows his Banks, and deluges the Plains;
He bears the lofty Oaks and stately Pines
Down his fierce Torrent to the distant Main:
Thus o'er the Field of Battel Ajax rag'd,
And overthrew the Chariots and the Horse,
And dealt Destruction thro' the Trojan Host.
—— —— Xanthus' Stream
Then flow'd with Crimson Waves, and from his Banks
Echo'd around the dreadful Noise of War.
Amazing Deeds were now perform'd by Hector;
Slaughter and Death attended on his Sword,
And in his Rage he laid the Battel waste. Broome Hom.
—— —— The Battel now
Rages with all its Fury; Trojans fall
On Trojans, Horse on Horse; and to the Heav'ns
The dreadful Clamour of the Fight resounds.
—— —— The Horses flew
Swift over Heaps of Arms, and Hills of Slain;
O'er Shields, and Hero's gasping in their Blood:
Th' ensanguin'd Axles and the Chariot-Wheels
Blush'd in the Blood, which from the crimson Ground
The Horses upward forc'd in foary Rains. Broome Hom.

The

The Greeks, dismay'd by Jove's Almighty Arm,
Ran tow'ards the Fleet, precipitate in Flight;
To shun the Sword of Hector, who around,
Like an unruly Hurricane, bore down
With Violence whate'er oppos'd his Course.
As when the Dogs and clam'rous Swains surround
A dreadful Lion, or a furious Boar,
He rouls around his Eye-balls flashing Flame,
While they stand adverse, wedg'd in deep Array,
And dart from far a hissing Show'r of Spears;
But he, unterrify'd, maintains his Ground;
His gen'rous Soul disdains a coward Flight;
And when he falls, 'tis thro' Excess of Courage:
Now here, now there, he rushes on his Foes,
Springs on the yielding Swains, and gains his Way:
Such Hector was; so battel'd on the Plain. Broome Hom.

Mean time the Horrours of the Battel rise; (Hom.
While Shouts, like Thunder, shake the very Heav'ns Broome
—— Then, like the dreadful God of Battel,
Merion rush'd impetuous to the Fight.
And, when the Trojans from afar beheld
The gallant Heroes, marching to the Onset,
In shining Armour formidably gay,
With hideous Shouts they ris'd to the War,
Which now was kindled into ten-fold Rage,
While from each Part they mov'd in firm Array —— ——
To meet the Storm. As when the warring Winds
Rush stormy from all Quarters of the Heav'ns,
While the hot Dog-Star fires the thirsty Plains;
Thick Clouds of Dust, forc'd up by adverse Blasts,
Darken the Skies, and overcast the Day:
So Hope and Fear, Despair and burning Rage,
From ev'ry Quarter drew a dreadful Train
Of Warriours to the Battel. Death they breath'd,
And Slaughter to the Greeks: Around the Field
A Forest huge of Spears arose; afar
The beamy Helmets, and the burnish'd Shields,
The gorgeous Bucklers, and the flaming Breast-Plates,
Diffus'd a Glory to the very Skies.
What Heart of Steel could such a Scene behold,
And not relent, and melt into a Tear? Broome Hom.

Then, where the Fury of the Battel rag'd,
They bent their Course; and, to relieve the Troops,
Rush'd forward to the Fight, and shone in Arms.
As when a dreadful Hurricane of Winds
Bursts from the Clouds, while from the gloomy Skies
Th' Almighty speaks his Wrath in Peals of Thunder,

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And hurls his Lightning to diſtreſs the World;
The dreadful Tempeſt ſettles on the Main,
And plows the hoary Deep; the Seas reſound,
The Billows riſe; and, dreadful in Array,
Foam in the Heav'ns, and tumble to the Shores.
Thus, in the horrid Pomp of War, the Trojans,
March'd to the Battel; while their beamy Arms
Diffus'd a dreadful Luſtre to the Heav'ns.
Like the pernicious God of Battels, Hector
Led to the Onſet; and before his Breaſt
Bore his enormous Shield; a mighty Orb!
That, like a Sun, ſhed round him Beams of Fire.
His creſted Helm wav'd terrible in Air;
And, with a threat'ning Look and martial Stalk,
He ruſh'd againſt the Greeks: Th' undaunted Greeks,
Strengthen'd their Ranks, impatient for the War. Br. Hom.

Nor were the Greeks diſmay'd: unmov'd they ſtood,
Waiting the Shock of War: With dreadful Shouts
They ſhook the Ground, and rent the very Heav'ns. Br. Hom.

Now, o'er the Field, with vaſt gigantick Strides,
Stalk'd ghaſtly Death; and ſtill the Clank of Arms
Bray'd o'er the Plain, and rent the ſuff'ring Skies. Br. Hom.

Now Hector form'd the Trojans in Array;
And now the Game of War, the bloody Fray,
With tenfold Fury rag'd. ——— Broome Hom.
——— ——— The Greeks, with horrid Shouts,
Pour'd on the Trojans; and inflam'd the War. Br. Hom.
——— ——— In Heaps the Trojans fell;
And diſarray confus'd the Form of Battel. Broome Hom.

While many clos'd their Eyes in Death's cold Arms,
In Ir'n Slumbers, and eternal Night. Broome Hom.

But, now the Son of Jove, immortal Phoebus,
Breath'd into Hector's Soul heroick Ardour;
As ſome fair Courſer, who has long been pamper'd,
Breaks from the Stable, and with ample Strokes
Bounds o'er the Plain, and ſcours along the Ground;
Eager to bathe in ſome calm cryſtal Flood,
He cleaves the Air, and makes the Earth reſound;
Haughty in Paces, and erect his Head,
And o'er his Shoulders waves his flowing Mane.
Proud of his Beauty, ſtung with fierce Deſires,
To wonted Paſtures, and to well-known Females,
Swift o'er the Plain he wings his airy Way.
So Hector flew to Battel, when the God
Inſpir'd his Soul with Vigour for the Fight.
As when the Swains, and the purſuing Hounds
Chaſe o'er the Plain a Stag, or ſavage Roe,

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Swift flies the bounding Game, and gains his Hold
On ſome impervious Rock: Then from Purſuit
The Hunters ceaſe; for Fate preſerves the Prey.
But, from his Den, the Terrour of the Wood,
Rowz'd by their Cries, a ſullen Lion comes,
Shoots on the Hunters, and the trembling Hounds,
And ſcatters them precipitate in Flight:
Thus o'er the Field the Grecians chas'd the Trojans
Back to their Chariots: But when Priam's Son
Return'd to Battel, clad in beamy Arms,
Down ſunk the Spirits of the fainting Greeks;
Who flying o'er the Plain, the Sons of Troy,
Behind, chaſtis'd their Flight. —— Broome Hom.

As when two Lions, ruſhing from the Woods,
Scatter a Flock of Sheep, or Herd of Beeves;
Which want the Shepherd's Care; while ſable Night
With Clouds of Darkneſs overſpreads the Skies:
—— Ev'n ſo the Greeks, chas'd by the Trojans,
In Diſarray, urge their diſorder'd Flight. Broome Hom.

—— —— And now the Trojans
Ruſh'd on impetuous; and before them Hector
With haughty Stalk came tow'ring to the Fight.
The Greeks intrepid ſtood the fierce Aſſault,
And hideous Shouting ſhook the ſtedfaſt Earth:
Thick Clouds of flying Darts o'ercaſt the Day;
And Storms of Spears, impatient to diſcharge
Their dire Commiſſions, hiſs'd along the Air:
Some drank the Blood, ſome quiver'd in the Ground.
On even Wings, between the warring Armies,
Dubious the Conqueſt hover'd; on each Side,
With equal Paces, Death ſtrode o'er the Field.

With dreadful Shouts, and, in their warriour Cars,
The Trojans rode to Battel; ——
Triumphant o'er the Field, before them march'd
The God armipotent, and with a Nod
Level'd the Foſs, and made an eaſy Way:
O'er this in Trains they pour'd upon the Wall:
Then Phœbus, ſhaking his tremendous Ægis,
O'erturn'd it to the Ground. As when a Boy
Draws on the Shores, to entertain his Fancy,
Imagin'd Walls and Houſes in the Sands:
The ſportive Wanton, pleas'd with ſome new Toy,
Razes again the Works in childiſh Play,
The faſhion'd Palaces, and riſing Domes:
With no leſs Eaſe, O Phœbus, did the Wall
Down at thy Preſence fall, and at the Sight
The Grecians flew impetuous o'er the Field;

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Nor ceas'd they, till they gain'd the diſtant Navy.
——— Forth ſprung the Trojans,
With double Fury, and horrendous Shouts.
As the proud Waves of the tumultuous Main,
When ſtormy Winds inſult the boiling Deep,
Buffet a Ship, and, riſing o'er its Sides,
Burſt in the Air, and fill the delug'd Womb:
So ruſh'd the Trojans o'er the Grecian Wall,
High on their Cars they batter'd at the Navy;
And from the Ships the Greeks return'd the War.
——— And now the Fight
Burns with full Fury. ———
——— Mean Time the Greeks
Suſtain'd the Shock of War; nor could the Trojans
O'erthrow the Grecian Bands, and fire the Navy.
As when a Ship-wright, who, by Pallas' Aid,
Excels in all the Works of curious Art;
Levels the Roughneſs of th'unequal Wood,
Nor ſwerves from the directing even Line:
So did the Warriors poiſe the even Scales
Of War on ev'ry Part. Now Priam's Son
Ruſh'd with Impatience to the Ship of Ajax:
Dire was the Fight, nor could the Godlike Greek
Repulſe ſtout Hector, nor could Hector gain,
Tho' aided by a God, one Inch of Ground.
Like furious Lions, greedy of their Prey,
Vaſt Trains of Warriors ſprung upon the Fleet.
With Vigour Jove inflam'd the Soul of Hector,
Who look'd as dreadful as the God of War;
Or like a Flame which, on a Mountain's Brow,
Lays waſte a Foreſt, and deſtroys its Groves:
He foam'd with Wrath; his Eyes ſtaſh'd dreadful Flames
Beneath his gloomy Eye-brows; high in Air
With formidable Horrour wav'd his Plume;
And the dread Maſter of the burning Bolts
Strengthen'd the Hero, ———
And made him ſupereminently ſhine.
Now through the Files of War he held his Way,
Where ſtood the Greeks who bore the ſtrongeſt Arms,
Where Shield to Shield, and Man was join'd to Man,
But fail'd to break the Order of the Fight:
Unmov'd they bore the Fury of his Arms.
As ſome vaſt Rock, upon the Ocean's Shores,
Bears the rude Inſults of the ſtormy Winds,
And Billows, tumbling from the roaring Main:
So they the Fury of the Trojan Army.
Still Hector, ſhining with tremendous Flames,

Sprung

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Sprung on the Hoft, and darted on his Foes.
As a prodigious Wave, when, from the Clouds,
Impetuous Boreas settles on the Deep,
Bursts o'er a Ship, and tumbles down in Floods,
The Ocean foams; and loud the Tempest roars,
Shatters the Sheets, and whirls them through the Skies:
The Thunders rattle, and the Lightnings flash,
Waves rise on Waves, and lash the sounding Shores;
The fearful Sailors tremble for their Doom;
For, whereso'er they turn their mournful Eyes,
Death they behold in all her hideous Forms:
So far'd the Grecians at th'Approach of Hector.
As when a Lion sees a Herd of Beeves,
Where some clear River rouls his crystal Floods,
Dreadful he roars, and rushes on the Prey;
The herdsman, not inur'd to such Alarms,
Now walks before the Herd, and then behind:
But in the middle of the feeding Beeves
He rends a lordly Bull, and o'er the Field
Chases the rest, precipitate in Flight:
So Hector, aided by the thund'ring God,
Scatter'd Confusion o'er the Grecian Army.
Now from the foremost Line the Grecians fled,
To gain the second near the Ocean's Shores;
But at their Tents embody'd firm they stood,
Nor scatter'd o'er the Field; for Shame and Fear
Retain'd them in the Fight; Man sustain'd Man,
And Friend inflam'd his Friend ——— ———
Hector they view'd, and all the War of Troy,
The Troops which stood from Battel in the Rear,
And those which came impetuous to the Fight.
But Ajax scorn'd to stand, like other Greeks,
Fix'd to one Post; with vast gigantick Stalk
From Ship to Ship he strode. ———
As when a Man, well skill'd to mount the Horse,
Selects four Steeds, egregious to behold,
Fleet in the Course, to skim along the Ground;
He, while the thronging Crowds with Wonder gaze,
Urges the Coursers in some publick Road
To their full Speed, and scours along the Way,
And in a Moment gains the distant City;
Mean time he nimbly bounds from Steed to Steed,
Flies as they fly, and cleaves the yielding Air:
From Ship to Ship so Ajax swiftly strode,
And his loud Voice ascended to the Clouds,
While he inflam'd the Battel of the Greeks.
Nor was th'illustrious Son of Godlike Priam

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Leſs active ſeen; but, as th'Imperial Bird
Which bears the Thunder of high Heav'ns dread King,
Views near ſome Stream a Crane, or ſilver Swan,
Stoops from on high, and ſouſes on the Prey:
So Hector pour'd impetuous on the Navy.
The Fight then kindled into tenfold Rage;
Had you now ſeen the Fray, you would have thought
The Battel juſt begun; the warring Hoſts
Freſh to the Fight, ſo dreadful was the Onſet.
But diff'rent Thoughts the Armies entertain'd:
The Grecians deem'd the fatal Hour was come,
When they ſhould fall; the Trojans fought with Hopes
To fire the Navy with vindictive Flames,
And in one Ruin overwhelm the Greeks.
Thus Hope, and thus Deſpair, with equal Strength,
Inflam'd the Courage of the adverſe Heroes.
The faireſt Veſſel of the Grecian Fleet
Then Hector ſeiz'd: ——— ———
A fierce Encounter now aroſe, while they
Strive to defend, and theſe to gain the Ship.
No Arrows now were ſent, no Lances hurl'd;
But all around, along the trembling Shores,
Shields rattled, rang the Helmets, clash'd the Swords.
The broken Sabres rumbled to the Earth,
Glitter'd in Air, or reek'd upon the Ground,
And Deluges of Blood o'erflow'd the Plain.
——— Now with redoubled Rage the Trojans
Sprung on the Grecians; then with ſullen Paces
Ajax a while retir'd; for on his Shield,
And on his Helm, reſounded Storms of Blows:
But, where the Oars are plac'd, he took his Stand,
And with his Spear beat off th'approaching War;
And whoſoever of the Race of Troy,
By Hector's Orders, near approach'd with Flames,
He laid him breathleſs on th'enſanguin'd Ground. Br. Hom.
——— The Trojans, like a Cloud,
Hover around the Fleet; the winding Shore
Hems in the Greeks, nor gives them Room to fight.
The City pours its num'rous Forces out,
All confident of Victory. ——— Oldiſ. Hom.
——— The raging Deep
Here rouls his Waves, and there the War of Troy
Preſents a dreadful Proſpect to the Greeks. Broom. Hom.
Mean while the Trojans to the Ship applied
Their hoſtile Fires, which ſpread their wild Contagion,
And gain'd the Deck. ——— Oldiſ. Hom.

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The Greeks from ev'ry Side croud to their Ships,
And, as they preſs, redouble the Diſorder,
As when the Thund'rer downwards darts his Bolts,
And diſſipates ſome pitchy Cloud, that ſhades
A Mountain's Top; the craggy Cliffs appear,
The Woods, the Vales; for all the airy Region
Is purg'd, and made tranſparent: So the Greeks,
After ſome Reſpite, ſhew'd themſelves, exerting
Their wonted Valour, when the hoſtile Fires
Were from the Fleet diſpers'd; yet ſtill the Trojans
Maintain'd the War, tho' beaten from their Ships. Ol. Hom.
As when, amidſt a Calm, a gloomy Cloud
Is ſent by Jove along the middle Air,
Threat'ning a Tempeſt to the World below,
So Flight and Terrour from the Navy flew,
Along the Plain, and reach'd the Walls of Ilium. Ol. Hom.
As when a Troop of Wolves eſpy ſome Flock,
Neglected by the fooliſh careleſs Shepherd,
They ruſh upon the tender Kids and Lambs,
And chaſe them to the Mountains, and devour
Th'unreſiſting Prey, and ſtanch their Hunger:
So ruſh'd the Grecians on their ſcatter'd Foes,
Who fled, unmindful of their former Valour. Oldiſ. Hom.
The Horſes fled along the Field, and rais'd
A Cloud of Duſt beneath their nimble Hoofs,
That fill'd the Air, and hid the Fleet and Town:
The Fiel'd was ſtrew'd all o'er with broken Chariots,
And bleeding Heroes lay beneath their Wheels.
As when, in Autumn, Jove, reſolv'd on Vengeance,
To puniſh Mortals, that deſpiſe his Laws,
Regardleſs of his Deity, unjuſt,
Slaves to their Paſſions, and their Intereſt,
A mighty Tempeſt ſends, lets looſe the Floods,
That overflow the Hills, and drown the Trees;
Thence to the Sea run roaring, and diſgorge
The Plenty of the Plain, and Ploughman's Labour:
With ſuch wild Force the Trojan Steeds ran ſcouring
Along the Field, and fled in looſe Diſorder. Oldiſw. Hom.
Now the ſhrill Clangor of the Battel rings. Garth.
But how the Trumpet, terrible from far,
In ſhriller Clangours animates the War;
Confed'rate Drums in fuller Conſort beat,
And ecchoing Hills the loud Alarm repeat.
Behold in awful March, and dread Array,
The long extended Squadrons ſhape their Way:
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious Horrour to the braveſt Hearts;

Yet

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Yet do their beating Breasts demand the Strife,
And Thirst of Glory quells the Love of Life:
Heat of Revenge, and noble Pride of Soul,
O'erlook the Foe, advantag'd by his Post,
Lessen his Numbers, and contract his Host.
But O, my Muse, what Numbers wilt thou find,
To sing the furious Troops in Battel join'd?
Methinks I hear the Drums tumultuous Sound
The Victor's Shouts and dying Groans confound;
The dreadful Burst of Cannon rend the Skies,
And all the Tumult of the Battel rise.
The Wars whole Art each private Soldier knows,
And with a Gen'rals Love of Conquest glows:
Contempt and Fury fire their Souls by Turns,
Each Nation's Glory in each Warriour burns:
Each fights, as in his Arm th'important Day,
And all the Fate of his great Monarch lay:
A thousand glorious Actions that might claim
Triumphant Laurels, and immortal Fame,
Confus'd in Crowds of glorious Actions lie,
And Troops of Heroes undistinguish'd die.
The Rout begins, the Gallick Squadrons run,
Compel'd in Crowds to meet the Fate they shun.
Thousands of firy Steeds, with Wounds transfix'd,
Floating in Gore, with their dead Masters mix'd,
'Midst Heaps of Spears and Standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody Whirlpools drown'd
Troops of bold Youths ——
In Heaps the rouling Billows sweep away,
And into Scythian Seas their bloated Corps convey. Add.
They plung'd amidst the Waves, a desp'rate Throng;
Crow'ds, whelm'd on Crowds, dash'd wide the wat'ry Bed,
And drove the Current to its distant Head. Tickell.
His waving Banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in Fields of Death, and Streams of Blood,
So wont the guarded Enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal Breach,
Or pierce the broken Foes remotest Lines,
The hardy Veteran with Tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! Oh who can name
The Pangs of Rage, of Sorrow, and of Shame,
That with mix'd Tumult in thy Bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest Troops repell'd!
Thine only Son pierc'd with a deadly Wound,
Choak'd in his Blood, and gasping on the Ground!
Thy self in Bondage by the Victor kept!
The Chief, the Father, and the Captive wept.

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The Engliſh Muſe is touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
And in th'unhappy Man forgets the Foe.
With Floods of Gore, that from the vanquiſh'd fell,
The Marſhes ſtagnate, and the Rivers ſwell:
Mountains of Slain lie heap'd upon the Ground,
Or midſt the Rearings of the Danube drown'd:
Whole captive Hoſts the Conqu'ror detains
In painful Bondage, and inglorious Chains. Add.

BATTEL in Heaven.

Have we forgot how Raphael's num'rous Proſe
Led our exalted Souls thro' heav'nly Camps,
And mark'd the Ground where proud apoſtate Thrones
Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt Hoſt and Hoſt,
A narrow, but a dreadful, Interval,
Portentous Sight! before the cloudy Van,
Satan, with vaſt and haughty Strides advanc'd,
Came tow'ring, arm'd in Adamant and Gold:
There, bell'wing Engines, with their firy Tubes,
Diſpers'd Ethereal Forms, and down they fell
By Thouſands, Angels on Arch-Angels roul'd:
Recover'd, to the Hills they ran, they flew,
Which, with their pond'rous Load, Rocks, Waters, Woods,
From their firm Seats torn by the ſhaggy Tops,
They bore like Shields before them thro' the Air,
'Till, more incens'd, they hurl'd them at their Foes.
All was Confuſion, Heav'n's Foundation ſhook,
Threat'ning no leſs than univerſal Wreck;
For Michael's Arm main Promontories flung,
And overpreſs'd whole Legions, weak with Sin:
Yet they blaſphem'd, and ſtruggled as they lay,
'Till the great Enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd,
And, arm'd with Vengeance, God's victorious Son,
Effulgence of paternal Deity,
Graſping ten thouſand Thunders in his Hand,
Drove th'old orig'nal Rebels headlong down,
And ſent them flaming to the vaſt Abyſs. Roſc.

BAUCIS and PHILEMON.

At laſt, a hoſpitable Houſe they found,
A homely Shed; the Roof, not far from Ground,
Was thatch'd with Reeds and Straw together bound:
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long marry'd, and a happy Pair.

Now,

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Now, old in Love, tho' little was their Store,
Inur'd to Want, their Poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at Wealth, profeſſing to be poor.
For Maſter or for Servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all:
Command was none, where equal Love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd. Dryd. Ovid.

The Treat they gave to the Gods.

And now the Hoſt produc'd the genial Bed,
Sallow the Feet, the Borders, and the Sted,
Which with no coſtly Furniture they ſpread;
But courſe old Garments: Yet ſuch Robes as theſe,
They laid alone, at Feaſts, on Holydays:
The good old Houſwife, tucking up her Gown,
The Table ſets; th'invited Gods lie down.
The Trivet-Table of a Foot was lame,
A Blot, which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thruſts beneath the limping Leg a Sherd;
So was the mended Board exactly rear'd;
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly gather'd Mint,
A wholeſom Herb, that breath'd a grateful Scent.
Pallas began the Feaſt, where firſt was ſeen
The party-colour'd Olive, black and green;
Autumnal Cornels next in Order ſerv'd,
In Lees of Wine well pickled and preſerv'd:
A Garden-Sallad was the third Supply,
Of Endive, Radiſhes, and Succory:
Then Curds and Cream, the Flow'r of Countrey Fare,
And new-laid Eggs, which Baucis buſy Care
Turn'd by a gentle Fire, and roaſted rare:
All theſe in Earthen Ware were ſerv'd to Board,
And, next in Place, an Earthen Pitcher, ſtor'd
With Liquor of the beſt the Cottage could afford.
This was the Table's Ornament and Pride;
With Figures wrought, like Pages, at his Side,
Stood beechen Bowls, and theſe were ſhining clean,
Variniſh'd with Wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling Kettle had prepar'd,
And to the Table ſent, the ſmoaking Lard;
On which with eager Appetite they dine;
A ſav'ry Bit, that ſerv'd to reliſh Wine:
The Wine it ſelf was ſuiting to the reſt,
Still working in the Muſt, and lately preſs'd.
The ſecond Courſe ſucceeds like that before,
Plums, Apples, Nuts, and, of their wint'ry Store,

Dry

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Dry Figs, and Grapes; and wrinkled Dates were ſet
In Canifters, t'inlarge the little Treat:
All theſe a milk-white Honey-Comb ſurround,
Which in the Midſt the Country-Banquet crown'd.
Dryd. Ovid.

Their Transformation.

——— To Jove addreſs'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint Requeſt:
We crave to ſerve before your ſacred Shrine,
And offer at your Altars Rites Divine:
And ſince not any Action of our Life
Has been polluted with domeſtick Strife,
We beg one Hour of Death; that neither ſhe
With Widows Tears may live to bury me;
Nor, weeping, I, with wither'd Arms, may bear
My breathleſs Baucis to the Sepulchre:
The Godhead ſigns their Suit. They run their Race
In the ſame Tenour all th'allotted Space:
Then, when their Hour was come, ———
Old Baucis is by old Philemon ſeen
Sprouting with ſuddain Leaves of ſpritely Green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon ſtood,
And ſaw his lengthen'd Arms a ſprouting Wood:
Now Roots their faſten'd Feet begin to bind;
Their Bodies ſtiffen in a riſing Rind:
Then, ere the Bark above the Shoulders grew,
They give, and take, at once, their laſt Adieu:
At once, farewel, O faithful Spouſe, they ſaid;
At once th'incroaching Rinds, their cloſing Lips invade.
——— They ſtand in Phrygian Ground,
Two neighb'ring Trees, with Walls encompaſs'd round,
Upon a mod'rate Riſe, with Wonder ſhewn,
One a hard Oak, a ſofter Linden one. Dryd. Ovid.

Their Cottage chang'd into a Temple.

Their little Shed, ſcarce large enough for two, (grow:
Seems, from the Ground increas'd, in Height and Bulk to
A ſtately Temple ſhoots within the Skies;
The Crotches of their Cot in Columns riſe:
The Pavement poliſh'd Marble they behold; (Gold.
The Gates with Sculpture grac'd; the Spires and Tiles of
Dryd. Ovid.

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BAWD.

Curse on that formal steady Villain's Face!
Just so do all Bawds look: Nay, Bawds, they say,
Can pray upon Occasion, talk of Heaven,
Turn up their goggling Eye-balls, rail at Vice,
Dissemble, lie, and preach like any Priest. Otw. Orph.

Well, first or last, all Women must be won:
It is their Fate, and cannot be withstood:
The Wise do still comply with Flesh and Blood:
Or if, thro' peevish Honour, Nature fail,
They do but lose their Thanks, Art will prevail. Roch. Val.

BAYLIFF.

——— Behind the Dun there stands
Another Monster not unlike himself;
Of Aspect sullen, by the Vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible and magick Charms
Erst have endu'd: If he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, strait his Body to the Touch
Obsequious, as whilom Knights were wont,
To some enchanted Castle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable and coercive Charms
In Durance vile detain him, till, in Form
Of Money, Pallas set the Captive free.
Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect: Oft with insidious Ken
This Caytiff eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Creak or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So, Poets sing,
Grimalkin, to domestick Vermin sworn
An everlasting Foe, with watchful Eyes,
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Pass,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtless Mice
Sure Ruine. ——— Phil.

BEAR.

A Bear's a savage Beast; of all
Most ugly and unnatural:
Whelp'd without Form, until the Dam
Have lick'd him into Shape and Frame. Hud.

So

So in Pannonian Woods the growling Bear,
Transfix'd, grows fiercer for the Hunter's Spear;
Turns on her Wound, runs madding round with Pain,
And catches at the flying Shaft in vain. Rowe Luc.

BEAR-BAITING.

But now a Sport more formidable,
Had rak'd together Village-Rabble:
'Twas an old Way of Recreating,
Which learned Butchers call Bear-baiting:
A bold adventurous Exerciſe,
With ancient Heroes in high Prize:
For Authors do affirm, it came
From Iſthmian, or Nemeæan Game.
Others derive it from the Bear,
That's fixt in Northern Hemiſphere,
And round about the Pole does make,
A Circle, like a Bear at Stake,
That at the Chain's End wheels about,
And overturns the Rabble Rout. Hud.

We read, in Nero's Time the Heathen,
When they deſtroy'd the Chriſtian Brethren,
They ſow'd them in the Skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their Ears:
From whence no Doubt th' Invention came
Of this lewd Antichriſtian Game. Hud.

But what Deſign, what Intereſt
Can Beaſt have to encounter Beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed Cauſe,
Frail Priv'lege, fundamental Laws;
Nor for a thorow Reformation,
Nor Covenant, nor Proteſtation,
Nor for free Liberty of Conſcience,
Nor Lord's, nor Common's Ordinance,
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-Lands,
To get them in their own —— no-Hands;
Nor evil Counſellors to bring
To Juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the Worſhip of us Men,
Tho' we have done as much for them.
Th' Egyptians worſhip'd Dogs, and for
Their Faith made internecine War:
Others ador'd a Rat, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd Martyrdom:
The Indians fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant, and Monkey's Tooth;

And

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And many, to defend that Faith,
Fought it out mordicus to Death:
But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For Man, as for his God, to fight:
They have more Wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo.
But we, we only do infuſe
The Rage in them like Boute-feus.
'Tis our Example, that inſtills
In them th'Infection of our Ills:
For, as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts, that converſe
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs:
Juſt ſo, by our Example, Cattel
Learn to give one another Battel. Hud.

And now they reach'd the fatal Champain,
The dire Pharſalian Plain, where Battel
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant Cattel,
And fierce auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren. Hud.

Firſt, after ſolemn Proclamation
In the Bear's Name, (as is the Faſhion,
According to the Laws of Arms,
To keep Men from inglorious Harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As fourty Foot of Stake of Bear:
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T'expoſe themſelves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No Honour's got by ſuch a Maim,
Altho' the Bear gain much, being bound
In Honour, to make good his Ground,
When he's engag'd, and take no Notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 'tis;
But lets them know, at their own Coſt,
That he intends to keep his Poſt. Hud.

——— And now the routed Bear
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their Number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe Retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But, wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave Way to Fortune, and with Haſte
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warriour ſtout and politick.

He

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He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil:
But what could ſingle Valour do,
Againſt ſo num'rous a Foe?
For One againſt a Multitude
Is more than Mortal can make Good:
And now the Maſtives, charging home
To Blows, and Handy-Gripes were come:
And thus enrag'd, ſome in the Rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry where,
Till down he fell, yet, falling, fought;
And, being down, ſtill laid about:
As Widdrington in doleful Dumps
Is ſaid to fight upon his Stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If Trulla and Cerdon, in the Nick,
To reſcue him had not been quick
The conqu'ring Foe they ſoon aſſail'd,
Firſt Trulla ſtav'd, and Cerdon tail'd,
Until their Maſtifs loos'd their Hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted Bear came off with Store
Of bloody Wounds, but all before:
For, as Achilles, dipt in Pond,
Was anabaptiz'd free from Wound,
Made Proof againſt dead-doing Steel,
All over but the Pagan-Heel:
So did our Champions Arms defend
All of him, but the other End,
His Head and Ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a Leathern Parcel.
For, as an Auſtrian Arch-Duke once
Had one Ear, which in Ducatoons
A half the Coin, in Battel par'd
Cloſe to his Head: So Brain far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other Side,
Like Scriv'ner newly cturify'd;
Or like the late corrected Leathern
Ears of the circumciſed Brethren. Hud.

The Bear was in a mighty Fright
Beat down, and worſted by the Knight:
He roar'd, and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off Bondage from his Snout:
His Wrath, enflam'd, boil'd o'er; and from
His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam:
Fury in ſtranger Poſtures threw him,
And more, than ever Herald drew him:

He

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He tore the Earth, which he had sav'd
From Squelch of Knight; and storm'd, and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, because the Harms
He felt, were 'gainst the Law of Arms:
For Men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy;
Who never so much Hurt had done him,
As his own Side did, falling on him.
It griev'd him to the Guts, that they,
For whom he 'ad fought so many a Fray,
And serv'd with Loss of Blood so long,
Should offer such inhumane Wrong:
Wrong, of unsoldier-like Condition,
For which he flung down his Commission,
And laid about him, till his Nose
From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke loose.
Soon as he felt himself enlarg'd,
Thro' thickest of his Foes he charg'd,
And made Way thro' th' amazed Crew:
Some he o'er-ran, and some o'erthrew;
But took none: For, by hasty Flight,
He strove t'avoid the conquering Knight,
From whom he fled with as much Haste
And Dread, as he the Rabble chas'd:
In Haste he fled, and so did they,
Each and his Fear a several Way. Hud.

BEARD.

What fouler Sight can be,
Then the bald Branches of a leafless Tree?
Foul is the Steed without a flowing Mane;
And Birds without their Feathers and their Train.
Wool decks the Sheep, and Man receives a Grace,
From bushy Limbs, and from a bearded Face. Dryd. Ovid.

His tawny Beard was th'equal Grace
Both of his Wisdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dye so like a Tile,
A suddain View it would beguile:
The upper Part thereof was Whey;
The nether, Orange mixt with Grey.
This hairy Meteor did denounce
The Fall of Sceptres and of Crowns;
With grisly Type did represent
Declining Age of Government:
And tell, with hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave, and the States were made!

Like

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Like Sampſon's Heart-breakers, it grew
In Time to make a Nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
To wait upon the publick Downfall:
It was monaſtick, and did grow
In holy Orders, by ſtrict Vow;
Of Rule as ſullen and ſevere,
As that of rigid Cordilier.
'Twas bound to ſuffer Perſecution,
And Martyrdom with Reſolution:
T'oppoſe it ſelf againſt the Hate,
And Vengeance of th'incenſed State:
In whoſe Defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pluck'd and torn;
With red hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd and ſpit upon, and martyr'd:
Maugre all which it was to ſtand faſt,
As long as Monarchy ſhould laſt:
But, when the State ſhould hap to reel,
'Twas to ſubmit to fatal Steel;
And fall, as it was conſecrate,
A Sacrifice to Fall of State;
Whoſe Thread of Life the ſacred Siſters
Did twiſt together with its Whiskers;
And twine ſo cloſe, that Time could never,
In Life or Death, their Fortune ſever:
But, with his ruſty Sickle, mow
Both down together at one Blow:
So learned Talicotius from
The brawny Parts of Porters Bum,
Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Should laſt as long as Parent-Breech:
But, when the Date of Nock was out,
Off dropt the Sympathetick Snout. Hud.

BEAST.

Behold our Cattle, that diſtended lie
On fertile Banks, their ſprightly young Ones by,
Rev'lling on Milk, which their ſwoln Udders yield, Luer.
Grow gay, and briſk, and wanton o'er the Field. Creech
O happy Brutes, who the great Rule of Senſe obſerve,
And ne'er from their firſt Charter ſwerve:
Happy, whoſe Lives are meerly to enjoy,
And feel no Stings of Sin, which may their Bliſs annoy:
Still unconcern'd at Epithets of Ill, or Good;
Diſtinctions unadulterate Nature never underſtood. Oldh.

O

——— O Pelopidas!
Rather than buy my Pleasure with such Baseness,
I'd be a Brute; methinks the happier Creature:
The gen'rous Horse, loose in a flow'ry Lawn,
With Choice of Pasture, and of crystal Brooks,
And all his chearful Mistresses about him,
The White, the Brown, the Black, the shining Bay,
And ev'ry dappled Female of the Field:
Now, by the Gods, for ought we know, as Man
Thinks him a Beast, Man seems a Beast to him. Lee Mithr
For 't has been urg'd by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his Cat,
Complains she thought him but an Ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras. Hud.

BEATEN.

He that is valiant, and dares fight,
Tho' drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't:
Honour's a Lease for Lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel,
Not to be forfeited in Barrel. Hud.
Quoth he, That Honour's very squeamish,
That takes a Basting for a Blemish:
For what's more hon'rable than Scars,
Or Skin, to Tatters rent in Wars?
Some have been beaten, till they know
What Wood a Cudgel's of by th' Blow:
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether,
A Shoe be Spanish or Neat's Leather.
By Laws of learned Duellists,
They that are bruis'd with Wood or Fists,
And think one Beating may for once
Suffice, are Cowards and Poltroons:
But if they dare engage t'a second,
They're stout and gallant Fellows reckon'd:
The beaten Soldier proves most manful,
That, like his Sword, endures the Anvil,
And justly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable:
But he, that fears a Bastinado,
Will run away from his own Shadow. Hud.
'Tis not the least Disparagement,
To be defeated by th' Event;
Nor to be beaten by main Force:
That does not make a Man the worse:

Altho'

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Altho' his Shoulders with Battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to some Tune:
But to turn Tail, or run away,
And without Blows give up the Day;
Or to surrender ere th'Assault,
That's no Man's Fortune, but his Fault;
And renders Men of Honour less
Than all th'Adversity of Success. Hud.

BEAUTY.

Beauty, whose Flames but Mereors are;
Short-liv'd and low, tho' thou wouldst seem a Star. Cowl.
Trust not too much to that enchanting Face: (Virg.
Beauty's a Charm; but soon that Charm will pass. Dryd.
For Beauty's but a transient Good at best;
Like Flow'rs, it withers with th'advancing Year;
And Age, like Winter, robs th blooming Fair. Gay.
Beauty, like Time on Dials, moves so slow, (Lerma.
That they, who always gaze, can't see it go. How. D. of
Beauty, whose Conquests still are made
O'er Hearts, by Cowards kept, or else betray'd:
Weak Victor, who thy self destroy'd must be,
When Sickness storms, or Time besieges thee. Cowl.
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States.
Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates. Suckl.
Beauty in Fancy only lies. Cowl.
There's no such Thing as that we Beauty call:
For tho' some, long ago,
Lik'd certain Colours, mingled so and so,
That does not tie me now from chusing new:
If a Fancy take
To Black and Blue,
That Fancy does it Beauty make:
'Tis not the Meat, but th'Appetite,
Makes Eating a Delight:
What in our Watches, that in us is found;
So to the Height and Nick
We up be wound,
No Matter by what Hand or Trick. Suckl.
All Hearts alike all Faces cannot move,
There is a secret Sympathy in Love:
The pow'rful Loadstone cannot move a Straw, (Cleop.
No more than Jet the trembling Needle draw. Sedl. Ant. &c
Beauty to no Complexion is confin'd:
'Tis of all Colours, and by none defin'd:

Jewels

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Jewels that ſhine, in Gold or Silver ſet,
As precious and as ſparkling are in Jet. Lanſd.
Yet there are Beauties which attract all Hearts,
And all Mankind lies open to their Darts. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
——— ——— Beauty has Bounds;
And can no more to ev'ry Heart be ſo,
Than any Coin thro' ev'ry Land can go. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
What cannot Beauty, join'd with Virtue gain? Dryd.
(Chau. the Cock and Fox.
For Beauty's Blaze, tho' fierce, is quickly paſt,
While Love, good Senſe, and Virtue, always laſt. ———
'Tis not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin, that I admire:
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Senſe:
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her Sex:
True, ſhe is fair; oh! how divinely fair!
But ſtill the lovely Maid improves her Charms
With inward Greatneſs, unaffected Wiſdom,
And Sanctity of Manners: Cato's Soul
Shines out in ev'ry Thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks:
While winning Mildneſs and attracting Smiles
Dwell in her Looks; and, with becoming Grace,
Soften the Rigour of her Father's Virtues. Add. Cato.
Beauty diſtreſs'd, like Kings from Empire thrown. (Ench.
Each Inſolent invades, regardleſs of a Frown. Lanſd. Brit.
When Beauty in Diſtreſs appears,
An irreſiſtleſs Charm it bears:
In ev'ry Breaſt does Pity move;
Pity, the tender'ſt Part of Love. Yalh.
Beauty's a Tyrant, jealous of its Pow'r. D'Aven. Circe.
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Sceptre ſways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy World obeys. Wall.
Old as I am, for Ladies Love unfit,
The Pow'r of Beauty I remember yet (Dryd.
Which once inflam'd my Soul, and ſtill inſpires my Wit.
When Beauty fires the Blood, how Love exalts the Mind.
Beauty, the Gift of Gods! The Sexes Pride! (Dryd.
Yet to how many is that Gift deny'd! Cong. Ovid.
Had you leſs beauteous been, you 'ad known leſs Care:
Ladies are happieſt, moderately fair. Eth. Love in a Tub.
With this Reward, the great Reward of Beauty,
The batter'd Soldier crowns his glorious Labours,
And ſoftens all the rugged Toils of War. Beaum. Bonduca.

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BEAUTEOUS.

What Images ſhall Eloquence prepare,
To paint a Form ſo perfect and divine?
Others by ſlow Degrees advance in Love,
And Step by Step, and leiſurely get Ground:
We article with Judgment ere we yield,
Reaſon rejecting oft, where Fanſy's fond:
She ſeizes Hearts, not waiting for Conſent,
Like ſuddain Death, that ſnatches unprepar'd,
Like Fire from Heav'n, ſcarce ſeen ſo ſoon as felt:
All other Beauties ſeem inferiour Stars,
At her Appearance, vaniſhing apace;
Where'er ſhe mounts, they ſet. —— Lanſd. Her. Love.
O, ſhe was heav'nly fair in Face and Mind!
Never in Nature were ſuch Beauties join'd:
Without, all ſhining, and within, all white;
Pure to the Senſe, and pleaſing to the Sight:
Like ſome fair Flow'r, whoſe Leaves all Colours yield,
And, op'ning, is with rareſt Odours fill'd.
As lofty Pines o'ertop the lowly Reed,
So did her graceful Height all Nymphs exceed;
To which excelling Height ſhe bore a Mind
As humble, as Oziers bending to the Wind. Cong.
O, ſhe was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Bleſſing their Babes, when firſt they ſee the Day:
Beauty and ſhe were one; for in her Face
Late Sweetneſs, temper'd with majeſtick Grace;
Such powerful Charms, as might the proudeſt awe;
Yet ſuch attractive Goodneſs, as might draw
The humbleſt, and to both give equal Law. Duke.
Is ſhe not more than mortal Man can wiſh:
Diana's Soul caſt in the Fleſh of Venus! Lee Alex.
O ſhe's the Boaſt,
The lovely Chance-work, Maſter-piece of Nature,
Who bluſh'd to ſee what her own Hands had made;
As if, miſtaking Moulds, ſhe unawares
Had caſt Semandra in a Form divine. Lee Mithr.
—— O ſhe is all Perfection!
All that the blooming Earth could ſend forth fair! (Theod.
All that the gawdy Heav'ns could drop down glorious. Lee
The faireſt of her Sex! The Pride of Nature! Dr. D. Sch.
But Theodoſius comes! Hide, hide thy Charms:
If to his clouded Eyes ſuch Day ſhould break,
The Royal Youth, who doats to Death for Love,

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I fear, would forfeit all his Vows to Heav'n,
And fix upon thy World, thy World of Beauty. Lee Theod.
Such were the Features of her Heav'nly Face,
Her Limbs were form'd with such harmonious Grace,
So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole
Had been an Emanation of the Soul;
Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd;
And like a Picture shone, in Glass anneal'd.
Or like the Sun eclips'd, with shaded Light;
Too piercing, else, to be sustain'd by Sight.
Each Thought was visible, that roul'd within;
As thro' a crystal Glass the figur'd Hours are seen. Dryd.
——— Her pure and eloquent Blood
Spoke in her Cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her Body thought. Donne.
Her Form Divine, and Seraph-like her Face,
Where Heav'nly Sweetness strove with Princely Grace!
——— What a Godlike Air!
What Throngs of Graces in her Eyes appear! Blac. P. Arth.
——— She was so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the World, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her Looks; which from that Time infus'd
Sweetness into my Heart, unfelt before,
And into all Things from her Air inspir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.
——— She was adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heav'n could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came:
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In ev'ry Gesture Dignity and Love. Milt. Par. Lost. Spoken of Eve by Adam.
The blooming Looks of Spring, and lovely Red
Of op'ning Roses, on her Cheeks were spread:
Her Eyes, that sparkled like the Stars above,
Appear'd both th' Armoury and Throne of Love;
Where Thousands of alluring Graces wait, P. Arth.
And mingling Charms, form Love's triumphant State. Blac.
A thousand Graces and a thousand Joys
Smil'd in her Cheeks, and danc'd within her Eyes;
From whose bright Magazines, to conquer Hearts, K. Arth.
Love drew his keenest Flames, and all his surest Darts. Blac.
For endless Joys are in that Heav'n of Love;
A thousand Cupids dance upon her Smiles:
Young bathing Angels wanton in her Eyes,
Melt in her Looks, and pant upon her Breasts:
Each Word is gentle as a Western Breeze,

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That fans the Infant Bosom of the Spring;
And ev'ry Sigh more rosy than the Morn. South. Loy. Bro.
Behold a Goddess in her ardent Eyes!
What Rays around her Heav'nly Face are seen! Virg.
Mark her majestick Voice, and more than mortal Mien. Dr.
Look how she walks along yon shady Space;
Not Juno moves with more majestick Grace, Arc.
And all the Cyprian Queen is in her Face. Dr. Ch. Pal. &c.
Majestick Charms in ev'ry Feature shine:
Her Air, her Port, her Accent is divine. Dryd. Hom.
Matchless her Face appears, and shines more bright,
Than polish'd Marble when reflecting Light. Cong. Hor.
Since first my dazled Eyes were thrown
On that bewitching Face,
Like ruin'd Birds, robb'd of their Young,
Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from Place to Place.
Fram'd by some cruel Pow'rs above,
So nice she is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove,
Since all, who are not blind, must love;
Who are not vain, despair. Roch.
She, whose Eyes
Meet ready Victory, where-e'er they glance;
Whom gazing Crowds admire; whom Nations court;
One, who could change the Worship of all Climates,
And make a new Religion where she comes,
Unite the diff'ring Faith of all the World,
To idolize her Face. —— Dryd. Love Trium.
Her Eyes, her Lips, her Cheeks, her Shape, her Features,
Seem to be drawn by Love's own Hand; by Love
Himself in Love. —— Dryd. Love Trium.
Her Chains were Marks of Honour to the Brave:
She made a Prince whene'er she made a Slave. D. of Buck.
From Heav'n her Beauty, like fierce Lightning came,
Which breaks thro' Darkness with its glorious Flame:
A-while it shines, a while our Sight it chears,
But soon the short-liv'd Comfort disappears;
And Thunder follows, whose resistless Rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage.
So, oft the Light, which those bright Flashes gave,
Serv'd only to conduct us to our Grave. D. of Buck.
Such, or less charming was the Queen of Love,
When with her Rival Goddesses she strove. Duke Ovid.
The faultless Form no secret Stains disgrace,
A beauteous Mind, unblemish'd as her Face:

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Not painted and adorn'd to varniſh Sin;
Without all Goddeſs, all divine within:
By Truth maintaining what by Love ſhe got; (Brit. Ench.
A Heav'n without a Cloud, a Sun without a Spot. Lanſd.

——— Her Heav'nly Form
Angelick, but more ſoft and feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her ev'ry Air
Of Geſture or leaſt Action overaw'd
His Malice, and with Rapine ſweet bereav'd
His Fierceneſs of the fierce Intent it brought:
That Space the Evil One abſtracted ſtood
From his own Evil, and for the Time remain'd
Stupidly good, of Enmity diſarm'd,
Of Guile, of Hate, of Envy, of Revenge. Milt. Par. Loſt.
Spoken of Satan when he firſt diſcover'd Eve in Paradiſe.

Not thus Minerva, tho' a Goddeſs, ſhone:
O! had her Eyes ſuch dazling Luſtre thrown,
Thence the bold Artiſt had inform'd his Clay;
Nor ſought another Sun, nor fall'n a Vulture's Prey. Lanſd.

Had Love's fair Goddeſs been ſo ſtrong in Charms,
Raſh Diomede had dropt his vent'rous Arms;
No ſhameful Victory the Greek had won,
But thouſand Wounds receiv'd, inſtead of giving one. Lanſd.

Rich in unpractis'd Charms, ſhe ſcatters Chains,
And, ſhunning Empire, certain Empire gains:
Neglectful, yet ſecure, with Arrows plays,
Unmeaning, throws; and, undefiring, ſlays. Lanſd.

Such a Complexion foils the Pride of May;
Such Looks add Splendour to the brighteſt Day. Lanſd.

See! ſee! th'alternate Glories of the Skies
Blend in her Form, and all at once ſurprize:
Her roſy Cheek the Bluſh of Morning ſhews,
Her dazling Eyes the mid-day Sun diſcloſe;
Her Air reſembles well the milky Way; (Lanſd
There, Stars unnumber'd ſhine, here Loves unnumber'd play

O lovely Conflict of her varying Hue!
Lilly and Roſe by grateful Turns ſubdue.
Promiſcuous Charms our raviſh'd Senſes greet;
Here April's Bloom and Auguſt's Ripeneſs meet.
Delights, which ſeem but to ſalute the Year,
Eternally reſide, and flouriſh here. Lanſd.

Unſully'd Luſtre dwells upon thy Face;
Nor Eye can find a Stain, nor Fancy mend a Grace. Lanſd.

Th'illuſtrious Ancients were by Halves divine,
The Face and Mind did ne'er together ſhine:

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Here all Accompliſhments are fully ſhown,
And ev'ry Goddeſs is compriz'd in one:
So fair; yet Fairneſs ſeems her ſmalleſt Praiſe;
Her Soul's profuſe of Light, and darts immortal Rays. Lanſd.

——— ——— As at Troy,
When Hellen paſſes thro' the crowded Streets,
Who curs'd her, out of Sight; ſtrait bleſs aloud,
And cry, ſhe's worth the War: Who would not fight,
Tho' ſure to die, to ſave ſuch wond'rous Beauty?
So when the fair Chruſeis comes in View;
Her Beauty reconciles the moſt enrag'd:
The Sick, who know they periſh for her Sake,
Crawl from their Tents to gaze upon her Face;
And, looking on her, feel Returns of Strength:
Soldiers and Captains throng in Crowds about her:
All with loud Cries approve their Gen'ral's Love:
And with one Voice conſent to their own Ruin:
To loſe the Sight of her ſeems what they fear
More than the Loſs of Life or Victory. Lanſd. Her. Love.

——— ——— She was her Sexes Pride:
Nor think my Tongue too laviſh, if I ſpeak her,
Fair as the Fame of Virtue, and yet chaſte
As its cold Precepts; wiſe beyond her Sex,
And blooming Youth, ſoft as forgiving Mercy;
Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her Honour. Rowe Tam.

Seems ſhe not more than Numbers can expreſs? (Lanſd.
Seems not ev'n Thought afraid to make ſuch Wonders leſs?
O, could I reach a Harmony in Sound,
Like the fam'd Sweetneſs in her Aſpect found;
To you bright Sphere I'd raiſe the glitt'ring Dame, (Lanſd.
And with due Numbers ſhake the Pattern of her Frame.

——— ——— ——— ——— O mighty Queen,
In whom th' Extreams of Pow'r and Beauty move;
The Queen of Britain and the Queen of Love!
Heav'n, that preferr'd a Sceptre to your Hand,
Favour'd our Freedom more than your Command.
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole World's Miſtreſs, other than a Queen:
All had been Rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd, or tyranniz'd, without a Guard.
No Pow'r, atchiev'd either by Arms, or Birth,
Equals Loves Empire, both in Heav'n and Earth:
Such Eyes, as yours, on Jove himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a Lightning as his own. Wall. to the (Queen.

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B E E.

The Gift of Heav'n my following Song pursues;
Aerial Honey, and ambrosial Dews:
Mecænas, read this other Part, that sings
Embattel'd Squadrons, and adventrous Kings:
A mighty Pomp, tho' made of little Things:
Their Arms, their Arts, their Manners I disclose;
And how they war; and whence the People rose:
Slight is the Subject; but the Praise not small;
If Heav'n assist, and Phœbus hear my Call. Dryd. Virg.

First I'll begin their Natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the Bees confer;
Because, invited by the Timbrels' Sound,
Lodg'd in a Cave th' Almighty Babe they found,
And the young God nurs'd kindly under Ground.
Of all the wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
These only make their Young the publick Care:
In well dispos'd Societies they live,
And Laws and Statutes regulate their Hive;
Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad;
But know set Stations, and a fixt Abode:
Each, provident of Cold, in Summer flies
Thro' Fields and Woods to seek for new Supplies,
And in the common Stock unlades his Thighs:
Some watch the Food, some in the Meadows ply,
Taste ev'ry Bud, and suck each Blossom dry;
Whilst others, lab'ring in their Cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy Tears with Gum,
For the first Ground-work of the golden Comb:
On this they found their waxen Works, and raise
The yellow Fabrick on its glewy Base:
Some educate the Young, or hatch the Seed
With vital Warmth, and future Nations breed:
Whilst others thicken all the slimy Dews,
And into purest Honey work the Juice:
They fill the Hollows of the Comb, and swell,
With luscious Nectar, ev'ry flowing Cell:
By Turns they watch, by Turns with curious Eyes
Survey the Heav'ns, and search the clouded Skies,
To find out breeding Storms, and tell what Tempests rise.
By Turns they ease the loaden Swarms; or drive
The Drone, a lazy Insect, from their Hive.
The Work is warmly ply'd thro' all the Cells,
And strong with Thyme the new-made Honey smells:
The busy Swarms thus diff'rent Labours share:

Desire

Desire of Profit urges all Degrees:
The aged Insects, by Experience wise,
Attend the Comb, and fashion ev'ry Part,
And shape the waxen Fret-work out with Art:
The Young, at Night returning from their Toils,
Bring home their Thighs, clog'd with the Meadows Spoils:
On Lavender and Saffron Buds they feed,
On bending Osiers, and the balmy Reed.
From purple Violets and the Toyle they bring
Their gather'd Sweets, and rifle all the Spring.
All work together, all together rest;
The Morning still renews their Labours past;
Then all rush out, their diff'rent Tasks pursue,
Sit on the Bloom, and suck the rip'ning Dew:
Again, when Ev'ning warns them to their Home,
With weary Wings and heavy Thighs they come,
And crowd about the Chink, and mix a drowsy Hum:
Into their Cells at length they gently creep;
These all the Night their peaceful Station keep,
Wrapt up in Silence, and dissolv'd in Sleep:
None range abroad, when Winds or Storms are nigh,
Nor trust their Bodies to a faithless Sky;
But make small Journeys with a careful Wing,
And fly to water at a neighb'ring Spring:
And, lest their airy Bodies should be cast
In restless Whirls, the Sport of ev'ry Blast,
They carry Stones to poise them in their Flight,
As Ballast keeps th'unsteady Vessel right.
But of all Customs, that the Bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge Admiration most;
That none will Hymen's softer Joys approve,
Nor waste their Spirits in luxurious Love;
But all a long Virginity maintain,
And bring forth Young without a Mother's Pain.
From Herbs and Flow'rs they pick each tender Bee,
And cull from Plants a buzzing Progeny.
From these they chuse out Subjects, and create
A little Monarch of the rising State;
Then build Wax Kingdoms for the Infant Prince,
And form a Palace for his Residence.
But often in their Journeys, as they fly,
On Flints they tear their silken Wings, or lie
Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry Load, and die.
Thus Love of Honey can an Insect fire,
And in a Fly such gen'rous Thoughts inspire:
Yet, by repeopling their decaying State,
Tho' sev'n short Springs conclude their vital Date;

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Their ancient Stocks eternally remain,
And, in an endleſs Race, the Childrens Children reign.
No proſtrate Vaſſal of the Eaſt can more,
With ſlaviſh Fear his haughty Prince adore:
His Life unites them all; but, when he dies
All in loud Tumults and Diſtractions riſe;
They waſte their Honey, and their Combs deface,
And wild Confuſion reigns in ev'ry Place:
Him all admire, all the great Guardian own;
And crowd about his Courts, and buz about his Throne:
Oft on their Backs their weary Prince they bear;
Oft in his Cauſe, embattel'd in the Air,
Purſue a glorious Death, in Wounds and War.
Twice in the Year their flow'ry Toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy Harveſt in:
Once, when the lovely Pleiades ariſe,
And add freſh Luſtre to the Summer Skies;
And once, when, haſt'ning from the watry Sign,
They quit their Station, and forbear to ſhine. Add. Virg.
The King provides, his Subjects Toils ſurveys;
The ſervile Rout their careful Cæſar praiſe:
Him they extol; they worſhip him alone:
They crowd his Levees, and ſupport his Throne:
They raiſe him on their Shoulders with a Shout;
And, when their Sov'raign's Quarrel calls them out,
His Foes to mortal Combat they defy;
And think it Honour at his Feet to die.
Induc'd by ſuch Examples, ſome have taught,
That Bees have Portions of Etherial Thought;
Endu'd with Particles of heav'nly Fires:
For God the whole created Maſs inſpires;
Thro' Heav'n, and Earth, and Ocean's Depth he throws
His Influence round, and kindles as he goes.
Hence Flocks, and Herds, and Men, and Beaſts, and Fowls,
With Breath are quicken'd; and attract their Souls:
Hence take the Forms his Preſcience did ordain;
And into him at length reſolve again:
No Room is left for Death; they mount the Sky;
And to their own congenial Planets fly. Dryd. Virg.
The Bees are prone to Rage, and often found
To periſh for Revenge, and die upon the Wound:
Their venom'd Sting produces aking Pains,
And ſwells the Fleſh, and ſhoots along the Veins.
When Sickneſs reigns, for Bees, as well as we,
Feel all th' Effects of frail Mortality,
By certain Marks the new Diſeaſe is ſeen,
Their Colour changes, and their Looks are thin:

Their

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Their Fun'ral Rites are form'd, and ev'ry Bee
With Grief attends the ſad Solemnity:
The few diſeas'd Survivors hang before
Their ſickly Cells, and droop about the Door:
Or ſlowly in their Hives their Limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with Hunger, and benumb'd with Cold:
In drawling Hums the feeble Inſects grieve,
And doleful Buzzes echo thro' the Hive;
Like Winds that ſoftly murmur thro' the Trees,
Like Flames pent up, or like retiring Seas. Add. Virg.

The Learned write, an Inſect Breeze
Is but a mungrel Prince of Bees,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſtings the Founders of his Houſe;
From whoſe corrupted Fleſh that breed
Of Vermine did at firſt proceed. Hud.

When th' Under-World is ſeiz'd with Cold and Night,
And Summer here deſcends in Streams of Light;
The Bees thro' Woods and Foreſts take their Flight.
They riſe ev'ry Flow'r, and lightly ſkim
The cryſtal Brook, and ſip the running Stream:
And thus they feed their Young with ſtrange Delight;
And knead the yielding Wax, and work the ſlimy Sweet.
Add. Virg.

Mark, how the little untaught Builders ſquare
Their Rooms, and in the Dark their Lodgings rear!
Nature's Mechanicks! they unweary'd ſtrive,
And fill with curious Labyrinths the Hive.
See, what bright Strokes of Architecture ſhine
Thro' the whole Frame! what Beauty! what Deſign!
In what juſt Order all th' Apartments riſe!
So regular their equal Sides cohere,
Th' Adapted Angles ſo each other bear,
That by mechanick Rules, refin'd and bold,
They are at once upheld: at once uphold:
Each verdant Hill th' induſtrious Chymiſts climb,
Extract the Riches of the blooming Thyme,
And, provident of Winter long before,
They ſtock their Caves, and hoard their flow'ry Store:
The yellow Pillage of the rifled Flow'r.
In Peace they rule their State with prudent Care,
Wiſely defend, or wage offenſive War. Blac. Creat.

If e'er two Rival Kings their Right debate,
And Factions and Cabals embroil the State,
The Peoples Actions will their Thoughts declare;
All their Hearts tremble, and beat thick with War.

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Hoarſe, broken Sounds, like Trumpet's harſh Alarms,
Run thro' the Hive, and call them to their Arms:
All in a Hurry ſpread their ſhiv'ring Wings,
And fit their Claws, and point their angry Stings:
In Crowds before the King's Pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the Foe to fight:
At laſt, when all the Heav'ns are warm and fair,
They ruſh together out, and join: The Air
Swarms thick, and echo's with the humming War.
All in a firm round Cluſter mix, and throw,
With Heaps of little Corps, the Ground below;
As thick as Hail-Stones from the Floor rebound,
Or ſhaken Atoms rattle on the Ground.
No Senſe of Danger can their Kings controul,
Their little Bodies lodge a mighty Soul:
Each, obſtinate in Arms, purſues his Blow,
'Till ſhameful Flight ſecures the routed Foe.
This hot Diſpute, and all this mighty Fray,
A little Duſt, flung upward, will allay.
The Kings are diff'rent: one, of better Note,
All ſpeck'd with Gold, and many a ſhining Spot,
Looks gay, and gliſtens in a gilded Coat.
But Love of Eaſe, and Sloth in one prevails,
That ſcarce his hanging Paunch behind him trails:
The Peoples Looks are diff'rent as their Kings;
Some ſparkle bright, and glitter in their Wings:
Others look loathſome, and diſeas'd with Sloth;
Like a faint Traveller, whoſe duſty Mouth
Grows dry with Heat, and ſpits a mankiſh Froth.
Add. Virg.

But when on high you ſee the Bees repair
Borne on the Winds thro' diſtant Tracts of Air,
And view the winged Cloud all black'ning from afar;
While ſhady Coverts and freſh Streams they chuſe,
On brazen Veſſels beat a tinkling Sound,
And ſhake the Cymbals of the Goddeſs round:
Then all will haſtily retreat, and fill
The warm reſounding Hollow of their Cell. Add. Virg.

Deep in the Palace, of long Growth there ſtood,
A Laurel Trunk, a venerable Wood:
It happen'd once, a boding Prodigy;
A Swarm of Bees, that cut the liquid Sky,
Upon the topmoſt Branch in Clouds alight;
There with their claſping Feet together clung;
And a long Cluſter from the Laurel hung. Dryd. Virg.

But when they ſport abroad, and rove from Home,
And leave the cooling Hive, and quit th' unfiniſh'd Comb;
Their

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Their airy Ramblings are with Eafe confin'd:
Clip their Kings Wings, and if they fly behind,
No bold Usurper dares invade their Right,
Nor found a March, nor give the Sign for Fight. Add. Virg.

So when a Summer-Cloud the Sky o'erſpreads,
The Bees, that wander o'er the flow'ry Meads,
Or to the Tops of lofty Mountains climb,
To fetch the yellow Spoils of od'rous Thyme,
Forſake their Toil, and, lab'ring thro' the Air,
To their known Hives, with haſty Flight, repair:
All, to their Cells returning from abroad,
Depoſe their luſcious Dew, and ſtructure Thighs unload.
Blac. P. Arth.

—— Thus in Summer's Heat
The Bees from Flow'r to Flow'r fly humming o'er the Field,
To ſuck the Morning Dew, which new-born Lillies yield.
Laud. Virg.

So ſwarming Bees, that, on a Summer's Day,
In airy Rings, and wild Meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen Sound, their Wand'rings end,
And, gently circling, on a Bough deſcend. Young.

As when the Bees their waxen Town forſake,
Careleſs in Air their wand'ring Way they take;
No more in clust'ring Swarms condens'd they fly,
But fleet uncertain thro' the various Sky;
No more from Flow'rs they ſuck the liquid Sweet,
But all their Cares and Induſtry forget:
Then, if at length the tinkling Brass they hear,
With ſwift Amaze the Flight they ſoon forbear;
Suddain their ſlow'ry Labours they renew,
Hang on the Thyme, and ſip the balmy Dew.
Mean time, ſecure on Hybla's fragrant Plain,
With Joy exults the happy Shepherd-Swain,
Proud that his Heart has thus preſerv'd his Store,
He ſcorns to think his homely Cottage poor. Rowe Luc.

So when a Foe invades the fragrant Cells
In which the Bees induſtrious Nation dwells;
The watchful Centinels the Signal give,
To raiſe the whole Militia of the Hive:
Strait mighty Uproar, Tumult, warlike Sound,
Thro' all the waxy Labyrinth rebound.
From their high Seats the noiſy Youth deſcend
In raging Troops their Fortreſs to defend:
The trembling Roof reſounds with threat'ning Swarms,
With Captains Fury, and the Din of Arms. Blac. K. Arth.

So wand'ring Bees would periſh in the Air,
Did not a Sound, proportion'd to their Ear,

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Appeaſe their Rage, invite them to the Hive,
Unite their Force, and teach them how to thrive;
To rob the Flow'rs, and to forbear the Spoil;
Preſerv'd in Winter by their Summer's Toil,
They give us Food, that may with Nectar vie,
And Wax, that does the abſent Sun ſupply. Wall.

BEGGAR.

I'd rather wander thro' the World a Beggar, (Orph.
And live on ſordid Scraps at proud Men's ſurly Doors. Otw.
Will you then quite caſt off your poor Lavinia,
And turn me, like a Vagrant, out of Doors,
To wander up and down the Streets of Rome,
And beg my Bread with Sorrow? Can I bear
The proud and hard Revilings of a Slave,
Fat with his Maſter's Plenty, when I ask
A little Pity for my pinching Wants?
Shall I endure the cold, wet, windy Night,
To ſeek a Shelter under dropping Eves,
A Porch my Bed, a Threſhold for my Pillow,
Shiv'ring and ſtarv'd for want of Warmth and Food,
Swell'd with my Sighs, and almoſt choak'd with Tears?
Muſt I, at the uncharitable Gates
Of proud great Men, implore Relief in vain? Otw. C. Mar.
Like ſturdy Beggars, that intreat
For Charity at once and threat. Hud.

BEGINNING.

Small are the Seeds which Fate, unheeded, ſows
Of ſlight Beginnings to important Ends. D'Aven.
True Wiſdom will no Enemy deſpiſe: (Cleop.
From ſmall Beginnings mighty Flames ariſe. Sed. Ant. &
—— Juſt Fate can ne'er provide
For raſh Beginnings a ſucceſsful End. D'Aven.
Things, ill begun, ſtrengthen themſelves by Ill. Shak. Mac.

Prieſteſs of BELLONA.

Cumana to the ſacred Tunnel cleaves;
Her Breaſt, enlarg'd, the Goddeſs now receives:
And now ſhe rages like a Bacchanal;
With Furies acted, rends the holy Veil:
Full of the Deity, about ſhe roams,
Stares, gapes, and on the hallow'd Curtain foams;

Cuts

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Cuts her own Fleſh, grovels upon the Ground,
Sings, dances, kicks the golden Tripods round. Lee Sophon.
The Fit of Prophecy's come on:
Our Goddeſs does the Tunnel wind;
And ſacred Horrours ſwell my Mind. Lee Sophon.
Ceaſe, Goddeſs, ceaſe, thy Servant to torment:
My Lungs are with prophetick Fury ſpent:
The ſtruggling Fates within my Boſom turn;
And heav'nly Fires my trembling Heart-ſtrings burn.
When will thy Godhead let me reſt,
Too mighty for a mortal Breaſt? Lee Sophon.

BERMUDAS.

For the kind Spring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the Year:
Ripe Fruits and Bloſſoms on the ſame Trees live;
At once they promiſe what at once they give:
So ſweet the Air, ſo moderate the Clime,
None ſickly lives, or dies before his Time.
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at ſome conſtant Seaſons of the Year,
Their barren Tops with luſcious Food abound,
And with the Eggs of various Fowls are crown'd.
Heav'n ſure has kept this Spot of Earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all Things were created firſt.
There, the Supporter of the Poets Style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
O, how I long my careleſs Limbs to lay
Under the Plantanes Shade, and all the Day
With am'rous Airs my Fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my Vein!
No Paſſion there in my fond Breaſt ſhould move;
None but the ſweet, and beſt of Paſſions, Love. Wall.

BIBLIOPOLO.

With leering Looks, Bull-fac'd, and freckled fair;
With frowzy Pores, that taint the ambient Air;
With two left Legs, and Judas-colour'd Hair. Dryd.

BIGOTRY.

Then, from a Sulphur Cave, a Fury crawl'd,
And, on the Floor, in loathſome Volumes ſprawl'd:
So fierce, ſhe ſtruck th'infernal Lords with Fright;
And ſo deform'd, ſhe prejudic'd their Sight:

Hell,

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Hell, at the dire Appearance blacker grew,
And vulgar Fiends, for Fear and Shame, withdrew.
Horrour it self the raging Fury fear'd,
And Terrour ſtarted when ſhe firſt appear'd.
Her firy Eyes, a red malignant Glare,
Shot from their bloody Orbits thro' the Air:
Black Vipers crown'd her Head with horrid Grace;
The rankeſt Brood of all th'infernal Race:
In odious Curls they on her Shoulders hung,
Hiſſing and thruſting out their three-forkʼd Tongue:
The firy Breaths, that from her Noſtrils came,
With Fevers and with Plagues the Air inflame:
Whene'er the Fury yawn'd, ſhe ſet to ſhow
A dreadful Armoury of Death and Woe:
She ſeem'd all Teeth and Jaws, prepar'd for Spoil,
Like the arm'd Tyrant that infeſts the Nile:
Like the full Boſom of the wideſt Sail
In Ships of War, ſwol'n with a vig'rous Gale,
Far out her vaſt hydropick Belly ſtood,
Turgid with purple Seas of Chriſtian Blood:
Her Caves with Croſſes, Racks and Ferters ſtor'd,
Variety of Pains and Choice of Deaths afford:
Her hateful Parents, Pontificial Pride,
And Luſt of Gold, ſtood by the Furies Side:
Fierce Inquiſition, Rage, Ambition, Hate,
Revenge and Envy, to compoſe her State,
A dire Retinue, on the Fiend await. Blac. Eliza.

B I R D.

Idle Muſicians of the Spring,
Whoſe only Careʼs to love and ſing. Roſc.
The wakeful Birds, impatient for the Morning,
Already, hark! begin to call it forth,
With Notes, like Trumpets ſounding a Retreat. Hopk. Tym.
Secure and free they paſs their harmleſs Hours;
Gay as the Birds that revel in the Grove,
And ſing the Morning up. ——— Tate Lear. Gen.
Hear, how the Birds, on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
With joyous Muſick wake the dawning Day! Pope.
——— ——— Each Grove is fillʼd with Birds,
Who ſit and ſing, and, in a num'rous Throng, (Lucr.
With new-fledgʼd Wings clap and applaud the Song. Creech
The Birds, that either, wanton o'er the Floods, (Lucr.
Or fill with tuneful Sounds the liſt'ning Woods. Creech
Hark, how on ev'ry Bough the Birds expreſs
In their ſweet Notes their Happineſs!

They

They all enjoy, and nothing spare,
But on their Mother Nature lay their Care.
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below,
Such Troubles chuse to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo. Dryd.

Hark, how the gawdy Goldfinch and the Thrush
With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Bush!
In pleasing Consort all the Birds combine;
And tempt us in their various Song to join. Pope.

Thus, as the wing'd Musicians of the Grove,
Th' Associates of my Melody and Love,
In moving Sounds alone relate their Pain,
And not with Voice articulate complain:
So shall my Muse my tuneful Sorrows sing,
And lose in Air her Name from whom they spring. Cong.

So to th'appointed Grove the feather'd Pair
Flie chirping on, unwatchful of the Snare;
Pursuing Love, and wing'd with am'rous Thought,
The wanton Couple in one Toil are caught;
In the same Cage in mournful Notes complain (Each
Of the same Fate, and curse perfidious Man. Lansd. Brit.

——— ——— So in the Fields,
When the Destroyer has been out for Prey,
The scatter'd Lovers of the feather'd Kind,
Seeking, when Danger's past, to meet again,
Make moan, and call, by such Degrees approach,
Till, joining, thus they bill, and spread their Wings,
Murmuring Love and Joy, their Fears are over. Otw. Orph.

BLESSING.

——— Hear me, bounteous Heav'n!
Pour down your Blessings on this beauteous Head,
Where everlasting Sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving Hand: let Peace,
Honour and Safety always hover round her;
Feed her with Plenty; let her Eyes ne'er see
A Sight of Sorrow; nor her Heart know Mourning:
Crown all her Days with Joys; her Nights with Rest,
Harmless as her own Thoughts; and prop her Virtue.
Otw. Ven. Pres.

——— ——— The bounteous Heav'ns
Rain on your Head whole Deluges of Mercies,
For this great Goodness! Hear me, O ye Pow'rs!
Hear me upon my Knees! Where e'er he goes,
Guard him with Blessings; give him his own Wishes:
If to the Wars he pass, Renown attend him,

And

And growing Conqueſt dwell upon his Arms:
Let him attain, by a long Courſe of Valour,
And gallant Acts, to the old Roman Greatneſs;
And, when at laſt in Triumph he returns,
May all the ſighing Virgins ſtrew his Way, (Bo
And with new Garlands crown his coming Glory. Lee Cæ

——— O gracious Heav'n!
Thou that haſt endleſs Bleſſings ſtill in ſtore
For Virtue, and for filial Piety;
Let Grief, Diſgrace, and Want be far away;
But multiply thy Mercies on his Head:
Let Honour, Greatneſs, Goodneſs, ſtill be with him,
And Peace in all his Ways. ——— Rowe Fair Pen.

Reward him for the noble Deed, juſt Heav'n!
For this one Action guard him and diſtinguiſh him
With ſignal Mercies and with great Deliv'rance;
Save him from Wrong, Adverſity and Shame;
Let never fading Honours flouriſh round him,
And conſecrate his Name ev'n to Time's End:
Let him know nothing elſe but Good on Earth,
And everlaſting Bleſſedneſs hereafter. Rowe J. Shore.

May all the Saints aſſiſt thee with prevailing Pray'rs,
And warring Angels combat on thy Side. Rowe J. Shore

Let Pollio's Fortune crown his full Deſires;
Let Myrrh, inſtead of Thorn, his Fences fill:
And Show'rs of Honey from his Oaks diſtil. Dryd. Virg.

Angels preſerve my deareſt Father's Life;
Bleſs it with long and uninterrupted Days!
O may he live till Time it ſelf decay,
Till good Men wiſh him dead, or I offend him. Otw. Orph

——— Kind Heav'n has ſurely endleſs Stores
Hoarded for thee of Bleſſings yet untaſted. Otw. Ven. Pre
The Seal of Providence is ſure upon thee, (Pre
And thou wert born for yet unheard of Wonders. Otw. Ven

Circulation of the BLOOD.

——— The Heart, from its contracted Cave,
On the left Side, ejects the bounding Wave:
The crimſon Jets, rais'd with elaſtick Force,
Swift to the Seats of Senſe purſue their Courſe;
Arterial Streams thro' the ſoft Brain diffuſe,
And water all its Field with vital Dews:
The ſhooting Streams, which, thro' another Road,
The beating Engine downward does explode,
To all th'inferiour Parts deſcend, and lave
The Members with their circulating Wave. Blac. Creat.

As

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As when the Thames advances thro' the Plain,
With his freſh Waters to dilute the Main,
He turns and winds amidſt the flow'ry Meads,
And now contracts, and now his Water ſpreads:
Here, in a Courſe direct he forward tends,
There, to his Head his Waves retorted bends;
See, now the ſportive Tide in two divides
His ſilver Train, now with uniting Tides
He wanton claſps the intercepted Soil,
And forms with erring Streams the reedy Iſle;
At length, collecting all his wat'ry Band,
The Ocean to augment he leaves the Land;
So the red Currents in their ſecret Maze,
In various Rounds thro' dark Meanders paſs;
Till all, aſſembled in the Cava Vein,
Bring to the Heart's right Side their crimſon Train;
Which, now compreſs'd with Force elaſtick, drives
The Flood, that thro' the ſecret Paſſes ſtrives.
The Road, that to the Lungs this Store tranſmits,
Into unnumber'd narrow Channels ſplits:
The venal Blood crowds thro' the winding Ways,
And thro' the Tubes the broken Tide conveys:
Theſe num'rous Streams, their roſy Beauty gone,
Poor by Expence, and faint with Labour grown,
Are in the Lungs enrich'd, which reinſpire
The languid Liquors, and reſtore the Fire.
The large Arterial Ducts, that thither lead,
By which the Blood is from the Heart convey'd,
Thro' either Lobe ten thouſand Branches ſpread.
Here its bright Stream the bounding Current parts,
And thro' the various Paſſes ſwiftly darts:
Each ſubtile Pipe, each winding Channel fills
With ſprightly Liquors, and with purple Rills:
The Pipe, diſtinguiſh'd by its griſtly Rings,
To cheriſh Life aerial Paſture brings;
Which the ſoft breathing Lungs, with gentle Force,
Conſtant embrace by Turns, by Turns divorce:
The ſpringy Air this nitrous Food impels,
Thro' all the ſpungy Parts, and bladder'd Cells,
And with dilating Breath the vital Bellows ſwells:
Th' admitted Nitre agitates the Flood,
Revives its Fires, and referments the Blood:
Behold the Streams now change their languid Blue,
Regain their Glory, and their Flame renew:
With ſcarlet Honours readorn'd, the Tide
Leaps on, and, bright with more than Tyrian Pride,

Ad-

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Advances to the Heart, and fills the Cave
On the left Side, which the first Motion gave.
Now, thro' the same involv'd Arterial Ways,
Th' exploded Jets th' impulsive Engine plays. Blac. Creat.

BLUSH.

She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With Blushes glow'd; such Blushes as adorn
The ruddy Welkin, or the purple Morn. Add. Ovid.
So sweet a Tincture, ere the Sun appears,
The bashful ruddy Morning wears:
Thus thro' a Crystal Wave the Coral glows;
And such a Blush sits on the Virgin Rose. Flatman.
When radiant Blushes to her Cheeks repair.
Gods, how that Paint of Nature tempts our Eyes!
How Earth's Aurora far transcends the Skies!——
A lovely Shame,
That she reveal'd so much, possess'd her Cheeks. D'Aven.
With such a Blush, as purple Clusters shew,
Ere yet the Sun's autumnal Heats refine
Their sprightly Juice, and mellow it to Wine. Add. Ovid.
How brightly her betraying Blushes move,
And seem a glorious Traytor to her Love! How. Virg.
A crimson Blush her glowing Face o'erspred,
As Indian Ivory, when stain'd with Red;
Or Lillies set with Roses in a Bed. Laud. Virg.
The spreading Blushes stain her Virgin Face. Gay.
Her Face she cover'd with a conscious Red:
Like a Cloud gilded by the rising Sun;
Or Virgin, newly by her Love undone. Sedl. Ovid.
Her Sexes Tenderness resumes its Place,
And spreads in conscious Blushes o'er her Face. Yald. Strada.
—— —— What means, alas! (of Inn.
That Blood, which flushes guilty in your Face. Dryd. State
Strait a swift Blush her guilty Features stains;
In her unwilling Cheek the Crimson glows,
And her check'd Pride a short Confusion knows. Gay. Ovid.
My boiling Blood sprung with my Rage, and spread
O'er all my burning Face a firy Red:
So Roses blush when Night her kindly Dews has shed.
Bowles Theoc.
No guilty Thought the spotless Virgin knows;
And o'er her Cheek no conscious Crimson glows:
For Blushes still from Shame alone arise. Gay.
A burning Blush has cover'd all my Face. Dr. Ind. Emp.

The

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The Mufti reddens: Mark that holy Cheek:
He frets within; froths Treaſon at the Mouth,
And churns it thro' his Teeth. —— Dryd. Don. Seb.

BOAR.

—— We purſu'd the Chaſe,
When from behind the Wood, with ruſtling Sound
A monſtrous Boar ruſh'd forth: His baleful Eyes
Shot glaring Fire; and his ſtiff pointed Briſtles
Roſe high upon his Back: At me he made,
Whetting his Tuſks, and churning hideous Foam:
Then, then Hippolitus flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himſelf, and riſing to the Blow,
He launch'd the whiſtling Spear; the well aim'd Jav'lin
Pierc'd his tough Hide, and quiver'd in his Heart:
The Monſter fell, and, gnaſhing, with huge Tuſks
Plough'd up the crimſon Earth. Smith. Phæd. and Hip.

BOASTING.

—— —— —— He can boaſt,
And ne'er give o'er; did you believe his Tongue,
You'd think, he had an Arm cou'd cope with Thunder.
Oldis. Hom.

Gods! Can ſuch Boaſting, from ſuch Weakneſs come?
No Panther, Lion, or large ſavage Boar;
Whoſe Fury is ſupported by their Strength,
Could be more confident. —— Oldis. Hom.

Tongue-valiant Hero, Boaſter of thy Might;
In Threats, the foremoſt; but the Lag in Fight:
When didſt thou thruſt amid the mingled Preace,
Content to bid the War aloof in Peace?
Arms are the Trade of each plebeian Soul:
'Tis Death, to fight; but kingly to controul.
Lord-like at Eaſe, with arbitrary Pow'r;
To peel the Chiefs, the People to devour:
Theſe, Traitor, are thy Talents; fafer far
Than to contend in Fields, and Toils of War. Dryd. Hom.

—— —— —— But when we join'd in Battel,
Fierce as a Winter Storm upon the Main;
I rang'd the Field, whilſt my affrighted Foes,
Like Billows at the angry Neptune's Frowns,
Succeſſively did vaniſh from my Sight.
Did not I pour upon their foremoſt Ranks,
Sudden and fierce as Lightning; ruſh among
Their thickeſt Squadrons; and, in glorious Heat,

Like

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Like Thunder breaking from a teeming Cloud,
Make Desolation wait upon my Arms?
With my drawn Sword, I pointed out the Paths
Of dazling Fame, which none but I could tread:
Mounting that stately Pyramid alone,
Whilst all my Army lagg'd, and you below (Brothe
Trembled, like Girls, but to behold my Daring. South. La
By Mars, the single Virtue of this Arm, (South. Loy. B
Dispers'd their Troops, and drove them from the Field.
——————— Did his Genius
Know mine the stronger Demon; fear'd the Grapple,
And, looking round him, found this Nook of Fate,
To skulk behind my Sword. ——— Dryd. Don. Seb.
——— ——— Discretion,
And hardy Valour are the Twins of Honour;
And, nurs'd together, make a Conqueror;
Divided, but a Talker. ———
And we, that have been Victors, beat ourselves (duca.
When we insult upon our Honour's Subject. Beaum. Bon-

BOOKS.

I sought Relief (Trium.
In Books, the fruitless Remedies of Grief. Dryd. Love
The bookful Blockhead, ignorantly read,
With Loads of learned Lumber in his Head;
With his own Tongue still edifies his Ears;
And always list'ning to himself appears:
All Books he reads; and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him, most Authors steal their Works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary:
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's Friend;
Nay, shew'd his Faults; but when wou'd Poets mend?
No Place so sacred, from such Fops is barr'd;
Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Church-Yard:
Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in, where Angels fear to tread. Pope.

BOWER.

Go, bid her steal into the pleached Bower,
Where Honey-suckles, ripen'd by the Sun,
Forbid the Sun to enter; like Favourites,
Made proud by Princes, that advance their Pride
Against the Power that bred it. Shak. Much. A. a. Noth.

Be-

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Behold th' unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit: Above our ſhady Bow'rs
The creeping Jeſs'min thruſts her fragrant Flow'rs:
The Myrtle, Orange, and the bluſhing Roſe,
With bending Heaps ſo nigh their Blooms diſcloſe,
Each ſeems to ſmell the Flavours, which the other blows.
By theſe the Peach, the Guava, and the Pine;
And, creeping 'twixt them all, the mantling Vine
Does round their Trunks her purple Cluſters twine.
Dryd. Stat. of Inn.

——— Behold the Bower,
Where from the Jeſs'min Roof the Dew diſtill'd,
And, trickling from thy Brow, perfum'd thy Tears;
Whilſt, to correct the Vapours of the Night,
Officious Loves celeſtial Perfumes breath'd,
And fann'd the Moon-beams with more ſhining Wings.
Tate Loy. Gen.

BOWL.

A Bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And ſwelling Cluſters bend the curling Vines:
Four Figures riſing from the Work appear,
The various Seaſons of the rouling Year. Pope.

And what that highſt, which guards the Wilkin Sheen,
Where twelve bright Signs in meet Array are ſeen. Phil.

Two Bowls of beechen Wood:
Alcim'don made them; 'tis a Work divine,
And round the Brim ripe Grapes in Cluſters twine:
So curiouſly he hits the various Shapes,
And with pale Ivy cloaths the bluſhing Grapes:
Within, two Figures neatly carv'd appear;
Conon, and he, who was't? that made the Sphear,
And ſhew'd the various Seaſons of the Year. Creech Virg.

He round the Handles wrought ſmooth Ivy Knobs;
Orpheus within, and following Woods, around, (Virg.
With bending Tops, ſeem lift'ning to the Sound. Creech

A golden Bowl that ſhone with Gems divine. Dr. Virg.

On Bowls emboſs'd bright Gems were ſeen to ſhine,
Blaze on the Brims, and ſparkle in the Wine. Pope Stat.

Then Neſtor's Bowl ſhe plac'd upon the Table:
Wondrous it was, and damask'd o'er with Gold:
Four Ears it had; and, to ſupport each Ear,
Two golden Doves, ſo exquiſitely carv'd,
That they even ſeem'd to feed around the Bowl:
Double the Bottom was, and deep withal;
And, when with ſmiling Liquor it was crown'd, (Hom.
One Man could ſcarce ſupport the noble Load. Broome

BOWLS.

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BOWLS.

Thus Bowls run true, by being made
On purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd. Hud.

BRAMBLE.

The Burs and Brambles, an unbidden Crew
Of graceleſs Gueſts, th' unhappy Field ſubdue. Dryd. Virg.

He, like a Bramble 'mongſt a Cedar's Boughs,
Vexes his Peace, under whoſe Shade he grows. Otw. D. Carl.

BRIDE and BRIDEGROOM.

The Bride at length, the Care of Love, appears,
Mature for Man, and in her blooming Years:
In wanton Folds her modeſt Garments flow;
And Bluſhes in her Cheeks, or Wiſhes, glow.
And the ſweet Image of approaching Joys
Play'd in her Breaſt, and ſparkled in her Eyes.
Her Virgin-Hopes produce the bluſhing Roſe;
Her Virgin-Fears the ſpotleſs Lilly ſhews.
By Nature free, by Cuſtom only coy,
She will not for her Fears renounce the Joy;
Willing ſhe goes, and ſtrives in vain to hide
The ſilent Raptures of a wiſhing Bride. ——

While to his Arms the bluſhing Bride he took,
To ſeeming Sadneſs ſhe compos'd her Look;
As if by Force ſubjected to his Will; (& Iphig.
Tho' pleas'd, diſſembling, and a Woman ſtill. Dryd. Cym.

She is reſerv'd, you ſay, when you approach her:
Why let her weep too: Was it ever known
A ſubtle Bride laugh'd on her Wedding-Day,
Or claſp'd her Lover in the Eye o' th' World?
—— It is their Trade,
The very Nature, Soul, and Life-Blood of them,
To whine and cry, and turn their Heads away, (Cæſ. Borg.
When their Hearts doat on what they ſeem to ſcorn. Lee.

Theſe are the Fears, which wait on ev'ry Bride;
And only ſerve for Preludes to her Joys:
Short Sighs, and all thoſe Motions of thy Heart,
Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm Deſires:
Soon as the friendly Goddeſs of the Night
Shall draw her Veil of Darkneſs o'er thy Bluſhes,
Theſe little, cold, unneceſſary Doubts,
Shall fly the Circle of my folding Arms:
And, when I preſs thee trembling to my Boſom,

Thou

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Thou ſhalt confeſs, if there be room for Words,
Or ev'n for Thoughts, that all thoſe Thoughts are Bliſs.
Rowe Amb. Step.

Bluſh not redder than the Morning,
Tho' the Virgins gave you Warning:
Sigh not at the Chance befel ye,
Tho' they ſmile, and dare not tell ye:
Maids, like Turtles, love the Cooing,
Bill and murmur in their Wooing;
Thus, like you, they ſtart and tremble,
And their troubled Joys diſſemble.
Graſp the Pleaſure while 'tis coming;
Tho' your Beauties now are blooming,
Time at laſt your Joys will ſever, (Bar.
And they'll part, they'll part for ever. Lee Caſ.

Thus the chaſte Bridegroom when the Prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his Bleſſing with a trembling Eye;
Feels doubtful Paſſions throb in ev'ry Vein;
And in his Cheeks are mingled Joy and Pain;
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening Chance could riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the glorious Prize. Young.

I'm mad as promis'd Bridegrooms, borne away
With Thoughts of nothing but the joyful Day. Otw. C. Mar.

BRIDGE, built by Sin and Death, over Chaos, *from Hell to the new-made World.*

They both from out Hell-Gates into the Waſte
Wide Anarchy of Chaos damp and dark
Flew divers; and with Pow'r, (their Pow'r was great)
Hov'ring upon the Waters, what they met
Solid or ſlimy, as in raging Sea
Toſs'd up and down, together crowded drove
From each Side ſhoaling tow'rds the Mouth of Hell.
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverſe
Upon the Cronian Sea, together drive
Mountains of Ice, that ſtop th'imagin'd Way
Beyond Petſora Eaſtward, to the rich
Cathaian Coaſt. The aggregated Soil
Death with his Mace petrifick, cold and dry,
As with a Trident ſmote, and fix'd as firm
As Delos floating once; the reſt his Look
Bound with Gorgonian Rigour not to move,
As with aſphaltick Slime: broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd Beach
They faſten'd, and the Mole immenſe wrought on,

Over

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Over the foaming Deep, high-arch'd, a Bridge
Of Length prodigious, joining to the Wall
Immoveable of this now fenceleſs World,
Forfeit to Death; from hence a Paſſage broad,
Smooth, eaſy, inoffenſive, down to Hell.
So, if great Things to ſmall may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Liberty of Greece to yoke,
From Suſa, his Memnonian Palace high,
Came to the Sea, and over Helleſpont
Bridging his Way, Europe with Aſia join'd, (Par. Loſt.
And ſcourg'd with many a Stroke th'indignant Waves. Milt.

BRITANNIA.

Above the Waves ſhe lifts her ſilver Head,
And looks a Venus, born from Ocean's Bed:
For rowling Years, her happy Fortunes ſmile,
And Fates propitious bleſs the beauteous Iſle:
To Worlds remote ſhe wide extends her Reign,
And wields the Trident of the ſtormy Main:
Thus, on the Baſe of Empire, firm ſhe ſtands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing Lands. Cong.

Happy Iſle, all Joys poſſeſſing,
Clime reſembling Heav'n above;
Freedom 'tis that crowns thy Bleſſing,
Land of Liberty and Love. Lanſd. Brit. Ench.

Thee, Goddeſs Liberty, Britannia's Iſle adores:
How oft has ſhe exhauſted all her Stores!
How oft in Fields of Death thy Preſence ſought?
Nor thinks the mighty Prize too dearly bought:
On foreign Mountains may the Sun refine
The Grapes ſoft Juice, and mellow it to Wine;
With Citron Groves adorn a diſtant Soil,
And the fat Olive ſwell with Floods of Oil.
We envy not the warmer Clime, that lies
In ten Degrees of more indulgent Skies,
Nor at the Coarſeneſs of our Heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our Heads the frozen Pleiads ſhine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's Iſle,
And makes her barren Rocks, and her bleak Mountains ſmile.
Others with tow'ring Piles may pleaſe the Sight,
And in their proud aſpiring Domes delight;
A nicer Touch to the ſtretch'd Canvas give,
Or teach their animated Rocks to live:
'Tis Britain's Care to watch o'er Europe's Fate,
And hold in Ballance each contending State;

To

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To threaten bold presumptuous Kings with War,
And answer her afflicted Neighbours Pray'r. Add.
So, tho' with suddain Rage the Tempest come,
Tho' the Winds roar, and tho' the Waters foam,
Imperial Britain on the Sea looks down,
And, smiling, sees her rebel Subject frown:
Striking her Cliff, the Storm confirms her Pow'r:
The Waves but whiten her triumphant Shore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they dash, and perish at her Feet. Prior.
Firm as fair Albion 'midst the raging Main,
Surveys encircling Danger with Disdain:
In vain the Waves assault her unmov'd Shore;
In vain the Winds with mingled Fury roar;
Fair Albion's beauteous Cliffs shine brighter than before.
Amidst the World of Waves so stands serene
Britannia's Isle, the Ocean's stately Queen:
In vain the Nations have conspir'd her Fall;
Her Trench the Sea, and Fleets her floating Wall. Tickell.

BRUIN.

The valiant Bruin march'd next him,
With Visage formidably grim;
As rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own Kin;
Clad in a Mantle della Guer,
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Nose, like Indian King,
He wore, for Ornament, a Ring;
About his Neck, a threefold Gorget,
As tough, as trebled leathern Target.
He was by Birth, some Authors write,
A Russian, some a Moscovite;
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there:
Scrimanski was his Cousin-German,
With whom he serv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And, when these fail'd, he'd suck his Claws,
And quarter himself upon his Paws.
And, tho' his Countrey-men, the Huns,
Did stew their Meat between their Bums,
And th'Horses Backs, o'er which they straddle,
And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle,

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He was not half so nice as they,
But eat it raw, when't came in's Way. Hud.

BRUTUS.

Next view the Tarquin Kings: th' avenging Sword
Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd:
He first renews the Rods, and Ax severe;
And gives the Consuls royal Robes to wear:
His Sons, who seek the Tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary Lords again,
With Ignominy scourg'd, in open Sight,
He dooms to Death deserv'd, asserting publick Right.
Unhappy Man, to break the pious Laws
Of Nature, pleading in his Children's Cause!
Howe'er the doubtful Fact be understood,
'Tis Love of Honour, and his Countries Good:
The Consul, not the Father, sheds the Blood. Dr. Virg.

BUD.

And now the tender Gems but just appear,
Unable to sustain th' uncertain Year. Dryd. Virg.
So Buds, appearing ere the Frosts are pass'd,
Nipt by some unkind Blast,
Wither in Penance for their forward Haste. Oldh.

BUILDING.

Not Ought, which Sheba's wond'ring Queen beheld
Amongst the Works of Solomon, excell'd
His Ships and Building: Emblems of a Heart,
Large both in Magnanimity and Art!
Laomedon, that had the Gods in Pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred Day,
Could no such Structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the Sky:
Glad, tho' amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
To see such Pow'r imploy'd in peaceful Things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful Field:
The Task is easier to destroy, than build. Wall.
One Minute gives Invention to destroy,
What to rebuild will a whole Age imploy. Gong. Dou. Deal.
Yet then no proud aspiring Piles were rais'd;
Whose fretted Roofs with polish'd Metals blaz'd:
No labour'd Columns in long Order plac'd,
Nor Grecian Stone the pompous Arches grac'd. Pope Stat.

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Thus a fair Model of the Work design'd
First takes a Copy of the Builders Mind,
Before the Structure, firm with lasting Oak,
And Marble Bowels of the solid Rock,
Turns the strong Arch, and bids the Column rise,
And bear the lofty Palace to the Skies:
The Bars of Time enabled to surpass,
With Bars of Adamant, and Ribs of Brass. Young.

BULL.

——— A Bull he bred,
With spurning Heels, and with a butting Head. Dr. Virg.
——— A Bull, that's young and fierce;
When two Years Growth of Horn he proudly shews,
And shakes the comely Terrours of his Brows. Add. Virg.
The Bull for Fight prepares, and fiercely stands
Bending his Neck, and spurning back the Sands. Laud. Vir.
So angry Bulls the Combate strait forbear,
If from the Woods a Lion but appear. Wall.
When two fierce Bulls contend, the doubtful Herd
Stand gazing by a while, of both afraid;
But soon as one the fatal Strife declines, (Cleop.
The captive Number with the Victor joins. Sedl. Ant. &c

Jupiter chang'd into a Bull.

Large Curls adorn'd his Front, and hid his Cheft;
Of all, he seem'd by far the noblest Beast;
By something still distinguish'd from the rest.
His Whiteness did the new-fall'n Snow excel,
While it remains unsully'd, as it fell:
His Horns were small, like glitt'ring Jewels bright,
And seem'd design'd for Beauty more than Fight:
His peaceful Look no Sign of Fury shows,
He wears no Mark of Terrour on his Brows.
Now, with large Leaps he bounds upon the Land;
Anon, he rouls along the golden Sand. Hopk. Ovid.
His Hair was whiter than untrodden Snow;
A gentle Sweetness dwelt upon his Brow:
A charming Grace his ev'ry Part adorns,
And shining Glories play'd about his Horns. Harv. Ovid.

BUZZARD.

A portly Prince, and goodly to the Sight;
He seem'd a Son of Anach for his Height:
Like those whom Stature did to Crowns prefer;
Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter:

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Broad-back'd, and brawny built for Love's Delight;
A Prophet form'd to make a Female Proſelyte:
A Theologue more by Need, than genial Bent;
By Breeding ſharp; by Nature confident.
Int'reſt in all his Actions was diſcern'd:
More learn'd than honeſt; more a Wit than learn'd:
Or forc'd by Fear, or by his Profit led,
Or both conjoin'd, his native Clime he fled;
But brought the Virtues of his Heav'n along,
A fair Behaviour, and a fluent Tongue:
And yet with all his Arts he could not thrive;
The moſt unlucky Paraſite alive:
Loud Praiſes to prepare his Paths he ſent,
And then himſelf purſu'd his Compliment:
But, by Reverſe of Fortune chas'd away,
His Gifts no longer than their Author ſtay:
He ſhakes the Duſt againſt th' ungrateful Race,
And leaves the Stench of Ordures in the Place.
Oft has he flatter'd and blaſphem'd the ſame;
For in his Rage he ſpares no Sov'raign's Name.
The Hero and the Tyrant change their Style
By the ſame Meaſure that they frown or ſmile.
When well receiv'd by hoſpitable Foes,
The Kindneſs he returns is to expoſe:
For Courteſies, tho' undeſerv'd and great,
No Gratitude in fellow-Minds beget;
As Tribute to his Wit, the Churl receives the Treat.
His Praiſe of Foes is venomouſly nice,
So touch'd, it turns a Virtue into Vice.
But he, uncall'd, his Patron to controul,
Divulg'd the ſecret Whiſpers of his Soul;
Stood forth th' accuſing Satan of his Crimes,
And offer'd to the Moloch of the Times.
Prompt to aſſail, and careleſs of Defence,
Invulnerable in his Impudence;
He dares the World, and, eager of a Name,
He thruſts about, and juſtles into Fame:
Frontleſs, and Satire-proof, he ſcours the Streets,
And runs an Indian Muck at all he meets.
So fond of loud Report, that not to miſs
Of being known, his laſt and utmoſt Bliſs,
He rather would be known for what he is. Dryd. Hind. & Pant.

C. CACUS

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C.

CACUS.

BEhold the Robber's Den, inclos'd around
With living Stone, and deep beneath the Ground
The Monster Cacus, more than half a Beast,
That Hold, impervious to the Sun, poſſeſs'd:
The Pavement ever foul with human Gore;
Heads, and their mangled Members hung the Door.
Vulcan this Plague begot; and, like his Sire,
Black Clouds he belch'd, and Flakes of livid Fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our Load,
And brought the needful Preſence of a God:
Th'avenging Force of Hercules, from Spain
Arriv'd in Triumph, from Geryon ſlain:
Thrice liv'd the Giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His Prize, the lowing Herds, Alcides drove
Near Tyber's Banks, to graze the ſhady Grove:
Allur'd with Hope of Plunder; and intent
By Force to rob, by Fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by Chance they ſtray'd,
Four Oxen thence, and four fair Kine convey'd;
And, leſt the printed Footſteps might be ſeen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky Den:
The Tracks averſe a lying Notice gave,
And led the Searcher backward from the Cave.
Mean time the Herdſman Heroe ſhifts his Place,
To find freſh Paſture, and untrodden Graſs.
The Beaſts, who miſs'd their Mates, fill'd all around
With Bellowings; and the Rocks reſtor'd the Sound.
One Heifer, who had heard her Love complain,
Roar'd from the Cave, and made the Project vain:
Alcides found the Fraud: With Rage he ſhook,
And toſs'd about his Head his knotted Oak:
Swift as the Winds, or Scythian Arrows Flight,
He clomb, with eager Haſte, th'aerial Height:
Then firſt we ſaw the Monſter mend his Pace;
Fear in his Eyes, and Paleneſs in his Face,
Confeſs'd the God's Approach; trembling he ſprings,
As Terrour had increas'd his Feet with Wings:
Nor ſtay'd for Stairs; but down the Depth he threw
His Body; on his Back the Door he drew;
The Door, a Rib of living Rock: with Pains
His Father hew'd it out, and bound with Iron Chains:

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He broke the heavy Links; the Mountain clos'd;
And Bars and Leavers to his Foe oppos'd:
The Wretch had hardly made his Dungeon faſt;
The fierce Avenger came with bounding Haſte;
Survey'd the Mouth of the forbidden Hold;
And here and there his raging Eyes he roul'd:
He gnaſh'd his Teeth, and thrice he compaſs'd round,
With winged Speed the Circuit of the Ground.
Thrice at the Cavern's Mouth he pull'd in vain;
And, panting, thrice deſiſted from his Pain.
A pointed, ſtony Rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the Mountain's Back:
The leaning Head hung threat'ning o'er the Flood,
And nodded to the Left: The Heroe ſtood
Adverſe, with planted Feet; and, from the Right,
Tugg'd at the ſolid Stone, with all his Might.
Thus, heav'd, the fix'd Foundations of the Rock
Gave Way: Heav'n echo'd at the ruſhing Shock:
Tumbling it choak'd the Flood; On either Side,
The Banks leap forward, and the Streams divide:
The Sky ſhrunk upward with unuſual Dread;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his Bed:
The Court of Cacus ſtands reveal'd to Sight;
The Cavern glares with new admitted Light. Dryd. Virg.
As if a dreadful Earthquake rent in two
The ſhatter'd Globe, and ſhow'd the Realms of Woe;
Unſeen by Pow'rs above, and radiant Light
Should fright the flitting Shades, ſhut in eternal Night. Laud. Virg.
The graceleſs Monſter, caught in open Day,
Inclos'd, and in Deſpair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath; and fills
His hollow Palace with unmanly Yells.
The Heroe ſtands above; and, from afar,
Plies him with Darts and Stones, and diſtant War:
He, from his Noſtrils, and huge Mouth, expires,
Black Clouds of Smoke amidſt his Father's Fires:
Gath'ring, with each repeated Blaſt, the Night,
To make uncertain Aim, and erring Sight:
The wrathful God then plunges from above;
And, where in thickeſt Waves the Sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades thro' Fumes, and gropes his Way;
Half ſing'd, half ſtifled, till he graſps his Prey:
The Monſter, ſpewing fruitleſs Flames, he found;
He ſqueez'd his Throat, he writh'd his Neck around;
And in a Knot his cripled Members bound.
Then, from their Sockets, tore his burning Eyes;
Rowl'd on a Heap, the breathleſs Robber lies:

The

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The Doors, unbarr'd, receive the ruſhing Day;
And thorow Lights diſcloſe the raviſh'd Prey:
The Bulls, redeem'd, breathe open Air again:
Next, by the Feet, they drag him from the Den:
The wond'ring Neighbourhood, with glad Surprize,
Behold his ſhagged Breaſt, his Giant Size,
His Mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd Eyes.
Dryd. Virg.

CÆNIS.

'Twas in my ſecond Cent'ry I ſurvey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Theſſalian Maid;
Cænis the bright, was born to high Command,
A Princeſs, and a Native of thy Land;
Divine Achilles: Ev'ry Tongue proclaim'd
Her Beauty; and her Eyes all Hearts inflam'd:
But ſhe to all alike her Love deny'd:
It was her Fortune once to take her Way
Along the ſandy Margin of the Sea:
The Pow'r of Ocean view'd her as ſhe paſs'd;
And, lov'd as ſoon as ſeen, by Force embrac'd:
So Fame reports: Her Virgin-Treaſure ſeiz'd,
And his new Joys, the Raviſher ſo pleas'd,
That thus, tranſported, to the Nymph he cry'd;
Ask what thou wilt; no Pray'r ſhall be deny'd:
This alſo Fame relates: The haughty Fair,
Who not the Rape, ev'n of a God, could bear,
This Anſwer, proud, return'd: To mighty Wrongs
A mighty Recompence, of Right, belongs:
Give me no more to ſuffer ſuch a Shame;
But change the Woman for a better Name.
One Gift for all, ſhe ſaid, and, while ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtern, majeſtick, manly Tone ſhe took:
A Man ſhe was; and, as the Godhead ſwore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the Lover adds, without Requeſt,
No Force of Steel ſhould violate her Breaſt:
Glad of the Gift, the new-made Warriour goes, (Virg.
And arms among the Greeks; and longs for equal Foes. Dryd.
Cæneus, a Woman once, and once a Man;
But ending in the Sex ſhe firſt began. Dryd. Virg.

CÆSAR.

Now fix your Sight, and ſtand intent, to ſee
Your Roman Race, and Julian Progeny.

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The mighty Cæsar waits his vital Hour;
Impatient for the World, and grasps his promis'd Pow'r:
But next behold the Youth of Form Divine,
Cæsar himself, exalted in his Line:
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold;
Sent to the Realm, that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to restore a better Age of Gold.
Africk, and India, shall his Pow'r obey:
He shall extend his propagated Sway
Beyond the Solar Year, without the starry Way;
Where Atlas turns the rouling Heavn's around,
And his broad Shoulders with their Lights are crown'd:
At his foreseen Approach already quake
The Caspian Kingdoms, and Mæotian Lake:
Their Seers behold the Tempest from afar,
And threat'ning Oracles denounce the War.
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold Gates;
And seeks his hidden Spring, and fears his Nephew's Fates.
Not Hercules more Lands or Labours knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed Hind he slew:
Free'd Erymanthus from the foaming Boar;
And dipp'd his Arrows in Lernæan Gore.
And doubt we yet thro' Dangers to pursue
The Paths of Honour, and a Crown in view. Dryd. Virg.

CALENTURE.

But if on Shipboard I should see my Friend,
Grown frantick in a raging Calenture,
And then, imagining vain flow'ry Fields,
Would headlong plunge himself into the Deep;
Should I not hold him from that mad Attempt,
Till his sick Fansy were by Reason cur'd? Dryd. Don. Seb.

So, in a Calenture, the Seaman fancies
Green Fields and flow'ry Meadows on the Ocean: (Step.
Till, leaping in, the Wretch is lost for ever. Rowe Amb.

CALM.

The angry Waves had ceas'd their Roar;
Each Mountain Billow shrunk its tow'ring Head,
And peaceful slept upon its oozy Bed: (were fled.
The Winds had spent their Breath, and to their Caves
Gard.

The warring Winds are hush'd, the Sea's serene;
And Nature, soften'd, shifts her angry Scene. ——

See!

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See! silent are the Winds; a peaceful Sleep (Theoc.
Has calm'd the raging Seas, and smooth'd the Deep. Dryd.
Calm and unruffled as a Summer-Sea,
When not a Breath of Wind flies o'er its Surface. Add. Cato.
As calm, as Infants Sleep. Tate Loy. Gen.
The quiet Waves an awful Silence keep; (Circe.
The dreadful Winds in their deep Caverns sleep. D'Aven.
The Winds no more insult the flying Waves;
But for Repose retreat to neighb'ring Caves:
The Sea subsides; and, on its peaceful Breast,
Billows, diffus'd, dispose themselves to Rest. Blac. K. Arth.
The Storm was hush'd, and dimpled Ocean smil'd. Dr. Virg.
Calm and serene, as when in Spring
The new-created World began,
And Birds on Boughs did softly sing,
Their peaceful Homage paid to Man:
While Eurus did his Blasts forbear,
In favour of the tender Year. Dryd. K. Arth.

CAMELEON.

The thin Cameleon, fed with Air, receives
The Colour of the Thing to which it cleaves. Dryd. Ovid.
——— The Cameleon's known
To have no Colour of his own;
But borrows from his Neighbour's Hue
His White, or Black; his Green, or Blue;
And struts as much in ready Light,
Which Credit gives him upon Sight,
As if the Rainbow were in Tail
Settled on him, and his Heirs Male. Prior.
So the Cameleon, that lives on Air,
Is of all Creatures most inclin'd to fear. Orinda.

CAMP.

Danger and Death in Camps I've learn'd to court: (Circe.
In Camps, where Death's rough Bus'ness is a Sport. D'Aven.
Go to the Camp, Preferments noblest Mart,
Where Honour ought to have the fairest Play, you'll find,
Corruption, Envy, Discontent, and Faction,
Almost in ev'ry Band. How many Men
Have spent their Blood in their dear Country's Service;
Yet now pine under Want, while selfish Slaves, (on,
That ev'n would cut their Throats, whom now they fawn
Like deadly Locusts, eat the Honey up,
Which those industrious Bees so hardly toil'd for. Otw. Orph.

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So in a Camp, tho' at the Dead of Night,
If but the Trumpets chearful Noiſe is heard,
All at the Signal leap from downy Reſt,
And ev'ry Heart awakes, as mine does now. Otw. Orph.

To a CANDLE.

Thou watchful Taper, by whoſe ſilent Light,
I lonely paſs the melancholy Night:
O learn with me my hopeleſs Love to moan;
Commiſerate a Life ſo like thy own:
Like thine, my Flames to my Deſtruction turn,
Waſting that Heart, by which ſupply'd, they burn.
Like thine, my Joy and Suff'ring they diſplay,
At once are ſigns of Life, and Symptoms of Decay:
And, as thy fearful Flames the Day decline,
And, only during Night, preſume to ſhine;
Their humble Rays not daring to aſpire
Before the Sun, the Fountain of their Fire;
So mine, with conſcious Shame, and equal Awe,
To Shades obſcure and ſolitude withdraw;
Nor dare their Light before her Eyes diſcloſe,
From whoſe bright Beams their Being firſt aroſe. Cong.

CANIBAL.

The captive Canibal, oppreſs'd with Chains;
Yet braves his Foes; reviles, provokes, diſdains,
Of Nature fierce, untameable, and proud;
He bids Defiance to the gaping Crowd:
And ſpent at laſt, and ſpeechleſs as he lies,
With fiery Glances mocks their Rage, and dies. Lanſd.

CANNON.

——— Their Mouths
With hideous Orifice gap'd on us wide,
Portending hollow Truce: At each behind
A Seraph ſtood; and in his Hand a Reed
Held waving, tipt with Fire; while we ſuſpenſe
Collected ſtood within our Thoughts amus'd,
Not long; for ſudden all, at once, their Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow Vent apply'd
With niceſt Touch: Immediate in a Flame;
But ſoon obſcur'd with Smoak, all Heav'n appear'd,
From thoſe deep-throated Engines belch'd, whoſe Roar
Embowell'd with outrageous Noiſe the Air,

And

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And all her Entrails tore; disgorging foul
Their devilish Glut, chain'd Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes; which, on the Victor Host
Level'd, with such impetuous Fury smote,
That, whom they hit, none on their Feet might stand,
Tho' standing else as Rocks; but down they fell
By Thousands: Angel on Arch-Angel rould. Milt. Par. Loft.

On ev'ry Side wide-gaping Engines wait,
Teeming with Fire, and big with certain Fate;
Ready to hurl Destruction from above,
In dreadful Roar, mocking the Wrath of Jove. Cong.

One wou'd have thought, t' have heard his Cannon roar,
Ætna were torn from the Trinacrian Shore;
And free'd Typhœus a new War did move,
Against the upper and the nether Jove. Chetw.

Torrents of Fire, from brazen Mouths are sent,
Follow'd by Peals, as if each Pole were rent:
Such Flames the Gulphs of Tartarus disgorge;
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's Forge: (broke,
Such were the Peals from thence, such the wast Blaze that
Redd'ning with horrid Gloom the dusky Smoke;
When the huge Cyclops did with mouldring Thunder sweat,
And massive Bolts on repercussive Anvils beat. Cong.

Had the old Greeks discover'd your Abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God:
On that small Island they had look'd with Scorn,
And in Great Britain thought the Thund'rer born. Wall.
To the King, on his Ordinance.

CARE.

Cares are the Train of present Pow'r and State. Howe.
Ind. Queen.

Nor boundless Wealth, nor Guards, that wait
Around the Consul's honour'd Gate;
Nor Anti-chambers, with Attendants fill'd,
The Mind's unhappy Tumults can abate;
Or banish sullen Cares, that fly
Across the gilded Rooms of State;
And their foul Nests, like Swallows, build
Close to the Palace-Roof, and Tow'rs that pierce the Sky.
Much swifter far is execrable Care
Than Stags, or Winds, that, thro' the Skies,
Thick-driving Snows and gather'd Tempests bear:
Pursuing Care the sailing Ships outflies,

Climbs

Climbs the tall Veſſels painted Sides;
Nor leaves arm'd Squadrons in the Field,
But with the marching Horſeman rides; (yield.
And dwells alike in Courts and Camps, and makes all Places
Hughes. Hor.

All Night the Sage in penſive Tumults lay,
Complaining of the ſlow approach of Day;
Oft turn'd him round, and ſtrove to think no more:
Cowſlips and Poppies o'er his Eyes he ſpread;
And S——— Works he laid beneath his Head:
But all theſe Opiats ſtill in vain he tries;
Sleep's gentle Image his Embraces flies:
Tumultuous Cares lay rouling in his Breaſt;
And thus his anxious Thoughts the Sage expreſs'd. Garth.

A load of Care weighs down my drooping Heart. Phill.
Dis. Mother.

A dreadful Band of gloomy Cares ſurround me,
And lay ſtrong Siege to my diſtracted Soul. Phill. Dis. Moth.
——— A mournful Flood of Cares (Broome. Hom.
O'erwhelm'd their Souls, and ſunk their drooping Hearts.
The preſent Cares ſtill bury the remote. Dryd. Oedip.
Care is no Cure, but rather a Corroſive
For Things, that are not to be remedy'd. Shak. Hen. 6. p. 1.

CARVER.

He makes the Cedar-Tree unnative Charms aſſume,
Uſurp gay Honours, and another's Bloom;
The various Fruits, which diff'rent Climates bear,
And all the Pride, the Fields and Gardens wear:
While, from unjuicy Limbs, without a Root,
New Buds, deviſ'd, and leafy Branches ſhoot. Blac. Creat.

CARUS.

Grave Carus next diſcover'd his Intent;
With much ado explaining what he meant:
His Spirits ſtagnate, like Cocytus' Flood;
And nought but Calentures can warm his Blood:
In his chill Veins the ſluggiſh Puddle flows,
And loads with lazy Fogs his ſable Brows:
Legions of Lunaticks about him preſs;
'Tis he that can loſt Intellects redreſs:
So when Perfumes their fragrant Scent give o'er;
Nought can their Odour, like a Jakes, reſtore.
When for Advice, the Vulgar throng, he's found
With Lumber of vile Books beſieg'd around:

The

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The gazing Fry acknowledge their Surprize,
Conſulting leſs their Reaſon, than their Eyes;
And he perceives, it ſtands in greater Stead,
To furniſh well his Claſſes, than his Head:
Thus a weak State, by wiſe Diſtruſt, inclines
To num'rous Stores, and Strength in Magazines:
So Fools are always moſt profuſe of Words;
And Cowards never fail of longeſt Swords.
Abandon'd Authors here a Refuge meet;
And, from the World, to Duſt and Worms retreat:
Here Dregs and Sediment of Auctions reign;
Refuſe of Fairs, and Gleanings of Duck-Lane:
And, up theſe Shelves, much Gothick Lumber climbs,
With Swiſs Philoſophy, and Daniſh Rhymes;
And hither, reſcu'd from the Grocers, come
M——— Works incire, and endleſs Reams of B——n.
Where wou'd the long-neglected C——fly,
If bounteous Carus ſhou'd refuſe to buy?
But each vile Scribler's happy on this Score,
He'll find ſome Carus ſtill to read him o'er. Garth.

CATO.

Such Cato was, of ſuch exalted Kind;
Auſtere his Manners, and unmov'd his Mind:
He kept a Mean, and follow'd Natures Laws;
Fought, and fell bravely, in his Countrey's Cauſe:
Nor thought himſelf born for himſelf alone;
But made the Welfare of the World his own:
Thro' Cold he cloath'd himſelf, thro' Hunger fed;
His Home but fenc'd the Weather from his Head:
Not Luſt, but Love of Offspring, made him wed:
No looſe Deſires debauch'd his noble Life;
Rome was at once his Miſtreſs and his Wife:
Juſt in all Points, firm, and reſolv'd he ſtood,
Deſpiſing Death, when for his Countrey's Good:
So great his Soul, his Actions ſo divine;
Free from all Self-deſire, or Self-deſign. ———
He, while in deep Suſpenſe the World yet lay,
Anxious and doubtful whom it ſhould obey;
Hatred avow'd to Pompey's ſelf did bear,
Tho' his Companion in the common War;
Tho', by the Senate's juſt Command, they ſtood
Engag'd together for the publick Good:
But dread Pharſalia did all Doubts decide,
And firmly fix'd him to the vanquiſh'd Side:

His

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His helpleſs Countrey, like an Orphan, left
Friendleſs and poor, of all Support bereft,
He took, and cheriſh'd with a Father's Care,
He comforted, he bade her not to fear;
And taught her feeble Hands once more the Trade of War:
Nor Luſt of Empire did his Courage ſway,
Nor Hate, nor proud Repugnance to obey:
Paſſions and private Intereſt he forgot;
Not for himſelf, but Liberty he fought. Rowe. Luc.

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cauſe
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and Rome:
His Sword ne'er fell but on the guilty Head:
Oppreſſion, Tyranny, and Pow'r uſurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon them. Add. Cato.

Not all the Pomp and Majeſty of Rome,
Can raiſe her Senate more than Cato's Preſence:
His Virtues render our Aſſembly awful;
They ſtrike with ſomething, like religious Fear;
And make ev'n Cæſar tremble at the Head
Of Armies, flush'd with Conqueſt. —— Add. Cato.

—— Turn up thy Eyes to Cato:
There may'ſt thou ſee, to what a Godlike Height
The Roman Virtues lift up mortal Man:
While, good and juſt, and anxious for his Friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing Sleep, and Reſt, and Food, and Eaſe,
He ſtrives with Thirſt and Hunger, Toil, and Heat:
And, when his Fortune ſets before him all
The Pomps and Pleaſures that his Soul can wiſh,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none. Add. Cato.

Had Cato bent beneath the conqu'ring Cauſe;
He might have liv'd to give new Senates Laws:
But, on vile Terms diſdaining to be great,
He periſh'd by his Choice, and not by Fate:
Honours and Life th' Uſurper bids, and all,
That vain miſtaken Men good Fortune call:
Virtue forbids, and ſets before his Eyes
An honeſt Death, which he accepts, and dies;
O glorious Reſolution! Noble Pride!
More honour'd than the Tyrant liv'd, he dy'd.
More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his Doom,
Than Cæſar trampling on the Rights of Rome:
The Virtuous nothing fear, but Life with Shame,
And Death's a pleaſant Road when 't leads to Fame. Lanſd.

When all the Globe to Cæſar's Fortune bow'd,
Cato alone his Empire diſallow'd.

With

With in-born Strength alone oppos'd Mankind;
With Heav'n in View, to all below it blind:
Regardleſs of his Friends Applauſe or Moan,
Alone triumphant, ſince he falls alone. Steele.

Thus when the Ruler of the genial Day,
Behind ſome dark'ning Planet forms his Way,
Deſponding Mortals, with officious Care,
The concave Drum and magick Braſs prepare;
Implore him to ſuſtain th'important Fight,
And ſave depending Worlds from endleſs Night.
Fondly they hope their Labour may avail,
To eaſe his Conflict, and aſſiſt his Toil:
While he, in Beams of native Splendour bright,
Tho' dark his Orb appear to human Sight,
Shines to the Gods with more diffuſive Light:
To diſtant Stars with equal Glory burns;
Inflames their Lamps, and feeds their golden Urns:
Sure to retain his known ſuperior Seat,
He proves the more illuſtrious by Defeat. ——

Heav'n meanly with the Conqu'ror did comply;
But Cato, rather than ſubmit, would die. Dryd. Luc.

CERDON.

The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,
Of all his Race the valiant'ſt:
Cerdon the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like Herc'les, for Repair of Wrong:
He rais'd the low, and fortify'd
The weak, againſt the ſtrongeſt, Side:
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in Muſes deathleſs Writ.
He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-hide-Shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand Pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece's;
With whom his black-thumb'd Anceſtor
Was Comrade in the ten Years War.
Faſt Friend he was to Reformation,
Until 'twas quite worn out of Faſhion.
New Reſtorer of wry Law;
And, would make three, to cure one Flaw:
Learned he was, and could take Note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate, and quote:
But Preaching was his chiefeſt Talent,
Or Argument; in which, being valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like Ram, or Bull, at Conventicle, Hud.

CERES

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CERES.

Ceres, kind Mother of the bounteous Year,
Whose glowing Locks a sheafy Garland bear. Gay Ovid.
Ceres, whose beamy Hair is bright as Gold. Broome Hom.
Queen of the Harvest, and the golden Grain. ——
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage Ground,
And pregnant Fields with golden Harvests crown'd. Gay.
First Ceres taught, the Ground with Grain to sow;
And arm'd with Iron Shares the crooked Plough;
When now Dodonian Oaks no more supply'd
Their Mast; and Trees their Forest-Fruit deny'd. Dr. Virg.
Then first to Heav'n thy due Devotions pay,
And annual Gifts on Ceres' Altars lay:
Let ev'ry Swain adore her Pow'r divine,
And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:
Let all the Quire of Clowns attend the Show,
In long Procession, shouting as they go;
Invoking her to bless their yearly Srores;
Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors:
Thus in the Spring, and thus in Summer's Heat,
Before the Sickles touch the rip'ning Wheat;
On Ceres call; and let the lab'ring Hind
With oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind:
On Ceres let him call; and Ceres praise
With uncouth Dances, and with Country-Lays. Dr. Virg.

CETHEGO.

A Proteus, ever acting in Disguise;
A finish'd Statesman, intricately wise:
A second Machiavel, who soar'd above
The little Ties of Gratitude and Love:
Prevaricating with his King and God,
His harden'd Conscience never felt Remorse:
Reflection is the puny Sinner's Curse. ——

CHAINS.

—— Thy poor Arms are bound, and strive
In vain with the remorseless Chains, which gnaw
And eat into thy Flesh, fest'ring thy Limbs
With rankling Rust. ——
—— Off, off, ye Stains of Royalty!
Of Slavery! —— Cong. Mourn. Bride.

CHAIR

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CHAIR.

Great Relick! Thou too, in this Port of Eaſe,
Haſt ſtill one Way of making Voyages:
The Breath of Fame, like an auſpicious Gale,
(The great Trade-wind, which ne'er does fail)
Shall drive thee round the World, and thou ſhalt run.
As long around it as the Sun.
The Streights of Time too narrow are for thee;
Launch forth into an undiſcover'd Sea,
And ſteer the endleſs Courſe of vaſt Eternity:
Take for thy Sail this Verſe, and for thy Pilot me.
Cowl. Of the Chair made out of the Relicks of Sir Francis Drake's Ship.

CHAOS.

Before the Seas, and this terreſtrial Ball,
And Heav'ns high Canopy, that covers all;
One was the Face of Nature, if a Face;
Rather a rude and indigeſted Maſs;
No Sun was lighted up the World to view;
No Moon did yet her blunted Horns renew:
Nor Earth was yet ſuſpended in the Sky,
Nor, pois'd, did on her own Foundations lie:
Nor Seas about the Shores their Arms had thrown;
But Earth, and Air, and Water, were in one.
No certain Form on any was impreſs'd;
All were confus'd; and each diſturb'd the reſt:
For Heat and Cold were in one Body fix'd,
And ſoft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd. Dr. Ovid.
A ſpacious, dusky Plain, all waſte and void;
The ſilent, loneſome Walks of antient Night. Blac. P. Arth.
——— An indigeſted Heap, (were,
Like the firſt Maſs, where Worlds and Stars all blended
Before they to their Place could leap;
Before th' Almighty Cenſor had beſtow'd
Them into ſev'ral Tribes abroad:
Whilſt yet the Sun and Moon
Were in perpetual Conjunction;
Whilſt all the Stars were but one Milky-way,
And in a ſhining Ruin lay.
The Lamps of Heav'n had ſcarce eſcap'd the Night,
For this was not their own, not their neighbour's Light.
Sprat Bp. of Roch.

CHAP-

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CHAPLAIN.

He, tho' in silken Scarf and Cassock dress'd,
Wears but a gayer Livery at best.
When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait,
With holy Words to consecrate the Meat:
But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
If he be deign'd the Honour to sit down,
Soon as the Tarts appear; Sir Crape withdraw;
Those Dainties are not for a Spiritual Maw:
Observe your Distance, and be sure to stand
Hard by the Cistern, with your Cap in Hand.
There, for Diversion, you may pick your Teeth;
Till the kind Voider comes for your Relief:
For meer Board-Wages such their Freedom sell,
Slaves to an Hour, and Vassals to a Bell.
And where's the mighty Prospect after all?
A Chaplainship serv'd out, and ser'n Years Thrall,
This menial Thing, perhaps, for a Reward,
Is to some slender Benefice preferr'd:
With this Proviso bound, that he must wed
My Lady's antiquated Waiting-Maid;
In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmalade. Oldh.

CHARIOT and CHARIOTEER.

——— A Chariot, dazling bright,
Which to the Sun return'd redoubled Light. Blac. P. Arth.
Here Chariots, raising Clouds of Dust, appear;
And run with smoking Wheels their swift Career. Bl. B. Arth.
——— O'er the Field,
Cover'd all o'er with Dust and frothy Foam,
The furious Horses whirl'd the rattling Car. Broome. Hom.
Thus in the Lists four firy Steeds appear,
And spring with Fury thro' the vast Career;
Forcing along th' unwilling Charioteer.
In vain he pulls; they scour the dusty Plain;
They know no Check, nor hear the curbing Rein. Laud. Vir.
Not firy Coursers in a Chariot-Race
Invade the Field with half so swift a Pace;
Not the fierce Driver with more Fury leads
The sounding Lash; and, ere the Stroke descends,
Low to the Wheel his pliant Body bends. Dryd. Virg.
——— O thou most bright Diana,
Goddess of Woods, immortal, chaste Diana,
Goddess, presiding o'er the rapid Race;

Place

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Place me, O place me, in the dusty Ring,
Where youthful Charioteers contend for Glory.
See, how they mount and shake the flowing Reins!
See, from the Goal the firy Coursers bound!
Now they strain panting up the steepy Hill;
Now sweep along the Top; now neigh along the Vale:
How the Car rattles! How its kindling Wheels
Smoke in the Whirl! The circling Sand ascends, (Hip.
And in the noble Dust the Chariot's lost. Smith Phæd. &c

Soon as the Signal sounded, from the Barrier
At once they started; and with Hands and Voice
Inspir'd new Force into their winged Steeds,
That with impetuous Hurry cleft the Air,
And rais'd the Dust beneath their Feet in Clouds,
Such as rude Whirlwinds toss along the Plains:
Their Manes rose high, and floated in the Wind;
And oft the Chariots seem'd to touch the Skies,
And oft descending to the low Abyss:
The glitt'ring Cars, with Gold, and burnish'd Tin,
Resplendent shone; and flew so swift, the Wheels
Left no Impression on the dusty Plain. Oldis. Hom.

ARMED CHARIOT.

With horrid Noise three thousand Chariots pass,
With Plates of Iron bound, or louder Brass:
About it Forks and Axes, Scythes and Spears,
Whole Magazines of Death! each Chariot wears:
Where it breaks in, there a whole Troop it mows;
And with lopt panting Limbs the Field bestrows;
Alike the Valiant and the Coward die;
Neither can they resist, nor can these fly. Cowl. David.

CHARITY.

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject Mind;
Knows with just Reins, and gentle Hand, to guide
Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride:
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes:
Soft Peace she brings where-ever she arrives;
She builds our Quiet, as she forms our Lives;
Lays the rough Paths of peevish Nature ev'n,
And opens in each Heart a little Heav'n.
Each other Gift, which God on Man bestows,
Its proper Bounds and due Restriction knows:

But

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But lasting Charity's more ample Sway,
Not bound by Time, nor subject to Decay,
In happy Triumph shall for ever live,
And endless Bliss diffuse, and endless Praise receive.
When constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in Certainty, and one in Joy.
Then thou, more happy Pow'r, fair Charity,
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the three,
Thy Office and thy Nature still the same,
Lasting thy Lamp, and unconsum'd thy Flame,
Shalt still survive; ——— ———
Shalt stand before the Host of Heav'n confess'd,
For ever blessing, and for ever bless'd. ———
——— ——— Charity
Should even to Birds and Beasts extended be:
None knows what Fate is for himself design'd;
The Thought of human Chance should make us kind.
Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 1.

CHARON.

——— ——— Of infernal Acheron,
Charon alone the horrid Waves controuls.
Down from his Chin, his grisly Beard, undress'd,
Uncomb'd, falls dangling on his hoary Breast;
His hollow Eyes are sunk in glaring Fire;
Ty'd on his Shoulders hangs his coarse Attire:
Freighted with Souls, he drives his rusty Boat,
With Pole and Sail across th'infernal Moat. Laud. Virg.

An airy Crowd came rushing where he stood;
Which fill'd the Margin of the fatal Flood:
Husbands and Wives, Boys and unmarry'd Maids,
And mighty Heros more majestick Shades:
And Youths, intomb'd before their Fathers Eyes,
With hollow Groans, and Shrieks, and feeble Cries:
Thick as the Leaves in Autumn strow the Woods;
Or Fowls, by Winter forc'd, forsake the Floods,
And wing their hasty Flight to happier Lands:
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring Army stands;
And press for Passage with extended Hands.
Now these, now those, the surly Boatman bore;
The rest he drove to Distance from the Shore.
The Ghosts, rejected, are th'unhappy Crew,
Depriv'd of Sepulchres, and Funeral Due:
The Boatman Charon; those, the bury'd Host,
He ferries over to the farthest Coast:
Nor dares his Transport-Vessel cross the Waves,
With such whose Bones are not compos'd in Graves:

A

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A hundred Years they wander on the Strand:
At length, their Penance done, are wafted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy Weeds upon the miry Shore. Dryd. Virg.

CHASTE.

So chaſte, the Dead themſelves are only more,
Who lie divorc'd from Objects and from Pow'r. Oldh.
——— She's chaſte as the fann'd Snow, (Brut.
Twice bolted o'er by the bleak Northern Blaſts. Lee L. J.
——— Chaſte, as the Icicle,
That's curdled by the Froſt, from pureſt Snow,
And hangs on Dian's Temple. ——— Shak. Coriol.
Chaſter than Cryſtal, on the Scythian Cliffs,
The more the proud Winds court it, ſtill the purer.
Beaum. Doub. Mar.
Chearful as Summer's Noon, and chaſte as Winter's Night.
Semanthe's chaſte, as are th' untainted Thoughts (Lee.
Of Infancy. ——— South. Loyal Brother.
In thy fair Brow there's ſuch a Legend writ
Of Chaſtity, as blinds th' adult'rous Eye:
Not the Mountain Ice, ———
Congeal'd to Cryſtal, is ſo froſty chaſte,
As thy victorious Soul, which conquers Man,
And Man's proud Tyrant, Paſſion. —— D'Aven. Albovine.
Chaſte as the Virgin Huntreſs of the Woods. Johnſ. Vict.
——— Cold as candy'd Ice;
Not a Thought ſtarting: free from warm Deſires,
As the bleak Girl upon the Mountain's Top,
Cover'd with Snow, bearen with conſtant Winds, (Mith.
That feeds on Herbs and Roots, and drinks the Dew. Lee
——— O, ſhe's a Cake of Ice,
Whom all the Love in th' Empire cannot thaw:
A dull croſs Thing, inſenſible of Glory;
Deaf to all Promiſes; dead to Deſire:
——— She has in her
All the Contempt of Glory and vain Seeming
Of all the Stoicks; all the Truth of Chriſtians,
And all their Conſtancy: Modeſty was made
When ſhe was firſt intended: When ſhe bluſhes,
It is the holy'ſt Thing to look upon;
The pureſt Temple of her Sex, that e'er
Made Nature a bleſs'd Founder: In vain were all
Our Promiſes, Perſuaſions, Reaſons, Wealth,
All that can make the foremoſt Virtue bend,
To alter her: Our Arguments, like Darts,

Shot

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Shot in the Bosom of the boundless Air,
Are lost, and do not leave the least Impression.
Shak. Valent. spoke of Lucina by a Bawd.

CHESS.

So have I seen a King on Chess,
His Rooks and Knights withdrawn,
His Queen and Bishops in Distress,
Shifting about, grow less and less,
With here and there a Pawn. Dorf.

CHILDREN.

Children, the blind Effects of Love and Chance, (Auren.
Bear from their Birth th'Impressions of a Slave. Dryd.
Children to serve their Parents Int'rest live, Dr. Tyr. Love.
When Parents their Commands unjustly lay, (p. 1.
Children are privileg'd to disobey. Dryd. Conq. of Gran.
Why do we pray for Children? Call them Blessings,
And deem the barren Womb a Curse? O Marriage!
Unhappy, most unhappy, of all States!
Matching with Sorrows, teeming still with more, (Love.
The vexed Womb seems to bring forth to vex. Lansd. Her.
For Children Blessings seem, but Torments are; (Carl.
When young, our Folly; and, when old, our Fear Orw. Don
——— The Childhood shews the Man,
As Morning shews the Day. ——— Milt. Par. Reg.

CHYMIST.

Thus, Chymist-like, I waste my tedious Life
In vain Expectance, and at last am poor, South. Loy. Bro.
The Search it self rewards the Pains:
So tho' the Chymist his great Secret miss:
Yet Things well worth his Toil he gains,
And does his Charge and Labour pay
With good unsought Exper'ments by the Way. Cowl.

CIMMERIAN.

The gloomy Race, in subterranean Cells,
Among surrounding Shades and Darkness dwells;
Hid in th'unwholsome Covert of the Night,
They shun th'Approaches of the chearful Light:

The

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The Sun ne'er visits their obscure Retreats,
Nor when he runs his Course, nor when he sets.
Unhappy Mortals! ——— Add. Hom.
——— To the Sun unknown,
Think other Lands all Darkness, like their own. Crown.

CINYRAS and MYRRHA.

Let Araby extol her happy Coast,
Her Cinnamon, and sweet Amomum boast;
Her fragrant Flow'rs; her Trees with precious Tears,
Her second Harvests; and her double Years;
How can the Land be call'd so bless'd, that Myrrha bears?
Not all her od'rous Tears can cleanse her Crime:
Her Plant alone deforms the happy Clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy Heart,
Disowns thy Love, and vindicates his Dart.
Some Fury gave thee those infernal Pains,
And shot her venom'd Vipers in thy Veins:
To hate thy Sire had merited a Curse;
But such an impious Love deserv'd a worse:
The World is at thy Choice; except but one,
Except but him, thou canst not chuse, alone.
She knew it too, the miserable Maid,
Ere impious Love her better Thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her secret Soul she said;
Ah Myrrha! whither would thy Wishes tend?
Ye Gods, ye sacred Laws, my Soul defend
From such a Crime, as all Mankind detest,
And never lodg'd before in human Breast!
O, had not Cinyras my Father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's Hopes to be his Queen?
But the Perverseness of my Fate is such,
That he's not mine, because he's mine too much:
Our Kindred-Blood debars a better Tie;
He might be nearer, were he not so nigh.
Fain would I travel to some foreign Shore,
Never to see my native Countrey more,
So might I to my self my self restore:
So might my Mind those impious Thoughts remove,
And, ceasing to behold, might cease to love:
But stay I must, to feed my famish'd Sight,
To talk, to kiss; and more, if more I might.
More, impious Maid! What more canst thou design,
To make a monstrous Mixture in thy Line;
And break all Statutes human and divine?

Canst

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Prepar'd for Love: The Beldame blew the Flame,
Confeſs'd the Paſſion, but conceal'd the Name:
Wine and commended Beauty fire his Thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought:
Pleas'd with her Charge perform'd, ſhe hies her Home,
And gratulates the Nymph, the Task was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome News to hear;
But, clogg'd with Guilt, the Joy was unſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the Mind,
That, in our Will, a diff'rent Will we find.
Ill ſhe preſag'd, and yet purſu'd her Luſt;
For guilty Pleaſures give a double Guſt.
When Myrrha haſten'd to the Crime deſir'd,
The Moon beheld her firſt, and firſt retir'd:
The Stars, amaz'd, ran backward from the Sight,
And, ſhrunk within their Sockets, loſt their Light.
Bold Myrrha ſtill purſues her black Intent;
She ſtumbled thrice; an Omen of th'Event:
Thrice ſhriek'd the Fun'ral Owl; yet on ſhe went:
Secure of Shame, becauſe ſecure of Sight:
Ev'n baſhful Sins are impudent by Night.
Link'd Hand in Hand, th'Accomplice and the Dame,
Their Way exploring, to the Chamber came;
The Door was ope; they blindly grope their Way,
Where dark in Bed th'expecting Monarch lay:
Thus far her Courage held; but here forſakes;
Her faint Knees knock at ev'ry Step ſhe makes:
The nearer to her Crime, the more within
She feels Remorſe and Horrour of her Sin:
Repents too late her criminal Deſire,
And wiſhes, that, unknown, ſhe could retire:
—— The Nurſe deliver'd Kind to Kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted Bodies join'd.
The Sire, unknowing of the Crime, admits
His Bowels, and profanes the hallow'd Sheets:
Full of her Sire, ſhe left th'inceſtuous Bed,
And carry'd in her Womb the Crime ſhe bred.
Another and another Night ſhe came;
For frequent Sin had left no Senſe of Shame:
Till Cinyras deſir'd to ſee her Face,
Whoſe Body he had held in cloſe Embrace,
And brought a Taper: The Revealer Light
Expos'd both Crime, and Criminal, to Sight.
Grief, Rage, Amazement could no Speech afford;
But from the Sheath he drew th'avenging Sword.
The Guilty fled: the Benefit of Night,
That favour'd firſt the Sin, ſecur'd the Flight.

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Nine times the Moon had mew'd her Horns: At length,
With Travel weary, unsupply'd with Strength,
And with the Burden of her Womb oppress'd,
Libæan Fields afford her needful Rest.
The Ground, on which she lay, began to rise,
And gather'd round her Feet, her Legs and Thighs:
Her Toes in Roots descend; and, spreading wide,
A firm Foundation for the Trunk provide:
Her solid Bones convert to solid Wood,
To pith her Marrow, and to Sap her Blood:
Her Arms are Boughs; her Fingers change their Kind;
Her tender Skin is harden'd into Rind:
And now the rising Tree her Womb invests;
Now, shooting upwards still, invades her Breast;
And shades the Neck: When, weary with Delay,
She sunk her Head within, and met it half the Way:
And, tho' with outward Shape she lost her Sense,
With bitter Tears she wept her last Offence:
And still she weeps; nor sheds her Tears in vain;
For still the precious Drops her Name retain. Dryd. Ovid.

C I R C E.

Now near the Shelves of Circe's Shores they run;
Circe the rich, the Daughter of the Sun!
A dang'rous Coast! The Goddess wastes her Days
In joyous Songs; the Rocks resound her Lays:
In Spinning, or the Loom, she spends the Night;
And Cedar-Brands supply her Father's Light.
From hence were heard, rebell'wing to the Main,
The Roars of Lions, that refuse the Chain;
The Grunts of bristled Boars; and Groans of Bears;
And Herds of howling Wolves, that stun the Sailors Ears.
These, from their Caverns, at the Close of Night,
Fill the sad Isle with Horrour and Affright:
Darkling they mourn their Fate, whom Circe's Pow'r,
That watch'd the Moon, and Planetary Hour,
With Words and wicked Herbs, from Human Kind
Had alter'd, and in brutal Shapes confin'd. Dryd. Virg.

C I T R O N.

Sharp tasted Citrons Median Climes produce:
Bitter the Rind; but gen'rous is the Juice:
A cordial Fruit; a present Antidote
Against the direful Stepdame's deadly Draught;

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Who, mixing wicked Weeds, with Words impure,
The Fate of envy'd Orphans would procure.
Large is the Plant, and like a Laurel grows;
And did it not a diff'rent Scent diſcloſe,
A Laurel were: the fragrant Flow'rs contemn
The ſtormy Winds, tenacious of their Stem:
With this the Medes, to lab'ring Age bequeath
New Lungs; and cure the Sourneſs of the Breath. Dr. Virg.

CITY.

Auguſta's ſtately Head is rais'd ſo high,
Her glorious Tow'rs furmount the wond'ring Sky:
Britannia's Head ſhe reigns in Wealth and Eaſe,
Mart of the World, and Empreſs of the Seas:
Her Tow'rs, gilt Fanes, and Palaces ariſe,
And dart terreſtrial Glories thro' the Skies. Blac. P. Arth.

Morning in a City.

Now hardly here and there a Hackney-Coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy Morn's Approach:
Now Betty from her Maſter's Bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own:
The ſlip-ſhod 'Prentice from his Maſter's Door
Had par'd the Streets, and ſprinkled round the Floor:
Now Moll had whirl'd her Mop with dextrous Airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel-edge, where Wheels had worn the Place:
The Small-coal Man was heard with Cadence deep,
Till drown'd in ſhriller Notes of Chimney-ſweep.
Duns at his Lordſhip's Gate began to meet;
And Brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd thro' half a Street.
The Turnkey now his Flock returning ſees,
Duly let out a-Nights to ſteal for Fees:
The watchful Bailiffs take their ſilent Stands;
And School-Boys lag with Satchels in their Hands. Swift.

City-Shower.

Mean while the South, riſing with dabbled Wings,
A ſable Cloud athwart the Welkin flings,
That ſwill'd more Liquor than it could contain,
And, like a Drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Suſan whips her Linnen from the Rope,
While the firſt drizzling Show'r is born aſlope:
Such is that Sprinkling, which ſome careleſs Quean
Flirts on you from her Mop; but not ſo clean:

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You fly; invoke the Gods; then, turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe, ſinging, ſtill whirls on her Mop.
Not yet the Duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal Strife,
But, aided by the Wind, fought ſtill for Life:
And, wafted with its Foe by vi'lent Guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was Rain, and which was Duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy Poet ſeek for Aid,
When Duſt and Rain at once his Coat invade;
His only Coat; where Duſt, confus'd with Rain,
Roughens the Nap, and leaves a mingled Stain?
Now in contiguous Drops the Flood comes down,
Threat'ning with Deluge this devoted Town.
To Shops in Crowds the daggled Females fly,
Pretend to cheapen Goods, but nothing buy.
The Templer ſpruce, while ev'ry Spout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair; yet ſeems to call a Coach.
The tuck'd up Sempſtreſs walks with haſty Strides,
While Streams run down her oil'd Umbrella's Sides;
Here, various Kinds, by various Fortunes led,
Commence Acquaintance underneath a Shed:
Triumphant Tories and deſponding Whigs
Forget their Feuds, and join to ſave their Wigs.
Box'd in a Chair, the Beau impatient ſits,
While Spouts run clatt'ring o'er the Roof by Fits:
And ever and anon, with frightful Din,
The Leather ſounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy-Chair-men bore the wooden Steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be free'd;
Thoſe Bully Greeks, who, as the Moderns do,
Inſtead of paying Chair-men, run them thro';
Laoc'on ſtruck the Outſide with his Spear,
And each impriſon'd Hero quak'd for Fear.
Now from all Parts the ſwelling Kennels flow,
And bear their Trophies with them as they go.
Filths of all Hues and Odours ſeem to tell
What Street they ſail'd from, by their Sight and Smell:
They, as each Torrent drives, with rapid Force,
From Smithfield to St. Pulchre's ſhape their Courſe;
And, in huge Confluent join'd at Snow-Hill Ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holborn-Bridge:
Sweepings from Butchers Stalls, Dung, Guts, and Blood,
Drown'd Puppies, ſtinking Sprats, all drench'd in Mud,
Dead Cats and Turnip-tops come tumbling down the Flood.

Swift.

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CLIFF.

Let us advance tow'rds the Cliff's dreadful Brow,
From which the fearful Downfal of the Precipice,
And the wild Horrours of the rocky Beach,
Lie subject to our View. —— —— Den. Iphig.
A wond'rous Task it is th'Ascent to gain,
Of craggy Cliffs, that strike the Sight with Pain,
And nod impending Terrours o'er the Plain. Cong.
Behold, with what laborious Task they mount,
To climb the craggy Steepness of the Cliff;
While some, at Distance, with unequal Pace,
Pursuing, pant behind them. —— —— Den. Iphig.
Behold the Summit of yond' shaggy Mountain;
That, bending its black Brow, with dreadful Scowl,
Over the gloomy Deep, affrights great Neptune. Den. Iphig.
We seem to lean over some hanging Cliff,
O'erlooking all the Wreck that floats below:
Should we stretch more beyond the Verge, we fall
Infinite Fathoms down, and sink for ever. Hopk. Pyrrh.

CLODIO.

Clodio, the Chief of all the Rebel Race;
Unshock'd by Fears; unhumbled by Disgrace:
Whose working, turbulent, phanatick Mind,
No Tenderness can move, no Ties can bind:
To gain a Rake, he'll drink, and whore, and rant;
T'engage a Puritan, he'll pray and cant:
So Satan can in diff'ring Forms appear;
Or radiant Light, or gloomy Darkness, wear. ——

CLOUD.

The wat'ry Mountains of the Sky! Rosc.
See, how the Vapours, congregated, rear
Their gloomy Columns, and obscure the Air:
Forgetful of their Gravity, they rise;
Renounce the Centre, and usurp the Skies:
Where, form'd in Clouds, they their black Lines display;
And take their airy March, as Winds convey:
Sublime in Air, while they their Course pursue,
They, from their sable Fleeces, shake the Dew
On the parch'd Mountain; and, with genial Rain,
Renew the Forest, and refresh the Plain:
They shed their healing Juices on the Ground, (Creat.
Cement the Crack, and close the gaping Wound. Blac.

The

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The gath'ring Clouds deform the louring Sky. Bl. P. Arth.
The Dawn is overcaſt; the Morning lours,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day. Add. Cato.
The Welkin's pitch'd with ſullen Clouds around. Dryd.
——— A louring Sky comes on apace:
The Void of Heav'n a gloomy Horrour fills;
And cloudy Veils involve the ſhining Hills. Cong.
Thus have I ſeen a Morn ſo bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it ſcorn'd to think of Night;
Which a rude Storm ere Noon did ſhrowd,
And burry'd all its early Glories in a Cloud:
The Day in funeral Blackneſs mourn'd;
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears was turn'd. Oldh.
——— Thick Clouds oft ſtop the Light;
And ſtain the glorious Skies with ſuddain Night. Cr. Luc.
So often, when the Heav'ns, ſerene and bright,
Look gay, and clear, and ſmile with gawdy Light;
A horrid Cloud ſtrait hides its glorious Face,
As if the Shades of Hell had left their Place,
And fill'd the vaulted Skies: So thick the Night!
So dark the Clouds appear, ſo much affright! Creech Lucr.
The ſpungy Clouds are fill'd with gath'ring Rain. Dryd.
But, like a Cloud low-hung, it rains ſo faſt, (& Arc.
That all at once it falls, and cannot laſt. Dryd. Chau. Pal.
When breaking Clouds divide, they make a Way.
For the bright Sun to ſhine upon the Day. South. Fat. Mar.

COCK.

——— The watchful Cock awakes the Day. Dr. Virg.
The Cock, that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Now with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throat
Awakes the God of Day; and, at his Warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th'extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine. ——— Shak. Ham.
The Cock then downward flew from off the Beam,
For Day-light now began apace to ſpring,
The Thruſh to whiſtle, and the Lark to ſing:
Then, crowing, clapp'd his Wings: th'appointed Call,
To chuck his Wives together in the Hall.
By this the Widow had unbarr'd the Door,
And Chanticleer went ſtrutting out before:
Now, roaming in the Yard, he ſpurn'd the Ground,
And gave to Partlet the firſt Grain he found.

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Then often feather'd her with wanton Play;
And trod her twenty times ere Prime of Day:
And took by Turns, and gave so much Delight,
His Sisters pin'd with Envy at the Sight.
He chuck'd again, when other Corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a Foot to Ground:
But swagger'd like a Lord about his Hall;
And his sev'n Wives came running at his Call.
Then, casting up his Eyes against the Light,
Both Month, and Day, and Hour he measur'd right;
And told more truly than th'Ephemeris:
For Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.
Thus, numb'ring Times and Seasons in his Breast,
His second Crowing the third Hour confess'd:
Then turning said to Partlet, ——
(For in the Days of Yore, the Birds of Parts
Were bred to speak, and sing, and learn the lib'ral Arts.)
O let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That, when I view the Beauties of thy Face,
I fear not Death, nor Dangers, nor Disgrace:
So may my Soul have Bliss, as when I spy
The Scarlet Red about thy Partridge Eye;
While thou art constant to thy own true Knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy Delight,
All Sorrows at thy Presence take their Flight:
And, when by Night I feel thy tender Side,
Tho' for the narrow Perch I cannot ride;
Yet I have such a Solace in my Mind,
That all my boding Cares are cast behind.
—— I with Pleasure see
Man strutting on two Legs, and aping me:
An unfledg'd Creature, of a lumpish Frame,
Indu'd with fewer Particles of Flame:
Our Dame sits couring o'er a Kitchen-Fire;
I draw fresh Air, and Nature's Works admire:
And, ev'n this Day, in more Delight abound,
Than, since I was an Egg, I ever found.
The Time shall come, when Chanticleer shall wish,
His Words unsaid, and hate his boasted Bliss:
The crested Bird shall by Experience know,
Jove made not him his Master-piece below:
And learn, the latter End of Joy is Woe.
The Vessel of his Bliss to Dregs is run,
And Heav'n will have him taste his other Tun.

Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

COLON.

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COLON.

She said; and strait shrill Colon's Person took;
Morals loose; but most precise in Look:
ack-Fryars Annals lately pleas'd to call
im Warden of Apothecaries Hall:
nd, when so dignify'd, he'd not forbear
hat Operation, which, the Learn'd declare,
ives Cholicks Ease, and makes the Ladies fair:
1 starch'd Urbanity his Talent lies;
ad Form the Want of Intellects supplies:
lourly his learn'd Impertinence affords
barren Superfluity of Words:
1 haste he strides along, to recompence
he Want of Business with its vain Pretence:
he Fury, thus assuming Colon's Grace,
o flung her Arms, so shuffled in her Pace. Garth.

COLOUR.

——— Colours are alone by Day,
nd owe their Being to the glitt'ring Ray. Creech. Lucr.
For how can Colours be in darkest Night,
ince they all change, and vary with the Light,
ccording as the Ray's oblique or right.
lo Plumes, that go around the Pigeon's Head,
ometimes look brisker, with a deeper Red;
nd then, in diff'rent Position seen,
hew a gay Sky, all intermixt with Green:
And so, in Peacock's Tails, all fill'd with Light,
The Colour varies with the Change of Site. Creech. Lucr.
Thus when pale Curtains, or the deeper Red,
O'er all the spacious Theatre are spread;
Which mighty Masts and sturdy Pillars bear,
And the loose Curtains wanton in the Air;
Whole Streams of Colours from the Top do flow,
And stain the Scenes, and Men, and Gods below.
The more these Curtains spread, the pleasing Dye
Rides on the Beams the more, and courts the Eye.
The gawdy Colour spreads o'er ev'ry Thing;
All gay appear; each Man a purple King. Creech. Lucr.

Single COMBAT.

The Marshals of the Field had mark'd the Ground,
Fit for the Fight, and fix'd high Pales around;

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The ſprightly Trumpets Clangours next invite
The mighty Warriours to begin the Fight:
Both in their Hands graſping their pointed Lance,
Spur their hot Steeds, and to the War advance;
As when a roaming Lion, from afar,
Sees a ſtrong Bull ſtand threat'ning furious War;
Who flouriſhes his Horns, looks ſourly round,
And, hoarſely bell'wing, traverſes the Ground:
The Lion, fir'd, regards him with Diſdain;
And, to inſult him, ſcours along the Plain:
So Arthur, boiling with heroick Rage,
Springs with a full Carier King Tollo to engage:
Collected in himſelf th'Albanian ſtood,
Like ſome tall, ſhady Pine; it ſelf a Wood;
Or a vaſt Cyclops, wading thro' the Flood.
Now furious Strokes on either Side they deal;
And th'echoing Air rings with the dreadful Peal.
Now Tollo backwards ſhrinks; and panting ſtood,
Faint with his Labour and his Loſs of Blood:
The Britiſh Prince, collecting all his Might,
With double Fury on th'Albanian preſs'd,
And his bright Sword, high rais'd, upon his Creſt
Deſcended with ſo horrible a Sway,
It ſtunn'd the Foe, and took his Senſe away:
He dropp'd his Arms, and, giddy, reel'd around:
Arthur, on Fire, lets not th'Advantage go;
But, ſtepping forward, with a back-hand Blow,
Drawn with prodigious Strength, from Side to Side,
Did his wide Throat and ſpouting Veins divide:
A crimſon River, guſhing from the Wound,
Ran down his burniſh'd Armour to the Ground:
Reeling and tott'ring for a while he ſtood;
And from his Stomach vomits clotted Blood:
Then down he fell; the Field beneath, and all
The Saxon Army, tremble at his Fall.
Grov'ling in Death, and ſmear'd with Gore he lay;
And his dim Eyes ſcarcely admit the Day:
Rouling in Duſt, his wounded Body bled;
Away his Soul with Indignation fled:
As when a Whirlwind, with outrageous Force,
O'erturns a lofty Oak, that ſtops its Courſe:
Which falling from the Sky, his ſtately Head
And ſhady Limbs the groaning Hill o'erſpreads:
So by Prince Arthur's Arm King Tollo ſlain,
Fell down, and lay extended on the Plain. Blac. Pr. Arth.
Equal Succeſs had ſet thoſe Champions high;
And both reſolv'd to conquer or to die.

Virtue

Virtue with Rage, Fury with Valour, ſtrove:
But that muſt fall, which is decree'd above. Wall.
When, at our Legions Head, the brave old King
And I, like Clouds with Thunder charg'd,
Encount'ring, ruſh'd together;
Long was the Tug of Fate; and mutual Wounds
On each Side were receiv'd: At laſt my Stars
Prevail'd, and Gondibert, o'erthrown by Fate,
Reſign'd that Life he ſo deſerv'd to keep. Hig. Gen. Conq.

——— Behold thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mourhed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's ſedgy Bank,
In ſingle Oppoſition, Hand to Hand,
He did confound the beſt Part of an Hour,
In changing Hardiment with great Glendower:
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
Upon Agreement, of ſwift Severn's Flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody Looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criſped Head in the hollow Bank,
Stain'd with the Blood of thoſe brave Combatants.
Shak. Hen 4. p. 1.

Their miſſive Weapons ſpent with equal Chance,
To cloſer Fight the Combatants advance.
Equal in Strength, alike in Courage brave,
Their Swords on high, like circling Flames, they wave:
Both, traverſing the Ground, for Fight prepare,
And with heroick Ardour meet the War.
Freſh Strokes, freſh Wounds, they give on either Side;
While Victory does for neither Sword decide:
Weak with their Wounds, and with bruis'd Armour pain'd,
An equal, noble Combat they maintain'd:
Unable more their blunted Arms to wield,
Feeble and breathleſs, ſtill they kept the Field;
By neither Hero loſt, by neither won.
So when two valiant Cocks, in Albion bred,
That from th' inſulting Conqueror ne'er fled,
A Match in Strength, in Courage, and in Age,
And with keen Weapons arm'd alike, engage:
Each other they aſſault with furious Beaks,
And their trimm'd Plumes diſtain with bloody Streaks:
Each nimble Warriour from the Pavement bounds,
And, wing'd with Death, their Heels deal ghaſtly Wounds.
By Turns they take, by Turns fierce Strokes they give;
And with like Hopes and Fears for Conqueſt ſtrive.
Both, obſtinate, maintain the bloody Field;
Both can in Combat die, but neither yield:

Till,

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Till, with their bleeding Wounds grown weak and faint,
And choak'd with flowing Gore, they gaſp and pant:
Diſabled on the crimſon Floor they lie;
Both Honour win, but neither Victory. Blac. Pr. Arth.

——— There ſtrait grew
A fierce Diſpute betwixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood;
This fit for Bruiſe, and that for Blood:
With many a ſtiff Thwack, many a Bang,
Hard Crab-tree and old Iron rang:
For ſoon as nut-brown Sword was out,
Courageouſly he laid about,
Imprinting many a Wound upon
His mortal Foe the Truncheon:
The truſty Cudgel did oppoſe
It ſelf againſt dead-doing Blows,
To guard its Leader from fell Bane,
And then reveng'd it ſelf again.
And though the Sword, ſome underſtood,
In Force had much the Odds of Wood;
'Twas nothing ſo: both Sides were ballanc'd
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt:
For Wood, with Honour being engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd,
Tho' Iron hew, and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honour more.
And now both Knights were out of Breath,
Tir'd in the hot Purſuit of Death;
While all the reſt, amaz'd, ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take or kill.
Yet none that ſaw them could divine,
To which Side Conqueſt would encline:
This Hudibras obſerv'd; and fretting,
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a getting:
He drew up all his Force into
One Body, and that into one Blow:
But Talgol wiſely avoided it
By cunning Slight, for had it hit,
The upper Part of him the Blow,
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below. Hud.

——— With haſty Rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-ſhot, that in Holſters watch'd;
And, bending Cock, he levell'd full
Againſt th' Outſide of Talgol's Skull:
But Pallas came in Shape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thruſt

Her

Her Gorgon Shield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff, as if 'twere turn'd t' a Stock.
Mean while fierce Talgol, gath'ring Might,
With rugged Truncheon charg'd the Knight;
And he, with Petronel upheav'd
Inſtead of Shield, the Blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of Fight,
And ſhrunk from its great Maſter's Gripe,
Knock'd down, and ſtunn'd with mortal Stripe.
Then Hudibras, with furious Haſte,
Drew out his Sword: But not ſo faſt,
But Talgol firſt, with hardy Thwack,
Twice bruis'd his Head, and twice his Back. Hud.

Then Trulla, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him, like Lightning, behind;
And on the Knight let fall a Peal
Of Blows ſo fierce, and preſt ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's Bum.
——— This ſtirr'd his Spleen
More than the Danger he was in,
The Blows he felt, or was to feel,
Tho' they already made him reel.
Honour, Deſpight, Revenge, and Shame,
At once into his Stomach came:
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm
Of Blows, ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her Truncheon took them,
And by oblique Diverſion broke them.
——— But now
The Knight, with one dead-doing Blow,
Reſolving to decide the Fight,
And ſhe, with quick and cunning Slight
Avoiding it, the Force and Weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the Ground:
No ſooner ſhe th' Advantage found,
But in ſhe ſtew, and ſeconding
With home-made Thruſt the heavy Swing,
She laid him flat upon his Side,
And mounted on his Trunk aſtride. Hud.

Once more the proud Mezentius, with Diſdain,
Brandiſh'd his Spear, and ruſh'd into the Plain:

Where

Where tow'ring in the midmoſt Ranks he ſtood,
Like tall Orion, ſtalking o'er the Flood:
The Trojan Prince beheld him from afar;
And, dauntleſs, undertook the doubtful War:
Collected in his Strength, and like a Rock,
Pois'd on his Baſe, Mezentius ſtood the Shock,
Fearleſs; and with his utmoſt Force he threw
The maſſy Spear; which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial Shield, that ſtop'd the Courſe:
The pious Trojan then his Jav'lin ſent:
The Shield gave way; thro' treble Plates it went
Of ſolid Braſs; of Linnen trebly roll'd,
And three Bull-Hides, which round the Buckler fold:
All theſe it paſs'd, reſiſtleſs in its Courſe;
Tranſpierc'd his Thigh, and ſpent its dying Force:
The gaping Wound guſh'd out a crimſon Flood:
The Trojan, glad with Sight of hoſtile Blood,
His Fauchion drew, to cloſer Fight addreſs'd;
And with new Force his fainting Foe oppreſs'd.
His Father's Peril Lauſus view'd with Grief;
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his Relief:
Pain'd with his Wound, and uſeleſs for the Fight,
The Father thought to ſave himſelf by Flight:
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the Spear along,
Which pierc'd his Thigh, and in his Buckler hung;
The pious Youth, reſolv'd on Death, below
The lifted Sword ſprings forth, to face the Foe;
Protects his Parent, and prevents the Blow.
Shouts of Applauſe ran ringing thro' the Field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſhield:
All fir'd with generous Indignation ſtrive;
And, with a Storm of Darts, to Diſtance drive
The Trojan Chief; who, held at Bay from far,
On his Vulcanian Orb ſuſtain'd the War.
Nor yet the Youth deſiſts; but with inſulting Scorn
Provokes the ling'ring Prince; whoſe Patience, tir'd,
Gave Place, and all his Breaſt with Fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears,
And lifted high the flaming Sword appears;
Which, full deſcending with a frightful Sway,
Thro' Shield and Cuiſſes forc'd th' impetuous Way;
And bury'd deep in his fair Boſom lay.
The purple Streams thro' the thin Armour drove,
And drench'd th' imbroider'd Coat his Mother wove:
And Life at length forſook his heaving Heart,
Loath from ſo ſweet a Manſion to depart.

Mean

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Mean while his Father, now no Father, stood,
And wash'd his Wounds by Tyber's yellow Flood:
Oppress'd with Anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting Limbs against an Oak he lent:
A Bough his brazen Helmet did sustain;
His heavier Arms lay scatter'd on the Plain:
A chosen Train of Youth around him stand,
His drooping Head was rested on his Hand:
His griesly Beard his pensive Bosom sought;
And all on Lausus ran his restless Thought.
Careful, concern'd his Danger to prevent,
He much enquir'd; and many a Message sent
To warn him from the Field: Alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful Foll'wers bear him slain.
O'er his broad Shield still gush'd the yawning Wound,
And drew a bloody Trail along the Ground:
Far off he heard their Cries, far off divin'd
The dire Event, with a foreboding Mind.
With Dust he sprinkled then his hoary Head;
And both his lifted Hands to Heav'n he spread.
——— Then rais'd from Ground
His fainting Limbs, that stagger'd with the Wound:
Yet, with a Mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
With Pains or Perils, for his Courser call'd;
Well mouth'd, well manag'd; whom himself did dress
With daily Care, and mounted with Success;
His Aid in Arms, his Ornament in Peace.
He sooth'd his Courage with a gentle Stroke:
——— And straight th' officious Courser kneels
To take his wonted Weight: His Hands he fills
With pointed Jar'lins; on his Head he lac'd
His glitt'ring Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving Horse-hair, nodding from afar:
Then spurr'd his thund'ring Steed amidst the War.
And loud he call'd Æneas thrice by Name;
The loud repeated Voice to glad Æneas came:
Great Jove, he said, and the far-shooting God,
Inspire thy Mind to make thy Challenge good:
He spoke no more; but hasten'd, void of Fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended Spear.
At him a whirling Dart Mezentius sent:
Another, and another after, went.
Round in a spatious Ring he rides the Field;
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield:
Thrice rode he round, and thrice Æneas wheel'd.
Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden Orb withstood
The Strokes; and bore about an iron Wood:

Impe-

Impatient of Delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone;
To wrench the Darts which in his Buckler light,
Urg'd, and o'erlabour'd in unequal Fight;
At length resolv'd, he throws, with all his Force,
Full at the Temples of the Warriour Horse:
Just where the Stroke was aim'd, th' unerring Spear
Made Way; and stood transfix'd thro' either Ear:
Seiz'd with unwonted Pain, surpriz'd with Fright,
The wounded Steed curvets; and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his Feet before: His Hoofs behind
Spring up in Air aloft, and lash the Wind:
Down comes the Rider headlong from his Height;
His Horse came after with unwieldy Weight;
And, flound'ring forward, pitching on his Head,
His Lord's incumber'd Shoulder overlaid.
Æneas, haft'ning wav'd his fatal Sword
High o'er his Head. ——— ———
Mezentius to the Sword his Throat apply'd:
The crimson Stream distain'd his Arms around;
And the disdainful Soul came rushing thro' the Wound.
Dryd. Virg.

C O M E T.

The direful Meteors spread, thro' glowing Air, (Sat.
Long Trails of Light, and shake their blazing Hair. Pope.
Thro' the large Convex of the azure Sky,
Fierce Meteors shoot their arbitrary Light,
And Comets march with lawless Horrour bright:
These bear no Rule, no righteous Order own;
Their Influence dreaded, as their Ways unknown:
Thro' threaten'd Lands they wild Destruction throw,
'Till ardent Pray'r averts the publick Woe. Prior.
So Comets, tho' suppos'd Destruction's Cause,
But waste themselves to make their Gazers fear. D'Aven.
——— Bid Meteors keep their Lustre,
When all the shining Exhalation's spent,
That fed their short-liv'd Glory. Lee. Mithr.
For, like a blazing Meteor, hence he shot,
And drew a sweeping fiery Train along. Dryd. D. of Guise.
——— Fall'n is that Comet, which, on high,
Portended Ruin; he has spent his Blaze, (Tamerl.
And shall distract the World with Fears no more. Rowe.

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COMFORT.

I wou'd bring Balm, and pour it in your Wounds,
Cure your diſtemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.
Dryd. All for Love.

——— I came
To ſooth the ſecret Anguiſh of her Soul,
To comfort that fair Mourner, that forlorn one,
And teach her Steps to know the Paths of Peace.
Rowe. Fair Pen.

And canſt thou miniſter to a Mind diſeas'd,
Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written Troubles of the Brain,
And with ſome ſweet oblivious Antidote
Cleanſe the foul Bottom of that perilous Stuff,
Which weighs upon the Heart? Shak. Macb.

Counſel or Conſolation we may bring:
——— Apt Words have Pow'r to aſwage
The Tumours of a troubled Mind,
And are as Balm to feſter'd Wounds. Milt. Sam. Agon.

Such balmy Words he pour'd; but all in vain;
The proffer'd Med'cine but provok'd the Pain. Dryd. Virg.

Hope Comfort: Yield not to the Blows of Fate.
Dryd. Auren.

Comfort, like Cordials after Death, comes late.
Dryd. Auren.

A Beam of Comfort, like the Moon thro' Clouds,
Gilds the black Horrour, and directs my Way.
Dryd. Love Triumph.

Thy Words have darted Hope into my Soul,
And Comfort dawns upon me. —— South, Diſſapp.

Comfort, like the golden Sun,
Diſpels the ſullen Shades with her ſweet Influence,
And chears the melancholy Houſe of Care. Rowe. J. Shore.

Now whither ſhall I fly, to find Relief?
What charitable Hand will aid me now,
Will ſtay my failing Steps, ſupport my Ruins,
And heal my wounded Mind with balmy Comfort?
Rowe. J. Shore.

COMMONWEALTH.

A Commonwealth's a Monſter, Hydra-State,
Whoſe many Heads attempt each other's Fate,
And load their Body with unwieldy Weight. ——— ———

COM-

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COMPASSION.

Nature has cast me in so soft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure
Of some sad Lover's Death, moistens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood. Dryd. all for Love.

Let them be cruel who delight in Mischief:
I'm of a softer Mould: Poor Phædra's Sorrows
Pierce thro' my yielding Heart, and wound my Soul.
Smith. Phæd. and Hip.

Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest Mould,
Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
And sunk me ev'n below my own weak Sex:
Pity and Love, by Turns, oppress my Heart. Add. Cato.

A Flood of Tenderness comes o'er my Soul,
I join my Grief to yours, and mourn the Evils,
That hurt your Peace, and quench your Eyes in Tears.
Rowe. F. Pen.

What Rage cou'd hurt a Gentleness like thine,
Whose tender Soul cou'd weep (Coriol.
O'er dying Roses, and at Blossoms Fall? Shakes. and Tate.

Whate'er Mishap did a known Heart oppress,
The same did thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax, thine wou'd th' Impression take,
And pay its sadness in as lively Dress:
Thou could'st Afflictions from another's Breast translate,
And foreign Grief impropriate:
Oft-times our Sorrows thine so much have grown,
They scarce were more our own;
We seem'd exempt, thou suffer'd'st all alone.
Our small'st Misfortunes scarce cou'd reach thy Ear,
But made thee give, in Alms, a Tear:
And when our Hearts breath'd their Regret in Sighs,
As a just Tribute to their Miseries;
Thine with their Airs did sympathize;
Like Throngs of Sighs did from its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief for our each Grief aloud:
Such is that secret Sympathy,
We may betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes descry;
If either, by unskilful Hand too rudely bent,
Its soft Complaint in pensive Murmurs vent:
As if it did that Injury resent,
Untouch'd, the other strait returns the Moan,
And gives an Echo to each Groan;
From its sweet Bowels a sad Note's convey'd,
Like those, which to condole are made,
As if its Bowels too a kind Compassion had. Oldh.

How

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How few, like thee, inquire the Wretched out,
And court the Offices of ſoft Humanity!
Like thee, reſerve their Raiment for the Naked,
Teach out their Bread to feed the crying Orphan; (Shore.
Or mix their pitying Tears with thoſe that weep! Row. J.

The Prince was touch'd; his Tears began to flow;
And, as his tender Heart wou'd break in two,
He ſigh'd; and cou'd not but their Fate deplore; (Ave:
So wretched now, ſo fortunate before. Dr. Chauc. Pal. &c

What is Compaſſion when 'tis void of Love?
To one, who asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compaſſion's Cruelty; 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death. Add. Cato.

When Fortune or the Gods afflict Mankind,
Compaſſion to the miſerable's due:
But, when we ſuffer what we may prevent,
At once we forfeit Pity, and Eſteem. Hig. Gen. Conq.

COMPLIANCE.

He, that complies againſt his Will,
Is of his own Opinion ſtill
Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For Reaſons to himſelf beſt known, Hud.

CONCEALMENT.

She ne'er told her Love,
But let Concealment, like a Worm i'th' Bud,
Feed on her damask Cheek: She pin'd in Thought,
And ſate, like Patience on a Monument,
Smiling at Grief. Shak. [redacted]

Some others may with ſafety tell
The mod'rate Flames which in them dwell;
And either find ſome Med'cine there,
Or cure themſelves ev'n by Deſpair:
My Love's ſo great, that it might prove
Dang'rous to tell her that I love:
So tender is my Wound, it muſt not bear
Any Salute, tho' of the kindeſt Air. Cowl.

No, to what Purpoſe ſhou'd I ſpeak?
No, wretched Heart; ſwell 'till you break:
No, to the Grave thy Sorrows bear;
As ſilent as they will be there:
Since that lov'd Hand this mortal Wound does give,
So handſomly the Thing contrive,
That ſhe may guiltleſs of it live:
So periſh, that her killing thee
May a Chance-Medley, and no Murther be. Cowl.

If

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If I find she loves him much, because she hides it:
Love teaches Cunning ev'n to Innocence;
And, where he gets Possession, his first Work
Is to dig deep within a Heart, and there
Lie hid; and, like a Miser in the Dark,
To feast alone. —— Dryd. Temp.

Yet hitherto she kept her Love conceal'd,
And with close Glances ev'ry Day beheld
The graceful Youth: and ev'ry Day increas'd
The raging Fire, that burn'd within her Breast:
Some secret Charm did all his Acts attend;
And, what his Fortune wanted, hers could mend:
Till, as the Fire will force its outward Way,
Or, in the Priss'n pent, consume the Prey;
So long her earnest Eyes on his were set;
At length their twisted Rays together met:
And he, who saw the Sharpness of the Dart,
Without Defence receiv'd it in his Heart:
In publick tho' their Passion wanted Speech, (Guisc.
Yet mutual Looks interpreted for each. Dryd. Bocc. Sig. &
Peace, babbling Muse!
I dare not sing what you indite:
Her Eyes refuse
To read the Passion, which they write:
She strikes my Lute; but, if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the Ground:
And I no less her Anger dread,
Than the poor Wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce Lion does embrace
His breathless Corps, and licks his Face;
Wrapt up in silent Fear he lies,
Torn all to Pieces if he cries. Wall.

I love like thee, and yet conceal my Flame, (Conq.
Which burns the more, the more it is suppress'd. Hig. Gen.
—— I wore my Flames conceal'd;
And silent, as the Lamps that burn in Tombs:
Sigh'd only to my self, and to the Winds;
Gaz'd on your Beauties with the distant Crowd:
Your self at-last perceiv'd my drooping Care, (Gen.
And forc'd the trembling Secret from my Breast. Tate Loy.
Curse on this Tongue, that has my Heart betray'd;
And his great Secret open laid.
Ah! never more shall thy unwilling Ear
My helpless Story hear:
Discourse and Talk awake do keep
The rude unquiet Pain;
That in my Breast does reign:
Silence, perhaps, may make it sleep. I'll.

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I'll bind that Sore up, I did ill reveal;
The Wound, if once it close, may chance to heal. Cowl.
A murd'rous Guilt shews not it self more soon,
Than Love that would seem hid. Shak. Twelfth Night.

CONCEIT.

Some to Conceit alone their Taste confine,
And glitt'ring Thoughts, struck out at ev'ry Line;
Pleas'd with a Work, where Nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos, and wild Heap of Wit.
Poets, like Painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked Nature, and the living Grace,
With Gold and Jewels cover ev'ry Part,
And hide with Ornaments their Want of Art. Pope.

CONCLUSION.

But, overlabour'd with so long a Course,
Tis Time to set at Ease the smoaking Horse. Dryd. Virg.
'Tis Time my hard-mouth'd Couriers to controul,
Apt to run Riot, and transgress the Goal,
Now dam the Ditches, and the Floods restrain:
Their Moisture has already drench'd the Plain. Dryd. Virg

CONFESSIONAL.

And here I might, if I but durst, reveal,
What Pranks are play'd in the Confessional:
How haunted Virgins have been dispossess'd,
And Dev'ls themselves cast out to let in Priest:
What Fathers act with Novices alone,
And what to Punks in shriving Seats is done,
Who thither flock to Ghostly Confessour,
To clear old Debts, and tick with Heav'n for more. Oldh.

CONQUEROR and CONQUEST.

From Force the noblest Title springs: (Gran. p. 1.
I hold by Force, which first made Kings. Dryd. Conq. of
For Conquest is the first and noblest Title.
Hig. Gen. Cong.
I claim
By Right of Conquest; for, when Kings make War,
No Law betwixt two Sov'raigns can decide,
But that of Arms; where Fortune is the Judge, (Triump.
Soldiers the Lawyers, and the Bar the Field. Dryd. Love

Such

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Such were these Giants, Men of high Renown:
For in those Days Might only shall be admir'd,
And Valour, and heroick Virtue call'd:
To overcome in Battel, and subdue
Nations; and bring home Spoils with infinite
Manslaughter, shall be held the highest Pitch
Of human Glory, and for Glory done
Of Triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods;
Destroyers rightlier call'd, and Plagues of Men.
Thus Fame shall be atchiev'd, Renown on Earth,
And what most merits Fame in Silence hid. Milt. Par. Lost.

They err, who count it glorious to subdue
Large Countreys, and in Field great Battels win,
Great Cities by Assault: What do these Worthies,
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave,
Peaceable Nations, neighb'ring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving Freedom more
Than those their Conqu'rours, who leave behind
Nothing but Ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing Works of Peace destroy:
Then swell with Pride, and must be titled Gods,
Great Benefactors of Mankind, Deliv'rers,
Worshipp'd with Temples, Priests and Sacrifice. (Reg.
Till Conqu'rour Death discovers them scarce Men. Milt. Par.

Death makes no Conquest of a Conqueror;
For now he lives in Fame, tho' not in Life. ———

Who conquers, wins, by brutal Strength, the Prize;
But 'tis a glorious Work to civilize. Tickell.

The Vanquish'd must receive the Victor's Laws. Dr. I. Em.
Victors thro' Number never gain'd Applause. Dryden.
They know to conquer best, who know to die. Dr. In. Em.
The Gods are ever of the conqu'ring Side. Dr. Ind. Emp.

O what Joys does Conquest yield!
When returning from the Field,
O how glorious 'tis to see
The God-like Hero crown'd with Victory!
Laurel Wreaths his Head surrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind,
Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,
Ev'ry Voice in Chorus join'd. Cong.

Then crimson Conquest clasp'd me in her Arms (Broth.
And laurel'd Triumphs welcom'd my Return. South. Loy.

For Conquest flushes the victorious Troops,
Spirits their Battel, and inspires their Arms. Gzell. Hom.
A long Security makes Conquest easy. Dryd. all for Love.

Con-

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——— Conqueſt is not giv'n by Chance;
But, bound by fatal and reſiſtleſs Merit,
Waits on his Arms. ——— Rowe Tamerl.
——— It is too much you dreſs me.
Like an Uſurper in the borrow'd Attributes
Of injur'd Heav'n. Can we call Conqueſt ours?
Shall Man, this Pigmy, with a Giant's Pride,
Vaunt of himſelf and ſay, Thus have I done this?
O vain Pretence to Greatneſs! Like the Moon,
We borrow all the Brightneſs, which we boaſt,
Dark in our ſelves and uſeleſs: If that Hand,
That rules the Fate of Battels, ſtrike for us,
Crown us with Fame, and gild our Clay with Honour,
'Twere moſt ungrateful to diſown the Benefit,
And arrogate a Pride, which is not ours. Rowe Tamerl.

CONSCIENCE.

He, that commits a Sin, ſhall quickly find
The preſſing Guilt lie heavy on his Mind:
Tho' Bribes or Favour ſhall aſſert his Cauſe,
Pronounce him guiltleſs, and elude the Laws;
None quits himſelf; his own impartial Thought (Juv.
Will damn, and Conſcience will record the Fault. Creech.
Then why muſt thoſe be thought to 'ſcape, that feel
Thoſe Rods of Scorpions, and thoſe Whips of Steel,
Which Conſcience ſhakes, when ſhe with Rage controuls,
And ſpreads amazing Terrours thro', their Souls? Creech Juv.
Not ſharp Revenge, nor Hell it ſelf can find
A fiercer Torment than a guilty Mind,
Which Day and Night does dreadfully accuſe, (Juv.
Condemns the Wretch, and ſtill the Charge renews. Creech
Perpetual Anguiſh fills his anxious Breaſt,
Not ſtopt by Buſineſs, nor compos'd by Reſt:
No Muſick chears him, and no Feaſts can pleaſe;
He ſits like diſcontented Damocles,
When by the ſportive Tyrant wiſely ſhown
The dang'rous Pleaſures of a flatter'd Throne. Creech Juv.
Sleep flies the Wretch; or, when with Cares oppreſt,
And his toſt Limbs are wearied into Reſt,
Then Dreams invade, the injur'd Gods appear,
All arm'd with Thunder, and awake his Fear:
The Wretch will ſtart at ev'ry Flaſh that flies,
Grow pale at the firſt Murmur of the Skies, (Juv.
Ere Clouds are form'd, and Thunder roars, afraid. Creech.
Conſcience, whoſe Court of Juſtice is within. Blac. Job.

The

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—— The plain Judge, Conſcience, makes no Show,
But ſilently to her dark Seſſions comes:
Tho' ſhe on Hills ſets not her Gibbets high,
Where frightful Law ſets hers; nor bloody ſeems,
Like War in Colours ſpread: yet ſecretly
She does her Work, and many a Man condemns:
Choaks in the Seed, what Law, till ripe, ne'er ſees;
What Law would puniſh, Conſcience can prevent,
And ſo the World from many Miſchiefs frees; (Gond.
Known by her Cures, as Law by Puniſhment. D'Aven.
O Pow'r of Guilt! How Conſcience can upbraid!
It forces her not only to reveal, (Gran. p. 2.
But to repeat, what ſhe wou'd moſt conceal. Dryd. Conq. o
O Power of Conſcience, ev'n in wicked Men!
It works, it ſtings, it will not let him utter
One Syllable, one, not to clear himſelf
From the moſt baſe, deteſted, horrid Act,
That e'er cou'd ſtain a Villain. Dryd. Oedip.
How ſhall I 'ſcape the Stings of my own Conſcience;
Which will for ever rack me with Remembrance,
Haunt me by Day, and torture me by Night,
Caſting my blotted Honour in the Way, (L. J. Brut
Where-e'er my melancholy Thoughts ſhall guide me? Lee
Oh! what's this that rends my Heart;
That rides my Days, and clouds my Nights with Horrour?
Is it not Conſcience, which ſometimes appears
Like a She-Wolf, and drags me on the Floor?
Then in a Lion's Form it comes, (of Par
And grins, and roars, juſt gaping to devour me. Lee Maſſ
Were all well here, what Force, what Roman Arms,
What Gen'ral, marching at the Head of Millions,
Could daunt the bold, the forward Mithridates?
But here, Pharnaces, in my guilty Boſom,
The fatal En'my undermines me quite:
Black Legions are my Thoughts: not Pompey, but
Ziphares, comes with all his Wrongs; and arms,
Like the Lieutenant of the Gods, againſt me:
Semandra too, like bleeding Victory,
Stands on his Side, and cries out, Kill, kill, kill
That curſed Parricide, that Raviſher:
Oh! Heav'n ſuſtain me, or I ſhall grow mad. Lee Mithr.
I'll tell thee, Boy, Remorſe and upſtart Fear
Oppreſs me, ev'n in Spight of all my Knowledge:
Tho' none of thoſe, that boaſt Philoſophy,
Have made a deeper Search in Nature's Womb
Than I: (the Midnight Moon has ſeen my Watchings)
I tell thee, none can name her infinite Seeds

Like

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ke me; nor better know her Sparks of Light,
ose Gems that shine in the blue Ring of Heav'n:
ne knows more Reasons for, or 'gainst you' first
ight Cause; can talk of Accidents above me:
t there's a Thorn, call'd Conscience, makes its Way,
ro' all the Fence of Pleasure, fortify'd
ith Reasons, that this Ill seems Good to me,
d stings thy guilty Father to the Soul. Lee Mithr.
For Conscience is the Mirrour of our Souls,
hich represents the Errours of our Lives
their full Shape. ———
O Conscience, into what Abyss of Fears
d Horrours hast thou driv'n me; out of which
nd no Way, from deep to deeper plung'd! Milt. Par. Lost.
Sunk were their Hearts with Horrour of the Crime:
e Fright was gen'ral, but the female Band,
atiless Train, in more Confusion stand:
ith Horrour shudd'ring, on a Heap they run;
k at the Sight of hateful Justice done: (own.
r Conscience rung th'Alarum, and made the Case their
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.
For Conscience is but Int'rest ill disguis'd. Dryd.
Immortal Pow'r's the Term of Conscience know;
t Int'rest is her Name with Men below. Dr. Mind. & Pant.
She is a Bawd to Gain, and holds the Door.
Dryd. Hind. & Pant.
Conscience, that giddy, airy Dream, (steam!
hich does from brain-sick Heads, or ill-digesting Stomachs
Conscience, the vain fantastick Fear
Punishments, we know not when, nor where!
ject of crafty Statesmen to support weak Law;
By which they slavish Spirits awe;
And dastard Souls to forc'd Obedience draw! Oldh.
Conscience, a cheap Pretence to cozen Fools!
Behn. Abdel.
A bugbear Name to scarre them. Otw. Alcib.
I'll to the Wars; and as the Corybantines,
ith clashing Shields, and braying Trumpets, drown'd
e Cries of Infant Jove, I'll stifle Conscience, (& Hip.
d Nature's Murmurs in the Din of Arms. Smith. Phard.

CONSTANCY.

True Knights of Love, who never broke their Vow:
rn to their plighted Faith; and ever free
om Fears and fickle Chance, and Jealousie.
Dryd. Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf

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Be constant, Bellamira, to thy Vow;
So shall we shine, as, in the inmost Heav'n,
The fixt and constant Stars, with silent Glory;
Where never Storm, nor Lightnings Flash, nor Stroke
Of Thunder comes: But, if you fail in ought,
Then shall we fall, like the curs'd Angels, down,
Never to rise again. —— Lee Cæs. Bor.

When I am false, forsake me all that's true.
What, parcel Love,
Like common Dole, by Scraps, to ev'ry Eye,
That hungers after Lust? Shall I do this?
No, my frank Soul gives largely; all at once;
Nothing by Halves: True Love has no Reserves:
Yes, my Chruseis, I am only thine,
Only and all: The Soul, that's snatch'd by Death,
Returns no more; nor will her Eyes give back (Love,
The Heart, she keeps in her eternal Chain. Lanfd. Her.

Not rooted Oaks the Force of raging Winds,
Nor Nature's Bars, on their strong Basis fix'd,
Repel the Fury of insulting Waves,
With greater Firmness, than resolv'd Armida
Defies the Charms of Majesty and Pow'r. Hig. Gen. Conq.
—— —— Fair tho' you are
As Summer Mornings, and your Eyes more bright
Than Stars, that twinkle in a Winter's Night;
Tho' you have Eloquence to warm and move
Cold Age, and praying Hermits into Love;
Tho' Almahide with Scorn reward my Care,
Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to despair. Dr. C. of Gran.

I cannot change, as others do,
Tho' you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor Swain, that sighs for you,
For you alone was born. Roch.

No longer Man of Woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again;
That we in vain the fickle Sex pursue,
Who change the constant Lover for the new:
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of Female Passion feign'd, or Truth decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my Verse refuted stand,
Be said to Winds, or writ upon the Sand. Prior.

CONSTELLATION.

One, as a Constellation is but one;
Tho' 'tis a Train of Stars, that, rowling on,
Rise in their Turn, and in the Zodiack run. Dryd.

CON-

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CONSTERNATION.

Diſorder'd Murmurs thro' the College paſs;
id pale Confuſion glares in ev'ry Face. Garth.
Strange Conſternation ſtruck the trembling Hoſt:
) Faces in Diſtreſs did ever wear
:rrour ſo ſtrong, or ſuch bold Strokes of Fear:
)rrour was ne'er to ſuch Advantage ſeen,
:'er ſhow'd ſo dire a Look, ſo wild a Mien:
ie great Diſtraction, that poſſeſs'd their Eyes,
ieir uncouth Howling, and their hideous Yell,
) Fanſy can conceive, no Language tell. Blac. Eliza.
Never was known a Night of ſuch Diſtraction;
)iſe ſo confus'd and dreadful! Juſtling Crowds
iat run, and know not whither: Torches gliding,
ke Meteors, by each other in the Streets. Dr. Span. Fryar.
Like Thieves, ſurpriz'd whilſt they divide their Prize,
Still ſeeming doubtful where their Safety lies;
All ſpeaking with their Looks, and all are dumb. D'Av.
——— Wherefore ſtare you thus
ith haggard Eyes? Why are your Arms a-croſs?
our heavy and deſponding Heads hung down? (Bride.
'hat is't you more than ſpeak in theſe ſad Signs. Cong. M.
——— Amaz'd he ſtood,
ke one aſtown'd, nor fix'd his dubious Thoughts:
: when the Seas expect a gath'ring Storm,
he Ocean blackens, and the ſilent Waves
ep on the Boſom of the gloomy Deep,
)ſh'd in a Peace profound; till from the Clouds
he furious Storm impetuous burſts it Way,
ffects the hoary Main, and ſhoves the Waves
:fore its Fury to the frighten'd Shores:
hus dubious Neſtor without Motion ſtood;
nd gloomy Thoughts o'ercaſt his penſive Soul. Br. Hom.

CONTENT.

Learn, Men, to make the beſt of what you are,
nd in that State be chearful and rejoice, (Hor.
'hich either was your Fate, or was your Choice. Cowl.
For Providence ſtill keeps ev'n Stare;
But he can beſt command his Fate,
Whoſe Art, by adding his own Voice,
Makes his Neceſſity his Choice. Orinda.
He, whom the Gods beſt Gift, Content, does bleſs,
aſſeſſing nothing, does the World poſſeſs. Denn. Boil.

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——— ——— My Mind,
By thus contracting its Desires, is taught
The humble Quiet of possessing Nought. Dryd. Tyr. Lust
The Men, that suit their Wishes to their State,
And, pleas'd still with themselves, enjoy their Fate,
Whose modest Passions Reason's Nod obey,
Are greater Kings than those who Sceptres sway:
They can the Triumph of a Court despise,
And the rich Toys, that charm deluded Eyes:
Pois'd on their own unshaken Base, they view
All the Vicissitudes, that Time can shew:
They, like tall Mountains, are advanc'd so high,
That all the low-hung Clouds beneath them fly. Bl. P. Arth.
Thus the great Minds, that can themselves subdue,
Preserve their Peace, and still their Joys renew:
They face the Storm, and stand its fiercest Shocks,
Bold as the Winds, unshaken as the Rocks:
No Tempest, that invades th'ambitious Breast,
Can the calm Region of their Mind molest:
So Winds, which Rivulets disturb, will play
In harmless Breezes on the wider Sea. Blac. P. Arth.
Heav'ns Offspring, with divine Contentment blest,
Enjoy the Empire of a guiltless Breast:
Tho' spoil'd by prosp'rous Robbers, still they find
The large Possessions of a peaceful Mind:
Free from Desire, they are as free from Want,
And from the Cares, that envy'd Greatness haunt. Bl. P. Arth.
Happy the Man, of Mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet Mind from vain Desires is free:
Whom neither Hopes deceive, nor Fears torment;
But lives, at Peace within himself, content:
In Thought or Act accountable to none,
But to himself, and to the Gods alone.
O Sweetness of Content! Seraphick Joy!
That, wanting Nothing, Nothing can destroy!
Where dwells this Peace, this Freedom of the Mind?
Where, but in Shades, remote from Human Kind:
In flow'ry Vales, where Nymphs and Shepherds meet;
But never comes within the Palace-Gate.
Farewel then, Cities; Courts and Camps, farewel:
Welcome, ye Groves, here let me ever dwell,
From Cares, from Bus'ness, and Mankind remove,
All but the Muses, and inspiring Love.
How sweet the Morn! how gentle is the Night!
How calm the Ev'ning, and the Noon how bright!
From hence, as from a Hill, I view below
This crowded World, that like some Wood does shew,

Where

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here sev'ral Wand'rers travel Day and Night,
hro' sev'ral Paths, and none are in the Right. Ld. Lansd.
Content's a Crown that seldom Kings enjoy. Shak. H. 6.
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
nd range with humble Livers in Content,
han to be perk'd up in a glitt'ring Pride,
nd wear a golden Sorrow. Shak. Hen. 1.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Long has this happy Quarter of the Town,
or Lewdness, Wit, and Gallantry, been known:
ll Sorts meet here, of whatsoe'er Degree,
o blend and justle into Harmony:
he Criticks each adventrous Author scan;
nd praise or censure, as they like the Man:
he Politicians of Parnassus prate;
nd Poets canvass the Affairs of State:
he Cits ne'er talk of Trade and Stock; but tell,
ow Virgil writ; how bravely Turnus fell.
he Lawyer for lac'd Coat the Robe does quit;
e grows a Madman, and then turns a Wit:
nd in the Cloister pensive Strephon waits,
ill Chloe's Hackney comes, and then retreats. Garth.

CORAH.

——— Thou well-breath'd Witness of the Plot,
O Corah, thou shalt from Oblivion pass:
Erect thy self thou Monumental Brass:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations stand secure beneath thy Shade.
What tho' his Birth were base, yet Comets rise
From earthly Vapours, ere they shine in Skies:
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weavers Issue, as by Princes Son:
This Arch-Atteslor for the Publick Good
By that one Deed ennobles all his Blood:
Who ever ask'd the Witnesses high Race,
Whose Oath with Martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite; and, as Times went then,
His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes; his Voice was harsh and loud:
Sure Signs, he neither chol'rick was, nor proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermilion, and a Moses Face.

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His Memory, miraculouſly great,
Could Plots, exceeding Man's Belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies;
For human Wit could never ſuch deviſe:
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But, where the Witneſs fail'd, the Prophet ſpoke.
Some Things like viſionary Flights appear;
The Spirit caught him up the Lord knows where,
And gave him his Rabbinical Degree,
Unknown to foreign Univerſity.
His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel,
Which piec'd his wond'rous Evidence ſo well;
And ſuited to the Temper of the Times,
Then groaning under Jebuſitick Crimes:
Let Iſrael's Foes ſuſpect his heav'nly Call,
And raſhly judge his Writ apochryphal;
Our Laws for ſuch Affronts have Forfeits made;
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my ſelf in Witneſs Corah's Place,
The Wretch, who did me ſuch a dire Diſgrace,
Should whet my Memory, tho' once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n made him his Prince deſpiſe,
And load his Perſon with Indignities;
For Zeal peculiar Privilege affords,
Indulging Latitude to Deeds and Words:
And Corah might for Agag's Murther call
In Terms as coarſe, as Samuel us'd to Saul. Dr. Abſ. & Ach.
O Corah! unexhauſted Mine of Plots!
Incredible to all but Knaves and Sots:
Thou truly may'ſt for a new Sampſon paſs,
Who kill'ſt ſo ſure with Jawbone of an Aſs. ——

CORAL.

So Coral, ſoft and white in Ocean's Bed,
Comes harden'd up in Air, and glows with Red. Dr. Ovid.

CORN.

That Crop of Corn rewards the greedy Peaſants Pains,
And burſts the crowded Barns with more than promis'd Gains.
Dryd. Virg.

—— The Floods from high now ruſh amain,
With pregnant Streams, to ſwell the teeming Grain. Dr. Virg.
And now the Stem, too feeble for the Freight,
Can ſcarce ſuſtain the Heads unwieldy Weight. Dryd. Virg.

The

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The rising Bulk of the luxuriant Blade. Dryd. Virg.
——— Th'aspiring Offspring of the Grain
O'ertops the Ridges of the furrow'd Plain. Dryd. Virg.
——— The louring Spring, with lavish Rain,
Beats down the sleader Stem, and bended Grain;
While yet the Head is green; or, lightly swell'd
With milky Moisture, overlooks the Field. Dryd. Virg.
The Winter Drout rewards the Peasants Pain,
And broods indulgent on the bury'd Grain. Dryd. Virg.
——— What fertile Fields of Corn
The Kentish Hills luxuriously adorn!
And, this and that Way wav'd by Zephyr's Breath,
Vie in green Waves with the salt Flood beneath. Blac. Eliz.
Their verdant Meadows pour such Riches forth,
Strong Mowers groan to heave th'unwieldy Birth. Blac. Job.
——— Th'aspiring Offspring of the Grain
O'ertops the Ridges of the furrow'd Plain. Dryd. Virg.

COUNTREY-LIFE.

Now fenced Pales, in a lofty Strain,
I sing the rural Honours of thy Reign. Dryd. Virg.
And Oh! Behold what Bliss the Countrey yields!
The flow'ry Meads, the purling Streams, the laughing Fields! Staff. Virg.
Where Innocence seems seated by the Gods,
As in her Virgin Nakedness, untainted. Otw. C. Mar.
What Scenes appear, where-e'er I turn my Eyes!
All around—— Enchanted Ground
And soft Elysiums rise:
Flow'ry Mountains,—— Mossy Fountains,
Shady Woods,—— Chrystal Floods,
With wild Variety surprize. Add. Rof.
Where joyful Nature sits in Plenty crown'd:
Hesperian Fields and sylvan Scenes surround (Arth.
Her shady Throne; and with rich Fruit abound. Blac. P.
How blest'd is he, who leads a Countrey-Life,
Unvex'd with anxious Cares, and void of Strife!
Who, studying Peace, and shunning civil Rage,
Enjoy'd his Youth, and now enjoys his Age:
All, who deserve his Love, he makes his own;
And, to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known. Dryd.
O leave the noisy Town; O come and see
Our Country Cotts, and live content with me:
To wound the flying Deer; and, from their Cotes,
With me to drive a-field the browning Goats:

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To pipe and ſing; and, in our Country Strain,
To copy, or perhaps contend with, Pan. Dryd. Virg.
Behold yon' born'ring Fence of ſallow Trees
Is fraught with Flow'rs, the Flow'rs are fraught with Bees
The buſie Bees, with a ſoft murm'ring Strain,
Invite, to gentle Sleep, the lab'ring Swain:
Whiles from the neighb'ring Rock, with rural Songs,
The Pruner's Voice the pleaſing Dream prolongs:
Stock-Doves and Turtles tell their am'rous Pain;
And, from the lofty Elms, of Love complain. Dryd. Virg.
The Gods, to live in Woods, have left the Skies:
And God-like Pan, in th' Idean Grove,
To Priam's Wealth preferr'd OEnone's Love:
In Cities, which ſhe built, let Pallas reign:
Tow'rs are for Gods, but Foreſts for the Swain. Dr. Virg.
Let Cities boaſt, that they provide
For Life the Ornaments of Pride;
But 'tis the Countrey and the Field,
That furniſh it with Staff and Shield. Cowl.
O happy, if his Happineſs he knows,
The Countrey-Swain, on whom kind Heav'n beſtows
At home all Riches, that wiſe Nature needs;
Whom the juſt Earth with eaſy Plenty feeds.
'Tis true, no Morning Tide of Clients comes,
And fills the painted Channels of his Rooms,
Adoring the rich Figures, as they paſs,
In Tap'ſtry wrought, or cut in living Braſs;
Nor is his Wool ſuperfluouſly dy'd
With the dear Poyſon of Aſſyrian Pride:
Nor do Arabian Perfumes vainly ſpoil,
The native Uſe and Sweetneſs of his Oil.
Inſtead of thoſe, his calm and harmleſs Life,
Free from th' Alarms of Fear, and Storms of Strife,
Does with ſubſtantial Bleſſedneſs abound,
And the ſoft Wings of Peace cover him round.
Thro' artleſs Grots the murm'ring Waters glide;
Thick Trees, againſt both Heat and Cold, provide,
From whence the Birds ſalute him; and his Ground
With lowing Herds and bleating Sheep does ſound;
And all the Rivers and the Foreſts nigh,
Both Food and Game, and Exerciſe ſupply.
Have a well-harden'd, active Youth we ſee
Taught the great Art of chearful Poverty:
Here, in this Place alone, here ſtill do ſhine
Some Streaks of Love, both human and divine:
From hence Aſtræa took her Flight; and here
Still her laſt Footſteps upon Earth appear.

Let

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——— ——— Let Woods and Rivers be
My quiet, tho' inglorious, Destiny:
In Life's cool Vale let my low Scene be laid:
Cover me, Gods, with Tempe's thickest Shade.
——— ——— Thrice happy they,
Whose humble Life lies not in Fortune's Way:
They, unconcern'd, from their safe distant Seat,
Behold the Rods and Sceptres of the Great:
The Quarrels of the Mighty, without Fear,
And the Descent of foreign Troops they hear.
Nor can ev'n Rome their steady Course misguide,
With all the Lustre of her perishing Pride;
——— ——— Nor do they live
By Rules or Forms, that many Madmen give:
Duty, for Nature's Bounty, they repay,
And her sole Laws religiously obey.
Some with bold Labour plough the faithless Main,
Some rougher Storms in Princes Courts sustain.
Some swell up their slight Sails with pop'lar Fame,
Charm'd with the foolish Whistlings of a Name:
Some their vain Wealth to Earth again commit,
With endless Cares some brooding o'er it sit.
Countrey and Friends are by some Wretches sold,
To lie on Tyrian Beds, and drink in Gold;
No Price too high for Profit can be shewn;
Nor Brother's Blood, nor Hazards of their own:
Around the World in Search of it they roam;
It makes ev'n their Antipodes their Home.
Mean while the prudent Husbandman is found
In mutual Duties striving with his Ground.
Each fertile Month does some new Gifts present,
And with new Work his Industry content.
This the young Lamb, that the soft Fleece does yield,
This loads with Hay, and that with Corn, the Field.
All Sorts of Fruits crown the rich Autumn's Pride;
And, on a swelling Hill's warm stony Side,
The pow'rful, princely Purple of the Vine,
Twice dy'd with the redoubled Sun, does shine.
In th' Evening to a fair ensuing Day,
With Joy he sees his Flocks and Kids at Play;
And loaded Kine about his Cottage stand,
Inviting with known Sound the Milker's Hand:
And when from wholesome Labour he does come,
With Wishes to be there, and wish'd for home,
He meets at Door the softest human Blisses;
His chaste Wife's Welcome, and his Children's Kisses.

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When any rural Holidays invite
His Genius forth to innocent Delight,
On Earth's fair Bed, beneath some sacred Shade,
Amidst his equal Friends carelessly laid,
He sings thee, Bacchus, Patron of the Vine,
The beechen Bowl foams with a Flood of Wine,
Not to the Loss of Reason, or of Strength:
To active Games, and manly Sport at length
Their Mirth ascends, and with fill'd Veins they see,
Who can the best at better Trials be.
Such was the Life the prudent Sabines chose,
From such the old Hetrurian Virtue rose.
Such, Remus, and the God, his Brother, led:
From such firm Footing Rome grew the World's Head.
Such was the Life, that ev'n till now does raise
The Honour of poor Saturn's golden Days.
Before Men born of Earth, and bury'd there,
Let in the Sea their mortal Fate to share;
Before new Ways of perishing were sought,
Before unskilful Death on Anvils wrought;
Before those Beasts, which human Life sustain,
By Men, unless to the Gods Use, were slain. Cowl. Virg.

Happy the Man, who his whole Time does bound,
Within th' Enclosure of his little Ground.
Happy the Man, whom the same humble Place,
Th' hereditary Cottage of his Race,
From his first rising Infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural Propension to that Earth,
Which both preserv'd his Life, and gave him Birth.
Him no false distant Lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish Wand'rings get:
He never Dangers either saw or fear'd;
The dreadful Storms at Sea he never heard:
He never heard the shrill Alarms of War,
Or the worse Noises of the Lawyer's Bar.
No Change of Consuls marks to him the Year,
The Change of Seasons is his Calendar:
The Cold and Heat Winter and Summer shows,
Autumn by Fruits, and Spring by Flow'rs he knows.
He measures Time by Land-marks, and has found
For the whole Day the Dial of his Ground.
A neighb'ring Wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary Trees.
H'as only heard of near Verona's Name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by Fame.

Thus

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Thus Health and Strength he t'a third Age enjoys,
And ſees a long Poſterity of Boys.
About the ſpacious World let others roam,
The Voyage Life is longeſt made at home. Cowl. Claud.
As one, who long in pop'lous City pent,
Where Houſes thick and Sewers annoy the Air,
Forth iſſuing on a Summer's Morn to breathe
Among the pleaſant Villages and Farms
Adjoin'd, from each Thing met conceives Delight;
The Smell of Grain, or tedded Graſs, or Kine,
Or Dairy, each rural Sight, each rural Sound;
If chance with Nymph-like Step fair Virgin paſs,
What pleaſing ſeem'd for her now pleaſes more; (Loſt
She moſt; and in her Look ſums all Delight. Milt. Par.

COURAGE.

Courage alone its great Diſtreſs can aid: (Virg.
But Fear, of what ſhould help, will be afraid. How. Veſt.
And Errors, not to be recall'd, ſtill find
Their beſt Redreſs from Preſence of the Mind:
Courage our greateſt Failings does ſupply,
And makes all Good, or handſomely we die. Wall.
True Valour never knows a baſe Allay,
And, tho' it loſe, can never yield, the Day. Orinda. Corneille.
Danger is nothing but a Bugbear Word:
Did Mountains of black Horrours me ſurround,
I'd ſcale them all. ——
When Fortune, Honour, Life, and all's in Doubt,
Bravely to dare is bravely to get out. Suckl. Agl.
He that will die or vanquiſh, ſeldom fails: (Corneille.
That brave Deſpair moſt commonly prevails: Orinda.
For then, no greater Evils left to fear, (P. Arth.
We take freſh hope and Courage from Deſpair. Blac.
For Courage ſcorns the Death it cannot ſhun. Dryd.
Con. of Gran. p. 2.
Boldneſs in deſperate Extreams is Wiſdom. Den. Lib. aff.
But what Relief can braveſt Valour lend,
When Heroes, not with Foes, but Fate, contend? Tate.
Courage, thou Curſe of the Unfortunate, (Queen.
Thou can'ſt encounter, not reſiſt, ill Fate. How. Ind.
The braveſt Men are ſubject moſt to Chance. Dryd.
Conq. of Gran. p. 1.
Thy Courage is an Omen of Succeſs. Lanſd. Jew of Ven.
You cannot be overcome, who cannot Fear. Hopk.
Pyrrhus.
They merit who unfortunately dare. Laud. Virg.

And

And there is a Neceſſity in Fate, (Gran. p. 1.
Why ſtill the brave bold Man is fortunate. Dryd. Conq. of
Fortune aſſiſts the Brave. —— Laud. Virg. (Emp.
When Fortune falls high Courages can riſe. Dryd. Ind.
We'll ſeek out Danger, ere it dare appear. Dryd. Conq.
of Gran, p. 1.
Let Valour act; but let Diſcretion guide. How. Ind. Queen.
Let us appear not raſh nor diffident:
Immod'rate Valour ſwells into a Fault,
And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
Betrays like Treaſon. —— Add. Cato.
He dares much,
And, to that dauntleſs Temper of his Mind,
He has a Wiſdom, that ſtill guides his Valour
To act in ſafety. Shak. Macb.
That Courage, which the Vain for Valour take,
Who proudly Dangers ſeek for Glory's Sake,
Is Impudence; and what they raſhly do,
Has no Excuſe, but that 'tis Madneſs too:
Yet, when confin'd, it reaches Valour's Name;
Which ſeeks fair Virtue, and is met by Fame:
It weighs the Cauſe, ere it attempts the Fact,
And bravely dares forbear as well as act.
It would reclaime, much rather than ſubdue;
Would rather hide Succeſs, than ſeek Applauſe;
And, tho' of Strength ſecur'd, yet truſts the Cauſe. D'Aven.
True, he has Courage: (Love.
But juſt enough to ſeaſon him from Coward. Dryd. all for
But brutal Courage is the Soldier's Idol. Dryd. Troil.
& Creſ.
—— A wiſe, well-temper'd Valour,
For ſuch is his: Thoſe Giants, Death and Danger,
Are but his Miniſters, and ſerve a Maſter
More to be fear'd then they; and the blind Goddeſs
Is led among the Captives in his Triumph:
Yet Fortune, Valour, all is overborne
By Numbers, as the long-reſiſting Bank
By the impetuous Torrent. —— Den. Sophy.
Courage from Hearts, and not from Numbers grows. Dryd.
But the courageous Man undaunted ſtands;
His Cheeks retain their Colour; and his Soul
Unſhaken ſtems the threat'ning Tide of Danger:
Calm is his Mind, and all his Thoughts compos'd;
Sedate he waits the Storm: But when the Voice
Of Honour calls aloud, his ſprightly Soul
Takes the Alarm, and fires his chearful Blood,
He ſallies with Impatience to the Fight:

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And should he, or a Hand, or Foot asar,
Receive a Hurt, the honourable Wound
Would fix a Token of his Worth in Arms:
Upon his manly Breast no Scar unseemly (Hom.
Will ever brand him with the Mark of Coward. Broome.
But oh! If any antient Blood remains,
One drop of all our Fathers in our Veins;
That Man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his Death with an undaunted Breast;
Who comely fell by no dishonest Wound,
——— And, dying, grac'd the Ground. Dryd. Virg.
The Secret to be safe is to be brave. Blac. K. Arth.
Methinks my Soul is rous'd to her last Work:
Has much to do, and little Time to spare:
She starts within me like a Traveller,
Who sluggishly out-slept his morning Hour, (& Creff.
And mends his Pace to reach his Inn betimes. Dryd. Troil.
What Man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan Tyger,
Take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Shak. Macb.
He rous'd his Vigour for the last Debate,
And rais'd his haughty Soul to meet his Fate. Dryd. Virg.
Anger and brave Disdain his Heart possess'd (David.
Thoughts more than manly swell'd his youthful Breast. Cow.
He whets his Fury, and with Joy prepares,
To terminate at once the long'ring Wars. Dryd. Virg.
——— ——— Who doubts another's Courage,
Wants it himself. ——— Dryd. Riv. Lad. (Brit. Ench.
The Oppress'd have a sure Refuge in the Brave. Lans.
And daring Courage makes ill Actions good. Dr. In. Emp.
Courage proves Guilt, when Merit swells to Pride. How.
Love, Faith and Zeal, if Resolution fail, Ind. Queen;
No more than the faint Glow-worms Fire avail. Sedl. Ant.
The Brave meet ev'ry Accident & Cleop.
With equal Minds. ——— ——— Rowe. Tamerl.
——— A noble Freedom
Dwells with the Brave, unknown to fawning Sycophants,
And claims a Privilege of being believ'd. Rowe. Tamerl.

COURT and COURTIER.

——— ——— I have no Business there:
I have not slavish Temperance enough
T' attend a Favourites Heels, and watch his Smiles;
Bear an ill Office done me to my Face, (Orph.
Ask thank the Lord, that wrong'd me, for his Favour. Otw.

Be

Be ſtill, and learn the ſmoothing Arts of Courts;
Adore his Fortune, mix with flatt'ring Crowds, (D. Seb.
And, when they praiſe him moſt, be you the loudeſt. Dryd.
——— The Depths of Courts but few can ſound:
Tyrants and Prieſts in Myſteries abound:
Perhaps their Arts will not the Light endure; (Calig.
They ſtrike moſt Awe, like Temples, when obſcure. Crown.
The Court is full of Eyes,
As Eagles ſharp, fatal as Baſiliſks, (Trium.
Who live on Looking, and who ſee to Death. Dryd. Love
Would you be happy, leave this fatal Place;
Fly from the Court's pernicious Neighbourhood,
Where Innocence is ſhunn'd, and bluſhing Modeſty
Is made the Scorner's Jeſt; where Hate, Deceit,
And deadly Ruin, wear the Masks of Beauty.
And draw deluded Fools with Shews of Pleaſure. Row. J. Sh.
——— ——— Courtiers are
High Cowards in Revenge amongſt themſelves,
And only valiant when they miſchief others:
——— ——— Stars, that would have no Names,
But for the Ills they threaten in Conjunction.
A Race of ſhallow and unthinking Pilots,
Who oft miſguide the Ship ev'n in a Calm, (Bren.
And, in great Storms, ſerve but as Weight to ſink it. Suckl.
Of all Court-Service learn the common Lot;
To Day 'tis done, to Morrow 'tis forgot. Dryd. D. Seb.

C O W.

Cows, with their milky Burthens overflow'd,
In frothy Pails their burſting Dugs upload. Dryd. Virg.
Thus often, when an innocent Heifer dies,
To angry Gods a ſpotleſs Sacrifice;
When all around ſhe ſheds attoning Blood,
And ſtains the Altars with a purple Flood;
Her Dam beats o'er the Fields in wild Deſpair,
And wounds with loud Complaints the tender Air:
Now here, now there will run, and ſtill complain;
Now leaves her Stall, and then returns again:
Mad for her Young, ſhe ev'ry Field does trace;
With paſſionate Eyes ſhe viſits ev'ry Place:
No Streams, no Flow'rs, her former great Delight,
Can raiſe or quicken her dead Appetite,
Allay her Grief, divert her pining Care;
And tho' a thouſand Heifers ſhould appear
More fat, more fair than hers, ſhe paſſes by,
And looks on none, or with a ſlighting Eye:

So

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So plain it is, she looks for something known,
And view'd before; she only seeks her own. Creech Lucr.

COWARD.

Cowards have Courage when they see not Death;
And fearful Hares, that sculk in Forms all Day,
Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-light:
——— But valiant Men
Still love the Sun should witness what they do. Dr. Riv. Lad.

What Friends can Cowards be? What Hopes appear
Of Help from such, who, where they hate, shew Fear?
Dryd. Ind. Emp.

I know he'll not refuse us, for he dares not:
A Coward is the kindest Animal;
'Tis the most giving Creature in a Fright. Dryd. Cleom.

For Cowardice has neither Ears nor Shame. Dryd. Ovid.

——— Ev'n Cowards will be scar'd
Out of their Natures into something brave. Crown. Darius.

Of all the Wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange, that Man should fear;
Seeing that Death, a necessary End,
Will come when it will come. ——— Shak. Jul. Cæs.

Have I not seen the Britains quite dishearted,
Run, run, Bonduca; not the quick Rack swifter;
The Virgin from the hated Ravisher,
Not half so fearful? Not a Flight drawn home,
A round Stone from a Sling, a Lover's Wish,
E'er made that Haste that they have. By the Gods,
I have seen these Britains, that you magnify,
Run as they would have outrun Time, and roaring,
Safely for Mercy roaring: the light Shadows,
That in a Thought scour o'er the Fields of Corn,
Halted on Crutches to them: I have seen them,
Like boading Owls, creep into Tods of Ivy,
And hoot their Fears to one another nightly. Beaum. Bond.

——— ——— The Coward trembles;
His Cheeks look gastly pale; his shiv'ring Knees
Knock, and refuse to bear their Load: His Heart
Pants in his Breast; Weakness unnerves his Limbs;
His Body quakes like quiv'ring Leaves of Trees,
That tremble to the Wind; his Teeth aloud
Chatter, and Death in ev'ry Shade he views. Broome Hom.

——— His noisy Tongue can only fight;
And Feet were giv'n him, but to speed his Flight. Dr. Virg.

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C O Y.

If ſhe be coy, and ſcorn my noble Fire,
If her chill Heart I cannot move,
Why I'll enjoy the very Love,
And make a Miſtreſs of my own Deſire.
Flames their moſt vig'rous Heat do hold,
And pureſt Light, if compaſs'd round with Cold:
So when ſharp Winter means moſt Harm,
The ſpringing Plants are by the Snow it ſelf kept warm. Cow.
Her very Coyneſs warms,
And with a grateful Sullenneſs ſhe charms:
Each Look darts forth a thouſand Rays,
Whoſe Luſtre an unwary Sight betrays, (Hor.
My Eye-balls ſwim, and I grow giddy while I gaze. Cong.
What new-found Witchcraft's this in thee,
With thy own Cold to kindle me?
Strange Art! like him that ſhould deviſe
To make a burning-Glaſs of Ice. Cowl.
Thy Coldneſs kills not, but preſerves my Flame;
As Winter Snows the freezing Earth defend,
And tender Plants keep warm. O Armida,
Thy very Cruelty has all the Charms
That Kindneſs gives the reſt of Womankind:
Diſdain'd we ſtill love on. —— Hig. Gen. Conq.
Yet cruel ſhe to Harſhneſs more inclines, (Theoc.
Than unripe Grapes, pluck'd from the ſavage Vines. Duke
O ſhe is arm'd with Ice around her Heart, (Bride.
Not to be warm'd with Words, or idle Eloquence. Cong. M.
That ſelf-denying Gift we all enjoy,
Of wiſhing to be won, yet ſeeming to be coy. Harv. Ovid.

C R A N E.

Thus, at the Signal giv'n, the Cranes ariſe (Virg.
Before the ſtormy South, and blacken all the Skies. Dryd.
The wary Crane foreſees the Storm, and ſails
Above the Clouds, and leaves the lowly Vales. Dryd. Virg.
—— —— The Cranes,
Shunning tempeſtuous Boreas and the Winter,
In Search of Shelter fly to warmer Nile,
And carry Death and Terrour to the Pygmies,
On whom they pour the War from upper Air. ——

CREA-

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CREATION.

Not yet the loosen'd Earth aloft was flung,
Or, pois'd amidst the Skies, in Balance hung:
Not yet did golden Fires the Sun adorn;
Or borrow'd Lustre silver Cynthia's Horn:
Not yet had Time Commission to begin;
Or Fate the many-twisted Web to spin:
When all the heav'nly Host, assembled, came
To view the World, yet resting on its Frame:
Eager they press to see the Sire dismiss
And rowl the Globe along the vast Abyss:
The Father now, within his spacious Hands,
Encompass'd all the mingled Mass of Seas and Lands:
And, having heav'd aloft, the pond'rous Sphere,
He launch'd the World to float in ambient Air. Cong.

So, when at first, in Chaos and old Night,
Hot Things with cold, and moist with dry did fight,
Love did the warring Seeds to Union bring;
And over all Things stretch'd his peaceful Wing:
The jarring Elements no longer strove;
And a World started forth, the beauteous Work of Love. Lee.

But tell me how; say, how this beauteous Frame,
Of all Things from the Womb of Nothing came;
When Nature's Lord, by one Almighty Call,
From no where rais'd the World's capacious Hall? Broom.

He to his Harp in lofty Verse began;
And thro' the secret Maze of Nature ran:
He the great Spirit sung, that all Things fill'd,
That the tumultuous Waves of Chaos still'd:
Whose Nod dispos'd the jarring Seeds to Peace,
And made the Wars of hostile Atoms cease.
All Beings, we in fruitful Nature find,
Proceeded from the great eternal Mind:
Streams of his unexhausted Spring of Pow'r,
And, cherish'd with his Influence, endure.
He fill'd the Sun's vast Lamp with golden Light;
And bid the silver Moon adorn the Night:
He spread the airy Ocean without Shores,
Where Birds are wafted with their feather'd Oars. Bl. P. Arth.

For lo! he sung the World's stupendous Birth:
How scatter'd Seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire, thro' universal Night,
And empty Space, did fruitfully unite:
From whence th' innumerable Race of Things,
By circular successive Orders, springs.

By

By what Degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere
Was harden'd, Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear.
How sinking Waters, the firm Land to drain,
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main:
While from above, adorn'd with radiant Light,
A new-born Sun surpriz'd the dazled Sight:
How Vapours, turn'd to Clouds, obscure the Sky,
And Clouds, dissolv'd, the thirsty Ground supply;
How the first Forest rais'd its shady Head; (ferd.
Till when, few wand'ring Beasts on unknown Mountains Rose. Virg.

In its ideal Frame the World, design'd
From Ages past, lay finish'd in thy Mind:
Conform to this divine imagin'd Plan,
With perfect Art th'amazing Work began:
Thy Glance survey'd the solitary Plains,
Where shapeless Shade inert and silent reigns:
Then in the Dark and undistinguish'd Space,
Unfruitful, uninclos'd, and wild of Face,
Thy Compass, for the World, mark'd out the destin'd Place.
Then didst thou thro' the Fields of barren Night
Go forth, collected in creating Might;
Where thou Almighty Vigour did'st exert,
Which, omicant, did this and that Way dart
Thro' the black Bosom of the empty Space;
The Gulphs confess th'omnipotent Embrace,
And, pregnant grown with elemental Seed,
Unfinish'd Orbs, and Worlds in Embryo breed:
From the crude Mass, omniscient Architect,
Thou for each Part Materials did'st select,
And with a Master-Hand thy World erect:
Labour'd by thee, the Globes, vast lucid Buoys,
By thee uplifted, float in liquid Skies:
By thy cementing Pow'r their Parts cohere,
And roul by thy impulsive Nod in Air:
Thou in the Vacant did'st the Earth suspend,
Advance the Mountains, and the Vales extend;
People the Plains with Flocks, with Beasts the Wood,
And store with scaly Colonies the Flood. Blac. Creat.

In solemn and instructive Notes they sung,
From whence the beauteous Frame of Nature sprung;
Who polish'd all the radiant Orbs above;
And in bright Order made the Planets move;
Whence Thunders roar, and frightful Meteors fly;
And Comets roul unbounded thro' the Sky:
Who wing'd the Winds, and gave the Streams to flow;
And rais'd the Rocks, and spread the Lawns below:

Whence

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Whence the gay Spring exults in flow'ry Pride;
And Autumn with the bleeding Grape is dy'd:
When Summer Suns imbrown the lab'ring Swains,
And shiv'ring Winter pines in icy Chains;
And prais'd the Pow'r supream; nor durst advance
So vain a Theory as that of Chance. Fenton.

Before th' unshaken Pillars of the Earth
Were rear'd; before prolifick Nature's Birth;
Before the Register of Time begun,
Or Heav'ns bright Forces throng'd about the Sun;
Was a wild Void, that no set Bounds restrain'd;
Where Silence, Night, and Desolation reign'd:
Where yet no glimm'ring Track of Light appear'd,
No Discord yet, or Harmony, was heard:
From Ages past lay in th' Eternal's Mind
A finish'd Model of the Work, design'd
To be erected by Almighty Hands,
Where now this round capacious Fabrick stands.
Almighty Vigour strove thro' all the Void,
And such prolifick Influence imploy'd
That antient barren Night did pregnant grow,
And quicken'd with the World in Embryo.
The struggling Seeds of unshap'd Matter lie,
Contending in her Womb for Victory:
No Order, Form, or Parts distinct and clear,
Did in the crude Conception yet appear:
Thick Darkness yet did th' unripe Light embrace,
Which faintly glanc'd on Chaos' shady Face:
Th' unfledg'd Fire has no bright Wings to rise,
But, scarce distinguish'd, with the Water lies:
Its sprightly ruddy Youth not yet attain'd,
The glitt'ring Seeds, Mother of Fire, remain'd,
Like golden Sands, thick scatter'd on the Shore,
Of the wild Deep, and shone in burning Ore:
In glowing Heaps the Stars lay dusky bright,
Rude and unpolish'd Balls of unwrought Light.
The Sky, dispers'd, lay in Etherial Ore;
And Azure Veins betray'd th' Empyreal Store:
The wat'ry Treasures, in th' unfashion'd Birth,
Lay in the rough Embraces of the Earth:
But, at the great Command, will thaw, and throw
The Dross off; and, like melted Metals, flow:
Besides, vast Numbers of loose Atoms stray,
And in the restless Deep of Chaos play:
In dark Encounters they for Empire strive;
And gain what Chance and wild Confusion give;

Which

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Which jointly here poſſeſs'd the ſov'raign Sway,
Pleas'd with thoſe Subjects moſt, that leaſt obey:
Th'Eternal's Voice compos'd theſe Atoms Jars;
And juſtling Elements inteſtine Wars:
He ſets imprison'd Heat and Vigour free;
And ſuits and ranges Natures that agree:
He thro' the Maſs a mighty Ferment ſpread,
And, where it came, miſ-ſhap'd Confuſion fled:
Dark Chaos now throws off his gloomy Face,
Puts on freſh Beauty, and a heav'nly Grace:
Th'Almighty ſpoke, and ſtrait the ſprightly Light
With lovely Looks broke from the Abyſs of Night:
On golden Wings it mounts; and, in its Way,
Its Smiles diffuſe new Morn, and unripe Day:
Aloft vaſt ſpreading Sheets of Æther riſe,
Matter for Spheres, and pure tranſparent Skies:
The Sky, which for its Compaſs ſcarce finds Room,
Spun thin, and wove on Nature's fineſt Loom,
The new born World in its ſoft Boſom wraps;
And all around its ſtarry Mantle laps:
The Sun's vaſt Globe, which, till the Birth of Day,
All rough and cloudy in wild Chaos lay,
Well wrought and poliſh'd, is advanc'd on high:
The vagrant Beams, which ſtray'd about the Sky,
Now, beckon'd by creating Pow'r, obey;
And the bright Forces hither haſte away:
Then, hov'ring, on the ſpungy Globe they wait;
And round their new appointed Manſion ſate:
The thirſty Orb drinks in the liquid Beams;
And now but one vaſt Sea of Glory ſeems:
It ſelf a Heav'n, with dazling Luſtre bright,
Pours out pure Floods of overflowing Light.
Here, as in Furnaces of boiling Gold,
Stars, dipp'd, come back, full as their Orbs can hold
Of glitt'ring Light: here too the Moon, all drown'd,
With the bright golden Metal fills her Round:
Sometimes half dipp'd, it but in Part adorns
Her Face, and ſhines with blunt refulgent Horns:
Th'Etherial Plain, now cultivated, bears
A ſhining Harveſt of illuſtrious Stars.
The Spheres ſpread forth their Boſoms, now refin'd,
And belly out, like Sails fwol'n big with Wind:
The Air, beat out and purify'd, now lies
A cryſtal Deep between the Earth and Skies:
Thro' this thin Void the Sun's indulgent Beams
Flow gently on the Earth in golden Streams,

Which

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Which kindly ſtead away the wat'ry Store;
And rob the Earth, but to enrich it more:
Th' Earth, with its own Burden tir'd, and preſs'd
Down with its Weight, lies in the Midſt at Reſt.
A Deep broke up; God calls the Waters; they
Feel the Command, and with quick Flight obey:
The mighty Heaps the foaming Deluge flow;
High liquid Walls, and curling Ridges ſhows:
Some Waters, with a ſmooth and gentle Tide,
Upon th' Earth's plain and level Surface glide:
Others, that meet a deep abrupt Deſcent,
Run down in Floods more deep and turbulent:
At laſt they flow from the high Precipice,
In noiſy Falls, into the dark Abyſs;
Till the vaſt Deluge, with its liquid Store,
Fills up the Deep, and crowns the ambient Shore.
Now their tall Heads the riſing Mountains ſhew,
And wide-mouth'd Valleys ſink themſelves as low:
The Earth as yet all bare and naked lay:
For Heav'ns Command th' impriſon'd Spirits ſtay:
God ſpake; and ſtrait a lovely Spring appears;
And ev'ry Field freſh verdant Cloathing wears:
Green Herbs adorn the Hills aſpiring Heads;
And ſmiling Flow'rs enrich th' enamel'd Meads:
Trees, ſtarting up, lifted their Heads ſo high,
They met the Clouds deſcending from the Sky.
Some, rang'd in beauteous Order, ſtately ſtood;
Others preſs'd cloſe, and throng'd into a Wood:
Some, where the Sun gives more indulgent Heat,
Tranſparent Gums and od'rous Juices ſweat:
The fragrant Balſam-tree diſtils around
Her healing Riches on the neighb'ring Ground:
The humble Jeſs'min breathes Perfumes abroad;
And wanton Zephyrs bear the balmy Load.
Pure cryſtal Rivers thro' the Meadows flow;
Their flow'ry Banks ſmile on them, as they go:
Their wat'ry Train in ſnaky Windings ſlides,
And in their Streams the ſcaly Nation glides:
Birds glad to try their Wings, ariſe from th' Earth,
And with their Songs they celebrate their Birth:
Beaſts in their various Kinds, all mild and tame,
Stood gazing round, and wonder'd whence they came.
The bleating Flocks wander on ev'ry Hill;
And lowing Herds th' echoing Valleys fill:
The ſporting Lion paws the wanton Bear,
Wolves ſeek the Woods, the Lawns the timorous Deer.

The

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The Spheres in tuneful Measures roul above, (Arth.
And Heav'n's bright Orbs in beauteous Order move. Blac. P.

C R E E K.

They spy a Creek not far; a peaceful Seat,
Where flying Waves, by furious Tempests beat,
Find, from the fierce Pursuit, a safe Retreat:
Free from th' outrageous Clamours of the Deep,
They rest secure; and unmolested sleep:
Stretch'd smooth beneath the shady Trees and Rocks,
Which guard them from the Winds impetuous Shocks:
Here smaller Vessels may securely ride,
And all th' Assaults of angry Storms deride. Blac. P. Arth.

——— Hard by a Creek,
Where Winds with Reeds and Oziers whisp'ring play.
Milt. Par. Reg.

C R I T I C K.

——— I see some Criticks where they sit,
Scatter'd, like Ratsbane, up and down the Pit:
While others watch, like Parish-Searchers, hir'd
To tell of what Disease the Play expir'd:
O with what Joy they run to spread the News
Of a damn'd Poet, and departed Muse!
But if he 'scape, with what Regret they're seiz'd!
And how they're disappointed, when they're pleas'd!
Criticks to Plays for the same End resort,
That Surgeons wait on Trials in a Court:
For Innocence condemn'd they've no Respect,
Provided they've a Body to dissect:
As Sussex-men, that dwell upon the Shore,
Look out when Storms arise, and Billows roar,
Devoutly praying, with uplifted Hands,
That some well-laden Ship may strike the Sands;
To whose rich Cargo they may make Pretence,
And fatten on the Spoils of Providence:
So Criticks throng to see a new Play split,
And thrive and prosper on the Wrecks of Wit. Cong.

Some few, from Wit, have this true Maxim got,
That 'tis still better to be pleas'd, than not:
And therefore never their own Torment plot.
While the malicious Criticks still agree
To loath each Play they come and pay to see:
The first know, 'tis a meaner Part of Sense,
To find a Fault, than taste an Excellence:

There-

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herefore they praiſe, and ſtrive to like, while theſe
re dully vain of being hard to pleaſe.
oets and Women have an equal Right
o hate the Dull, who, dead to all Delight,
eel Pain alone, and have no Joy but Spight.
Twas Impotence did firſt this Vice begin:
ools cenſure Wit, as old Men rail at Sin;
Who envy Pleaſure which they cannot taſte,
And, good for Nothing, would be wiſe at laſt. Roch.

When Poets Plots in Plays are damn'd for Spite,
They Criticks turn, and damn the reſt that write:
So the State-Plotter, on the like Pretence,
Miſſing his Aim, becomes an Evidence. ——

Criticks, like theſe, ſhould branded be for Foes,
Who, for the Poiſon only, ſuck the Roſe;
Rejecting what is ſweet, like Vultures, they
Feed only on the Carrion of a Play;
Snarling and carping without Wit or Senſe,
Impeach Miſtakes, o'erlooking Excellence. Lanſd.

Errours, like Straws, upon the Surface flow;
He, that would ſearch for Pearls, muſt dive below. Dryd.

They judge but half, who only Faults can ſee. Dryd.

And they, who of each Trip th' Advantage take,
Find but thoſe Faults, which they want Wit to make. Dryd.

—— Thy Criticks in th' Attempt are loſt;
When moſt they rail, know, then they envy moſt:
In vain they ſnarl aloof; a noiſy Crowd,
Like Women's Anger, impotent and loud:
While they their barren Induſtry deplore,
Paſs on ſecure, and mind the Goal before:
Old as ſhe is, my Muſe ſhall march behind,
Bear off the Blaſt, and intercept the Wind. Dryd.

Criticks, and aged Beaux, of Fanſy chaſte,
Who ne'er had Fire, or elſe whoſe Fire is paſt,
Muſt judge by Rules, what they want Force to taſte.
I would a Poet, like a Miſtreſs, try;
Not by her Hair, her Hand, her Noſe, her Eye;
But by ſome nameleſs Pow'r, to give me Joy.
The Nymph has G—n's, C——l's, C——l's Charms,
If with reſiſtleſs Fires my Soul ſhe warms,
With Balm upon her Lips, and Raptures in her Arms.
Codrington.

'Tis hard to ſay, if greater Want of Skill
Appear in writing, or in judging, ill:
But, of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' Offence,
To tire our Patience, than miſlead our Senſe;

Some

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Some few in that, but Numbers err in this;
Ten cenſure wrong, for one who writes amiſs.
A Fool might once himſelf alone expoſe;
Now one in Verſe makes many more in Proſe. Pope.

In Poets, as true Genius is but rare,
True Taſte as ſeldom is the Critick's Share:
Both muſt alike from Heav'n derive their Light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others, who themſelves excel;
And cenſure freely, who have written well.
Authors are partial to their Wit, 'tis true;
But are not Criticks to their Judgment too? Pope.

Some are bewilder'd in the Maze of Schools;
And ſome made Coxcombs Nature meant but Fools.
In Search of Wit theſe loſe their common Senſe;
And then turn Criticks in their own Defence.
Thoſe hate, as Rivals, all that write; and others
But envy Wits, as Eunuchs envy Lovers.
All Fools have ſtill an Itching to deride,
And would fain be upon the laughing Side:
If Maevius ſcribble in Apollo's Spight,
There are, who judge worſe than he can write. Pope.

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs;
As heavy Mules are neither Horſe nor Aſs.

But you, who ſeek to give and merit Fame,
And juſtly bear a Critick's noble Name;
Be ſure, your ſelf and your own Reach to know;
How far your Genius, Taſte, and Learning go;
Launch not beyond your Depth; but be diſcreet;
And mark that Point where Senſe and Dulneſs meet. Pope.

Firſt learned Greece juſt Precepts did indite,
When to repreſs, and when indulge, our Flight;
High on Parnaſſus Top her Sons ſhow'd,
And pointed out thoſe arduous Paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal Prize,
And urg'd the reſt by equal Steps to riſe.
From great Examples uſeful Rules were giv'n;
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n:
The gen'rous Critick fann'd the Poet's Fire,
And taught the World with Reaſon to admire:
When Criticiſm the Muſes Handmaid prov'd,
To dreſs her Charms, and make her more belov'd:
But ſoll'wing Wits from that Invention ſtray'd;
Who could not win the Miſtreſs, woo'd the Maid;
Set up themſelves, and drove a ſep'rate Trade:
Againſt the Poets their own Arms they turn'd;
Sure to hate moſt the Men from whom they learn'd.

So

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To modern Pothecaries taught the Art
By Doctors Bills, to play the Doctor's Part;
Bold in the Practice of miſtaken Rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their Maſters Fools.
Some on the Leaves of antient Authors prey;
Nor Time, nor Moths, e'er ſpoil'd ſo much as they.
Some, drily plain, without Invention's Aid,
Write dull Receits, how Poems may be made:
Theſe loſt the Senſe their Learning to diſplay;
And thoſe explain'd the Meaning quite away. Pope.

A perfect Judge will read each Work of Wit
With the ſame Spirit that its Author writ;
Survey the Whole; not ſeek ſlight Faults to find,
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind:
Nor loſe, for that malignant dull Delight,
The gen'rous Pleaſure to be charm'd with Wit:
But in ſuch Lays, as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, or regularly low,
That, ſhunning Faults, one quiet Tenour keep,
We cannot blame indeed; but we may ſleep. Pope.

As Men of Breeding, oft the Men of Wit,
T'avoid great Errours, muſt the leſs commit;
Neglect the Rules each verbal Critick lays;
For not to know ſome Trifles is a Praiſe.
Moſt Criticks, fond of ſome ſubſervient Art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of Principles, but Parts they prize;
And all to one lov'd Folly ſacrifice. Pope.

Thus Criticks, of leſs Judgment than Caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form ſhort Ideas, and offend in Arts,
As moſt in Manners, by a Love to Parts. Pope.

Avoid Extreams; and ſhun the Fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much:
At ev'ry Trifle ſcorn to take Offence;
That always ſhews great Pride, or little Senſe:
Thoſe Heads, as Stomachs, are not ſure the beſt,
Which nauſeate all, and nothing can digeſt:
Yet let not each gay Turn thy Rapture move;
For Fools admire, but Men of Senſe approve:
As Things ſeem large, which we thro' Miſts deſcry,
Dulneſs is ever apt to magnifie. Pope.

Of all this ſervile Herd the worſt is he,
That in proud Dulneſs joins with Quality;
A conſtant Critick at the Great Man's Board,
To fetch and carry Nonſenſe for my Lord.

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What woful Stuff this Madrigal would be,
In ſome ſtarv'd Hackney-Sonneteer, or me?
But let a Lord once own the happy Lines,
How the Wit brightens! How the Style refines!
Before his ſacred Name flies ev'ry Fault;
And each exalted Stanza teems with Thought. Pope.

Some praiſe at Morning what they blame at Night;
But always think the laſt Opinion right:
A Muſe by theſe is like a Miſtreſs us'd;
This Hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next, abus'd:
While their weak Heads, like Towns unfortify'd,
Twixt Senſe and Nonſenſe daily change their Side:
Ask them the Cauſe; They're wiſer ſtill, they ſay;
And ſtill To-Morrow's wiſer than To-Day.
We think our Fathers Fools; ſo wiſe we grow:
Our wiſer Sons, no doubt, will think us ſo. Pope.

Some, valuing thoſe of their own Side or Mind,
Still make themſelves the Meaſure of Mankind:
Fondly we think we honour Merit then,
When we but praiſe our ſelves in other Men:
Parties in Wit attend on thoſe of State;
And publick Faction doubles private Hate.
Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various Shapes of Parſons, Criticks, Beaus;
But Senſe ſurviv'd, when merry Jeſts were paſt;
For riſing Merit will buoy up at laſt:
Might he return, and bleſs once more our Eyes,
New Settles and new Milburns muſt ariſe:
Nay, ſhould great Homer lift his awful Head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the Dead. Pope.

To what baſe Ends, and by what abject Ways,
Are Mortals urg'd to ſacred Luſt of Praiſe?
Ah! ne'er ſo dire a Thirſt of Glory boaſt;
Nor in the Critick let the Man be loſt:
Good Nature and good Senſe muſt ever join;
To err is humane; to forgive, divine. Pope.

Avoid their Fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an Author into Vice:
All ſeems infected that th'infected ſpy;
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd Eye. Pope.

Learn then what Morals Criticks ought to ſhow;
For 'tis but half a Judge's Task to know:
'Tis not enough, Wit, Art, and Learning join;
In all you ſpeak let Truth and Candour ſhine;
That, not alone what's to your Judgment due,
All may allow; but ſeek your Friendſhip too. Pope.

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Be ſilent always, when you doubt your Senſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming Diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting Fops we know,
That, if once wrong, will needs be always ſo:
But you, with Pleaſure, own your Errors paſt,
And make each Day a Critick on the laſt. Pope.

'Tis not enough your Counſel ſtill be true:
Blunt Truths more Miſchiefs than nice Falſhoods do.
Men muſt be taught, as if you taught them not;
And Things, ne'er known, propos'd as Things forgot:
Without good Breeding Truth is not approv'd;
That only makes ſuperior Senſe lov'd. Pope.

Be Niggards of Advice on no Pretence;
For the worſt Avarice is that of Senſe.
With mean Complacence ne'er betray your Truſt;
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the Anger of the Wiſe to raiſe;
They beſt can bear Reproof, who merit Praiſe.
Twere well might Criticks ſtill this Freedom take;
But Appius reddens at each Word you ſpeak,
And ſtares, tremendous, with a threat'ning Eye,
Like ſome fierce Tyrant in old Tapeſtry. Pope.

Fear moſt to tax an honourable Fool,
Whoſe Right it is, uncenſur'd, to be dull:
Such, without Wit, are Poets when they pleaſe;
As without Learning they can take Degrees. Pope.

But where's the Man, who Counſel can beſtow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiaſs'd, or by Favour, or by Spight;
Nor dully prepoſſeſs'd, or blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred, and, tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere?
Who to a Friend his Faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the Merit of a Foe?
Bleſs'd with a Taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A Knowledge both of Books and Human-kind;
Gen'rous Converſe, a Soul exempt from Pride,
And Love to praiſe, with Reaſon on his Side? Pope.

CROCODILE.

So when arm'd Swains, on the fam'd Banks of Nile,
Beſet a fierce voracious Crocodile;
In vain their Darts, in vain their Spears aſſail
His ſcaly Sides, and native Coat of Mail:
On his hard Back they pour a fruitleſs War,
Which ſtrait recoils, nor can imprint a Scar. Blac. K. Arth.

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In Egypt thus, from the fermented Mud,
The genial Sun raiſes a monſtrous Brood:
Th' amphibious Wonder quits his wat'ry Den
With hideous Rush, and ſweeps the trembling Plain:
Deſtroys all round; yet then, with pious Tears
He mourns, he murders, weeps, but never ſpares.

CROWD.

As, in old Chaos, Heav'n with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd
The Sun his Light no farther could extend
Than the next Hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd:
So in this Throng bright Sachariſſa far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe, who ſtrove to be her Guard:
As Ships, tho' never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a Tempeſt on their Admiral.
A greater Favour this Diſorder brought
Unto her Servants, than their awful Thought
Durſt entertain, when, thus compell'd, they preſt
The yielding Marble of her ſnowy Breaſt:
While Love inſults, diſguiſed in the Cloud,
And welcome Force of that unruly Croud.
So th' am'rous Tree, while yet the Air is calm,
Juſt Diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the Wind her raviſh'd Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Boughs,
Tho' loth he ſeem her tender Leaves to preſs,
More loth he is that friendly Storm ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude Bounty he the double Uſe
At once receives, of Pleaſure and Excuſe.
Wall. Of her paſſing thro' a Cr

CROWDERO.

In th' Head of all this warlike Rabble,
Crowdero march'd, expert and able:
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his Neck, on North-Eaſt Side;
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe,
To ſpecial Friends, the fatal Nooſe:
For 'tis great Grace when Statesmen ſtrait
Diſpatch a Friend, let others wait:
His warped Ear hung o'er the Strings,
Which was but Sowle to Chitterlings:
For Guts, ſome wiſe, ere they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden;

From

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From whence Men borrow ev'ry Kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by String or Wind.
His grizly Beard was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick:
For he to Horſe-tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own Chin did grow.
In Staffordſhire, where virtuous Worth
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuſe the boldeſt King,
And Ruler o'er the Men of String;
He, bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By Chance of War was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: His Leg, then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oak:
For, when a Shin in Fight is crop't,
The Knee, with one of Timber, 's propt;
Seem'd more hon'rable than th'other,
And takes Place, tho' the younger Brother. Hud.

CUCKOLD.

Now the broad Shame comes ſtaring in thy Face, (Pen.
Boys ſhall hoot the Cuckold as he paſſes. Rowe Fair
—— —— May the Husband's Curſe
Hit here upon my Forehead, for the Boys
Mind me out by, as I paſs along. (Diſapp.
A common Scorn, and Jeſt of laughing Fools. South.
He might have number'd out the Stars in Six;
Her hot luſtful Appetite with Change
Ev'ry high-fed wanton Fool in Florence;
Had been happy; ignorantly bleſs'd:
Be a true Marriage-Tool, I might have ſate
Entertain'd at the lower End o' th' Feaſt,
Welcome all, without a farther Thought:
And when the Bus'neſs of the Day was over,
Then all the Company had danc'd her round,
Night I might have taken her to my Heart,
With Praiſes on her Truth and Conſtancy,
And Thanks to Heav'n for ſuch a virtuous Wife.
Hit to know my ſelf a Monſter? Death and Hell!
Children and Fools will have me in the Wind,
And I ſhall ſtink of Cuckold to the World. South. Diſapp.
It is a Woman's faireſt, vaineſt Pride,
To boaſt a Virtue that has ne'er been try'd:
An equal Folly too thoſe Husbands live,
Who peevishly againſt themſelves conſpire,

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By early Fears to haſten on the Day:
For Jealouſie but ſhews our Wives the Way.
And, if the forked Fortune be our Doom,
In vain we ſtrive, the Bleſſing will come home. South. Diſap.

CUPID.

Kind Venus boaſted but one only Son;
And roſy Cupid was that boaſted one:
He, uncontroul'd, thro' Heav'n extends his Sway;
And Gods and Goddeſſes by Turns obey:
Or, if he ſtoops on Earth, great Princes burn,
Sicken on Thrones; and, wreath'd with Laurel, mourn:
Th'inferior Pow'rs o'er Hearts inferior reign,
And pierce the rural Fair, or homely Swain. Euſd. Claud.

CURSE.

Remorſe and Heavineſs of Heart ſtill wait thee,
And everlaſting Anguiſh be thy Portion. Rowe J. Shore.
——— If there be a Man,
Subtile in Curſes, that exceeds all others,
His worſt Wiſh on thee. ——— Beaum. King and no King.
O, I will curſe thee, till thy frighted Soul
Runs mad with Horrour. ——— Lee Cæſ. Borg.
All the ſtor'd Vengeances of Heav'n fall down
On her ungrateful Head: Strike her young Bones,
Ye taking Airs, with Lameneſs: ———
Ye nimble Lightnings, dart your blinding Flames
Into her ſcornful Eyes: Infect her Beauty,
Ye Fen-ſuck'd Fogs, drawn by the pow'rful Sun
To fall and bliſter. ——— ——— Shak. K. Lear.
Rain, rain ye Stars; ſpout from your burning Orbs
Precipitated Fires; and pour, in Sheets,
The blazing Torrent on the Tyrant's Head;
Scorch and conſume this curs'd perfidious King. Cong. M. Br.
——— ——— O repay him,
Thou great Avenger; give him Blood for Blood,
Guilt haunt him, Fiends purſue him, Lightnings blaſt him:
Some horrid, curſed Kind of Death o'ertake him
Suddain, and in the Fulneſs of his Sins. Rowe J. Shore.
Now, Furies laſh him with your Scorpion Whips;
Give him the Torments of th'eternal Damn'd;
Prometheus' Vulture, and Ixion's Wheel;
And let his Pains thro' circling Ages laſt;
Nor Time, expiring, ſee his Torments done. Tate Loy. Gen.

May

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May he be rooted, where he ſtands, for ever:
His Eye-balls never move; Brows be unbent;
His Blood, his Entrails, Liver, Heart and Bowels,
Be blacker than the Place I wiſh him, Hell. Lee OEdip.

O, hear me, Heav'n; I'll ſpeak it tho' I burſt;
And, tho' the Air had Ears, and ſerv'd the Tyrant,
Out it ſhould go: O, hear me, thou great Juſtice!
The Miſeries, that wait upon his Miſchiefs,
Let them be numberleſs: Let no Eye pity him;
Ev'n when his Soul is loaded, and in Labour,
And wounded thro' and thro' with Guilt and Horrour;
Then, when his monſtrous Sins, like Earthquakes, ſhake him,
And thoſe Eyes, that had forgot Heav'n, wou'd look upward;
The bloody Alarms of Conſcience, ſtill, ſtill beating;
Let Mercy fly; and Day, ſtruck into Darkneſs,
Leave his blind Soul to hunt out her own Horrours.
Beaum. Doub. Mar.

The blueſt Blaſt of peſtilential Air
Strike, damp, deaden her Charms, and kill her Eyes:
Perdition catch them both, and Ruin part them. Cong. M. Br.

——— A Father's Curſe has Wings;
Thro' this World and the next it will purſue thee,
And ſink thee down for ever. ——— Dryd. Love Triumph.

Diſeaſes wait them! Wherefore ſhould I curſe them?
If that my Breath were ſulph'rous as the Lightning,
That murders with a Blaſt; or like the Vapours,
The choaking Stench, which, thoſe that die of Plagues
Send with their parting Groans, then I would curſe them
With Accents, that ſhould poiſon from my Tongue,
Deliver'd ſtrongly thro' my gnaſhing Teeth,
More harſh, more horrible, and more outrageous,
Than Envy in her Cave, or Madmen in their Dens:
My Tongue ſhould ſtammer in my earneſt Words;
My Eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint;
My hoary Hair ſhould ſtart, and ſtand an end,
And all my ſhaking Joints ſhould ſeem to curſe them. Lee.

——— ——— My Heart will break, (Cæſ. Borg.
Unleſs I curſe them: Poiſon be their Drink: (them:
Gall, Gall, and Wormwood, Hemlock, Hemlock quench
Their ſweeteſt Shade, a Dell of duskiſh Adders:
Their faireſt Proſpect, Fields of Baſiliſks:
Their ſofteſt Touch, as ſmart as Viper's Teeth;
Their Muſick, horrid as the Hiſs of Dragons:
And boding Scriech-Owls make the Conſort full,
All the foul Terrours of dark-ſeated Hell. ———
Now by my Wrongs, that turn my Heart to Steel,
Well could I curſe away a Winter's Night,

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Tho' ſtanding naked on a Mountain's Top;
And think it but a Minute ſpent in Sport.
Shak. Hen. 6. p. 2. & Lat. Conſ. Bor.

CUSTOM.

Cuſtom, which all rather than Law obey;
For Laws by Force, Cuſtoms by Pleaſure, laſt. D'Aven.
——— Cuſtom, that unwritten Law,
By which the People keep ev'n Kings in Awe. D'Av. Circ.
Cuſtom, that mighty Sorcereſs,
Whoſe pow'rful Witchcraft oft transforms
Enchanted Men to ſeveral monſtrous Images,
Makes this an odd and freakiſh Monkey turn,
And that a grave and ſolemn Aſs appear,
And all a thouſand beaſtly Shapes of Folly wear. Oldh.

CYBELE.

——— O Mother Earth;
Goddeſs unmov'd, whoſe Guardian Arms extend (Dr. Virg.
O'er Tuſcan Tiber's Courſe, and Roman Tow'rs defend.
——— Glad Berecynthia ſo
Among her deathleſs Progeny did go:
A Wreath of Flow'rs adorn'd her rev'rend Head;
Mother of all that on Ambroſia fed. Wall.
——— The Mother of the Gods: confeſs'd
The common Parent too of Man and Beaſt:
The Poets ſing, that, thro' the Heav'ns above,
She Chariots, drawn by fierce yok'd Lions, drove,
Her lofty Head a mural Garland wears:
She, thus adorn'd with gawdy Pomp and Show,
Goes thro' our Towns; and, as ſhe paſſes thro',
The Vulgar fear, and all with Rev'rence bow.
Concerning her fond Superſtition, frames
A thouſand odd Conceits, a thouſand Names,
And gives her a large Train of Phrygian Dames.
They eunuch all her Prieſts: ———
Amidſt her Pomp fierce Drums and Cymbals beat;
And the hoarſe Horns with rattling Notes do threat:
The Pipe with Phrygian Airs diſturbs their Souls,
Till, Reaſon overthrown, mad Paſſion rules.
They carry Arms, thoſe dreadful Signs of War,
To raiſe in impious Routs religious Fear:
When, carry'd thus in Pomp, thro' Towns ſhe goes,
And Health on all moſt ſilently beſtows;
With offer'd Money they beſtrew the Plain,
And Roſes cover her, and all her Train.

Here

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ere ſome in Arms dance round among the Crowd,
ook dreadful gay in their own ſparkling Blood,
heir Creſts ſtill ſhaking with a dreadful Nod.
heſe repreſent thoſe armed Prieſts, who ſtrove
o drown the tender Cries of Infant Jove;
y dancing quick they made a greater Sound,
nd beat their Armour, as they danc'd around;
eſt Saturn ſhould have found and eat the Boy;
nd Ops for ever mourn'd her prattling Joy. Creech Lucr.

CYCLOPS.

So in their Caves, the brawny Cyclops ſweat,
When with huge Strokes the ſtubborn Wedge they beat,
And all th'unſhapen Thunderbolt compleat:
Alternately their Hammers riſe and fall;
While griping Tongs turn round the glowing Ball:
With puffing Bellows ſome the Flames increaſe,
And ſome in Water dip the hizzing Maſs:
Their beaten Anvils dreadfully reſound, (Virg.
And Ætna ſhakes all o'er, and thunders under Ground. Add.

CYCNUS.

Old Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton;
And ſung his Loſs, in Poplar Groves, alone,
Beneath the Siſter-Shades, to ſooth his Grief:
Heav'n heard his Song, and haſten'd his Relief:
And chang'd to ſnowy Plumes his hoary Hair;
And wing'd his Flight to chant aloft in Air. Dryd. Virg.

CYLLARUS and HYLONOME.

——— ——— The Centaur Cyllarus
Was lov'd by many Maidens of his Kind;
But fair Hylonome poſſeſs'd his Mind:
Hylonome, for Features, and for Face,
Excelling all the Nymphs of double Race:
Nor leſs her Blandiſhments, than Beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confeſſing Love:
For him ſhe dreſs'd; for him with female Care
She comb'd, and ſet in Curls, her auburn Hair;
Of Roſes, Violets, and Lillies mix'd,
And Sprigs of flowing Roſemary betwixt,
She form'd the Chaplet, that adorn'd her Front,
In Waters of the Pegaſean Fount.

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And in the Streams, that from the Fountain play,
She waſh'd her Face, and bath'd her twice a Day.
The Scarf of Furs, that hung below her Side,
Was Ermin, or the Panther's ſpotted Pride;
Spoils of no common Beaſt: With equal Flame
They lov'd: Their ſylvan Pleaſures were the ſame:
All Day they hunted; and, when Day expir'd,
Together to ſome ſhady Cave retir'd.
Invited to the Nuptials both repair;
And, Side by Side, they both engage in War.
Uncertain from what Hand, a flying Dart
At Cyllarus was ſent; which pierc'd his Heart:
The Jav'lin drawn from out the mortal Wound,
He faints with ſtagg'ring Steps; and ſeeks the Ground:
The Fair within her Arms receiv'd his Fall,
And ſtrove his wand'ring Spirits to recal:
And, while her Hand the ſtreaming Blood oppos'd,
Join'd Face to Face, his Lips with hers ſhe cloſ'd:
Stifled with Kiſſes, a ſweet Death he dies;
She fills the Fields with undiſtinguiſh'd Cries.
In Madneſs of her Grief ſhe ſeiz'd the Dart,
New-drawn, and reeking, from her Lover's Heart:
To her bare Boſom the ſharp Point apply'd;
And wounded fell; and, falling by his Side,
Embrac'd him in her Arms, and, thus embracing, dy'd.
Dryd. Ovid.

CYPRUS.

Cyprus, ſweet Iſle, where Venus keeps her Court;
And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves reſort:
Where either Sex is form'd of ſofter Earth
And takes the Bent of Pleaſure from their Birth.
Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.

D.

DAGGER.

This Sword a Dagger had his Page;
That was but little for his Age;
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As Dwarfs upon Knight-Errants do;
It was a ſerviceable Dudgeon,
Either for Fighting, or for Drudging:

When

When it had ſtab'd, or broke a Head,
It would ſcrape Trenchers, or chip Bread;
Toaſt Cheeſe or Bacon, tho' it were
To bait a Mouſe-Trap, 'twould not care:
'Twould make clean Shooes; and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions; and ſo forth. Hud.

DAMNATION.

What do the Damn'd endure but to deſpair? (Bride.
Bur, knowing Heav'n, to know it loſt for ever. Cong. M.
——— —— Bid the Damn'd be happy;
Who in ſad Flames for ever muſt be toſt; (Carl.
Yet ſtill in View of the lov'd Heav'n they've loſt. Otw. Don
Ev'n thus in Hell wander the reſtleſs Damn'd;
From ſcorching Flames to chilling Froſts they run;
Then from their Froſts to Fires return again;
And only prove Variety of Pain. Rowe Tamerl.
What, thou a Stateſman,
And make a Buſineſs of Damnation
In ſuch a World as this? Why, 'tis a Trade;
The Scriv'ner, Uſurer, Lawyer, Shop-keeper,
And Soldier, cannot live but by Damnation:
The Politician does it by Advance,
And gives all gone before-hand. Dryd. Don Seb.

DANCING.

He ſaw a Quire of Ladies in a Round,
That, featly footing, ſeem'd to skim the Ground:
For dancing Hand in Hand, ſo light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on Earth or Air.
Dryd. Chauc. Wife of Bath's Tale.
They danc'd around; but in the Midſt was ſeen
A Lady of a more majeſtick Mien;
By Stature, and by Beauty, mark'd their Sov'raign Queen.
She in the Midſt began with ſober Grace:
Her Servants Eyes were fix'd upon her Face;
And, as ſhe mov'd or turn'd, her Motions view'd,
Her Meaſures kept, and Step by Step purſu'd:
Methought ſhe trod the Ground with greater Grace,
With more of Godhead ſhining in her Face:
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling Crowd;
For, whereſoe'er ſhe turn'd her Face, they bow'd.
Thus danting on, and ſinging as they danc'd,
——— ——— A new Ring they made, (Flower & the Leaf.
And footed it about the ſecret Shade. Dryd. Chauc. The A
Their

——— Their Pleaſures they purſue,
With Songs of Love, and mix with Meaſures new:
Around the holy Tree their Dance they frame,
And ev'ry Champion leads his choſen Dame.

ROPE-DANCER.

So the ſtretch'd Cord the Shackle-Dancer tries,
As prone to fall, as impotent to riſe:
When free'd he moves, the ſturdy Cable bends,
He mounts with Pleaſure, and ſecure deſcends;
Now, dropping, ſeems to ſtrike the diſtant Ground,
Now high in Air his quiv'ring Feet rebound. Smith.

DANGER.

Danger's the Soldier's Honour. Beaum. Iſland Princeſs.
Danger begins what muſt in Honour end.
D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.
Who has aſſay'd no Danger, gains no Praiſe. Prior.
Great Things thro' greateſt Hazards are atchiev'd;
And then they ſhine. ——— Beaum. Loy. Sub.
Danger! thou Dwarf dreſs'd up in Giant's Cloaths,
That ſhew'ſt far off ſtill greater than thou art. Suckl. Aglau.
——— Where one Danger's near,
The more remote, tho' greater, diſappear.
So, from the Hawk, Birds to Man's Succour flee,
So, from fir'd Ships, Man leaps into the Sea. Cowl. David.
By a divine Inſtinct, Men's Minds miſtruſt
Purſuing Danger, as by Proof we ſee
The Water ſwell before a boiſt'rous Storm. Shak. Rich. 3.
To ſpeak of Dangers paſt renews my Fears. Dr. Riv. Lad.
The Thoughts of Danger paſs'd inſpire Delight. Laud.
'Tis with a ſecret Pleaſure I look back, (Virg.
And ſee the many Dangers I have paſs'd:
The Merchant thus, in dreadful Tempeſts toſs'd,
Thrown by the Waves on ſome unlook'd-for Coaſt,
Oft turns, and ſees with a delighted Eye,
'Midſt Rocks and Shelves the broken Billows fly:
And, whilſt th' outrageous Winds the Deep deform,
Smiles on the Tumult, and enjoys the Storm. Phill. Dif. Moth.

DAPHNE *turn'd into a Laurel.*

A ſuddain Numbneſs thro' her Limbs was ſpread:
Thin Films o'er all her lovely Frame are caſt,
And with cloſe Folds they compaſs in her Waiſt:

Her

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Her Hair to Leaves, her Arms to Branches ſhoot;
Her Feet, depriv'd of Swiftneſs, form the Root:
Her beauteous Head chang'd to the leafy Top;
And yet not wholely, ere the God came up:
Still lovely, tho' of human Shape bereft,
And he ſtill loves her in the Shape ſhe 'as left:
He lays his Hand upon the new-made Plant,
While yet her Heart, beneath the Rind, did pant:
He claſp'd her, with the Thought of what ſhe 'ad been;
And oh! he wiſh'd her ſtill the ſame, as then:
With the ſame Scorn his Kiſſes ſhe diſdain'd;
Her Scorn, alas! was all ſhe ſtill retain'd:
I have thee now, ſuch as thou art, he cry'd,
And thou ſhalt be my Tree, tho' not my Bride:
My Quiver ſhall be hung upon thy Boughs,
And thy dear Leaves be wreath'd about my Brows.
Thou ſhalt the Heads of Demi-Gods adorn,
And be by Poets, and their Heroes, worn:
Thou, planted at Auguſtus' gilded Doors,
Thou, like a Houſehold-God, ſhalt guard his Floors:
And, as the Treſſes of my youthful Head,
Keep their firſt Luſtre ſtill, and never fade;
The verdant Beauties of thy Leaves ſhall laſt,
Nor to be wither'd by the Winter's Blaſt.
Thus the God finiſh'd, and the Laurel bow'd (Ovid.
Her Branches down, to thank the bounteous God. Hopk.

DAUNTLESS.

——— Dare all that's poſſible;
And may be Heav'n may yield, and Fate be aw'd:
Vain is the Talk of Deſtiny and Face,
Since ev'ry gallant Man may make his own:
I'll fall their Envy, if they doom my Fall. Hopk. Pyrr.
If Babylon muſt fall, what is 't to me?
Or can I help immutable Decree?
Down then, vaſt Frame, with all thy lofty Tow'rs;
Since 'tis ſo order'd by th'Almighty Pow'rs:
Preſs'd by the Fates, unlooſe thy golden Bars:
'Tis great to fall the Envy of the Stars. Lee Alex.
Be Witneſs for me, all ye Pow'rs Divine,
If you be angry, 'tis no Fault of mine:
Therefore let Furies face me with a Band
From Hell, my Virtue ſhall not make a Stand:
Tho' all the Curtains of the Sky be drawn,
And the Stars wink, young Ammon ſhall go on. Lee Alex.

As

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As when a Stag at Bay, whom Crouds surround
Of eager Huntſmen, bravely ſtands his Ground,
Reſolv'd to die; their Jav'lins fiercely dares,
And bounds aloft on threat'ning Darts and Spears:
Thus ruſh'd the dying Youth againſt the Foes,
And, where they thickeſt ſtand, undaunted goes. Laud. Virg.

D A W N.

'Twas at the Time when new-returning Light,
With welcome Rays begins to chear the Sight:
When grateful Birds prepare their Thanks to pay;
And warble Hymns to hail the dawning Day:
When woolly Flocks their bleating Cries renew;
And from their fleecy Sides firſt ſhake the Dew. Cong.

—— The Dawn of Day,
When Light and Shade contend with doubtful War,
Which ſhall poſſeſs the Empire of the Air:
When like Succeſs and equal Forces lay
In even Scales, the Fortune of the Day:
Now Trav'llers from their Eyes ſoft ſlumber ſhake,
And for new Labour Swains their Beds forſake:
The roaming Lion, ſurfeited with Spoil,
Comes to his Den, fatigu'd with bloody Toil:
Now wand'ring Ghoſts and Spectres leave the Air,
And to their low unlightſome Seats repair. Blac. Eliza.

Nature, that lay before with Shades oppreſs'd,
Is now with Light, as with a Garment, dreſs'd. Blac. Job.

Aurora ſcarce had chas'd away the Night;
And o'er the World diffus'd her roſy Light. Dryd. Theoc.

Scarce from the World the Shades of Night withdrew;
Scarce were the Flocks refreſh'd with Morning Dew. Dryd.

—— The Skies were bright Virg.
With roſy Luſtre of the riſing Light. Dryd. Virg.

The Skies with dawning Light were purpled o'er. Dryd.

The Morn began from Ida to diſplay Hom.
Her roſy Cheeks, and Phoſphor led the Day. Dryd. Virg.

Aurora now had left her ſaffron Bed; (Virg.
And Beams of heav'nly Light the Skies o'erſpread. Dryd.

When the fair Morn had ſhot her early Ray, (Arth.
And ſpread her purple Loom with dawning Day. Blac. K.

And now the Morn did her grey Wings diſplay, (Arth.
From whence ſhe gently ſhook the tender Day. Blac. K.

Soon as Aurora with her roſy Light, (Arth.
Had ſtreak'd the gloomy Boſom of the Night. Blac. K.

See fair Aurora now ſerenely riſe,
And with her roſy Footſteps mark the Skies. Blac. K. Arth.

Aure-

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Aurora's Beams now on the Mountains ſmil'd,
And adverſe Clouds with purple Edgings gild. Blac. P. Arth.
Now was the Eaſtern Sky-dy'd Purple ſpread
For fair Aurora's radiant Feet to tread:
She mounts ſerene; and, with mild dawning Light,
Smiles on the lowring dusky Face of Night;
That to victorious Day yields up her Seat,
Whilſt her black Forces ſilently retreat. Blac. P. Arth.
Now when the roſy Morn began to riſe,
And wav'd her ſaffron Streamer thro' the Skies;
When Thetis bluſh'd in Purple, not her own:
And from her Face the breathing Winds were blown.
Dryd. Virg.

DEAD.

Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks, like an untimely Froſt,
On early Fruit, there ſits, and ſmiles a ſullen Boaſt, (Oldh.
And yet looks pale at the great Captive, ſhe has taken.
——— She 's cold:
Her Blood is ſettled, and her Joints are ſtiff:
Death lies on her, like an untimely Froſt, (& Jul.
Upon the ſweeteſt Flow'r of all the Field. Shak. Rom.
Death, that has ſuck'd the Honey of thy Breath,
Has had no Pow'r as yet upon thy Beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd: Beauties Enſign ſtill
Is Crimſon in thy Lips, and in thy Cheeks; (& Jul.
And Death's pale Flag is not advanc'd yet there. Shak. Rom.
As gather'd Flowers, while yet their Wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the Stalk they grew;
Torn from the Root, that nouriſh'd them, awhile,
Not taking Notice of their Fate, they ſmile;
And, in the Hand, which rudely pluck'd them, ſhew
Fairer than thoſe, that to their Autumn grow:
So Love and Beauty ſtill that Viſage grace:
Death can not fright them from their wonted Place:
Alive, the Hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely Features, which cold Death has ſpar'd.
Wall. On the Picture of a Youth, taken after he was dead.
O, how I grudge the Grave this heav'nly Form!
Thy Beauties will inſpire the Arms of Death,
And warm the pale cold Tyrant into Life. South. Loy. Bro.
Back, thou departed Life, back to thy Cell,
Her Heart: In heav'n thou canſt not ſweeter dwell:
Move the ſtill Pulſe; and thaw each frozen Vein. Lee. Soph.
For ever gone! All her ſweet ſtock of Breath
Spent in one Sigh; the Riot of rich Death! Lee. Sophon.
She's

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She's gone! For ever gone! The King of Terrours
Lays his rude Hand upon her lovely Limbs;
And blasts her Beauties with his icy Breath. Dr. Ap. & Virg.
His Eyes are fix'd; and all their Fires, gone out,
No longer roul their sparkling Beams about:
The Colour from his faded Cheeks is fled;
And all his Beauty with himself lies dead. Hopk. Ovid.
She's cold already! Her Lips are lovely still:
The Buds, tho' gather'd, keep their damask Colours. Lee.
Cæs. Borg.
——— Cold my Love! She's gone!
And on her Cheeks a scatter'd Purple smiles, (Coriol.
Like Streaks of Sun-shine from a setting Day. Shak. & Tate.

DEAR.

——— O thou art dearer to me
Then all the Comforts ever yet bless'd Man. Otw. Orph.
Dear to my Soul, as the Desire of Fame. Johns. Vict.
Thou art a wondrous Extract of all Goodness, (Orph.
Born for my Joy, and no Pain's felt, when near thee. Otw.
Dearer than all the Joys vain Empire yields; (Love.
Or than to youthful Monarchs conquer'd Fields. Dryd. Tyr.
O dearer than my Soul; if I can call it mine;
For sure we have the same; 'tis very thine.
Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame, (Oldh.
Or Crowns, or any Thing, that I can wish, or think, or name.

DEATH.

——— Death is like Sleep:
A gentle Wafting to immortal Life. Milt. Par. Lost.
——— For what is death,
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream;
Wrapp'd in a lasting Darkness, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion?
——— Death's a Stage Play:
We act it ev'ry Night we go to Bed. Dryd. Don. Seb.
Death always is to come or past:
If it be ill, it can not last:
Sure 'tis a Thing was never known:
For when that's present, we are gone:
'Tis an imaginary Line, (Trag.
Which does our Being here confine. Wall. Mairs.
——— 'Tis but to die!
'Tis but to do, what, as this very Moment,
In many Nations of the peopled Earth,

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A Thouſand and a Thouſand ſhall do with me:
'Tis but to cloſe my Eyes, and ſhut out Day-Light;
To view no more the wicked Ways of Men,
And be a weeping Witneſs of their Woes. Rowe. J. Shore.
Death is but a Ceſſation of our Thought. Dryd. D. Sebaſt.
Since 'tis as natural to die as live;
The Buſ'neſs is not when, but how, we die:
Death's but a Scarecrow, which the Gods have plac'd (Virg.
To fright weak Man from taſting Immortality. Den. Ap. &
Death we ſhould prize, as the beſt Gift of Nature;
As a ſafe Inn, where weary Travellers,
When they have journey'd thro' a World of Cares,
May put off Life, and be at reſt for ever;
If't were in private, void of Pomp and Show:
But Groans, and weeping Friends, and ghaſtly Blanks,
Diſtract us with their ſad Solemnity:
The Preparation's th' Executioner:
For Death, unmask'd, ſhews me a friendly Face;
And is a Terrour, only at a Diſtance:
For, as the Line of Life conducts me on
To Death's great Court, the Proſpect ſeems more fair:
'Tis Nature's Hoſpital; that's always open
To take us in, when we have drain'd the Sweets
Of Life; or worn our Days to Age or Wretchedneſs:
Death's then a ſoft Repoſe, a ſafe Retreat. South. Loy. Bro.
—— If I muſt die to Day,
Why then there's one Day leſs for human Ills:
And who wou'd mourn himſelf for ſuffring that,
Which in a Day muſt paſs? Something, or Nothing!
I ſhall again be what I was, before
I was Adraſtus. —— Dryd. Oedip.
Thou know'ſt, tis common; all, that live, muſt die,
Paſſing thro' Nature to Eternity. Shak. Ham.
—— Men muſt endure (Lear.
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither. Shak. K.
The Senſe of Death is moſt in Apprehenſion;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal Suff'rance feels a Pang as great,
As when a Giant dies. —— Shak. Meas. for Meas.
To die's the eaſieſt Action of the Great. D'Aven. Circe.
Men die of Agues; too much Heat or Cold;
And others die ridiculouſly old:
The Thought of human Chance ſhou'd make us bold. Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.
Short are the Glories that our Lives can boaſt;
And our aſpiring Thoughts in Death are loſt. Hopk. Pyrr.

Death

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Death ſums up all: By dying we remove
From all the Frowns of Pow'r, and Griefs of Love. D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.

Thou doſt, O Death, a peaceful Harbour lie,
Upon the Margin of Eternity;
Where the rough Waves of Times impetuous Tide
Their Motion loſe, and quietly ſubſide:
Weary, they roul their drowſy Heads aſleep
At the dark Entrance of Durations deep:
Hither our Veſſels in their Turn retreat,
Here ſtill they find a ſafe untroubled Seat;
When worn with adverſe Paſſions, furious Strife,
And the hard Paſſage of tempeſtuous Life,
Thou doſt to Man unfeign'd Compaſſion ſhow,
Sooth all his Grief, and ſolace all his Woe:
Impetuous Life is by thy Force ſubdu'd;
Life the moſt laſting Fever of the Blood:
The weary in thy Arms lie down to Reſt,
No more with Breath's laborious Task oppreſs'd:
Gen'rous Deliv'rer of diſtreſs'd Mankind,
With thee the Sons of Woe a kind Reception find;
To thee for Safety, thee for Eaſe they fly:
The Comfortleſs, the Naked, and the Poor,
Thy Subterranean Hoſpitals receive,
Aſſwage their Anguiſh, and their Wants relieve:
Cripples, with Aches and with Age oppreſs'd,
Crawl on their Crutches to the Grave, for Reſt. Blac. Eliza.

There is no Room for Doubt: 'Tis certain Bliſs;
'Tis Happineſs to die. ——
To lie forgotten in the ſilent Grave;
To Love and Glory loſt; and from among (Tamerl.
The Great Creator's Works expung'd and blotted. Rowe.

O harmleſs Death, whom ſtill the Valiant brave;
The Wiſe expect; the Sorrowful invite,
And all the Good embrace, who know the Grave,
A ſhort dark Paſſage to eternal Light. D'Aven. Gond.

To gain the bliſsful Land, the golden Coaſt;
Death's interpoſing Channel muſt be croſs'd:
'Tis true, the gloomy Flood afflicts the Sight:
The Stygian Tide a diſmal Horrour ſpreads;
And dusky Billows rear their threat'ning Heads:
Nature upon the Brink ſtill ſhiv'ring ſtands,
And dreads the Paſſage; ——
She willing ſtill terreſtrial Joys to keep,
Starts at the awful Proſpect of the Deep:
Still fears t'explore the dark and unknown Way;
Still backward ſhrinks; ſtill meditates Delay;

Spins

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Spins out the Time, and lingers in Debate;
Diſpleas'd to try a new and unknown State;
By various Shifts ſhe labours to evade
The frightful Gulph and ſolitary Shade:
Th' advancing Shades of Death weak Nature ſcare,
As hideous Forms, and Monſters drawn in Air:
Which, iſſuing forth from the dark Womb of Night,
Impregnated with Fear, weak Minds affright:
But Nature is controul'd by Reaſon's Sway;
Reaſon's her Guide, Reaſon muſt lead the Way:
The chiefeſt Terrours, which in Death we dread,
Are in our own Imagination bred:
We dive by Death, but to emerge in Bliſs. Blac. K. Arth.
To die is ſure to go we know not whither:
We lie in ſilent Darkneſs, and we rot.
Perhaps the Spirit, which is future Life,
Dwells, Salamander-like, unharm'd in Fire;
Or elſe with wand'ring Winds is blown about
The World: but if condemn'd like thoſe,
Whom our uncertain Thought imagines howling,
Then the moſt loath'd and the moſt weary Life,
Which Age, or Ach, Want or Impriſonment,
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradiſe,
To what we fear of Death —— D'Av. Law againſt Lovers.
To die 's to dream! a kind of breathleſs Sleep,
When once the Soul's gone out. Dryd. Temp.
—— To die
Is leſs than to be born; a laſting Sleep;
A quiet Reſting from all Jealouſie;
A Thing we all purſue: Death is no more (Phil.
Than giving over of a Game that muſt at laſt be loſt. Beau.
Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Dryd. All for Love.
Death is all, ——
In moſt Conditions of Humanity
To be deſir'd; but to be ſhun'd in none;
The Remedy of many, Wiſh of ſome,
And certain End of all. —— South. Oroon.
By Hope Death's ſcorn'd, and by Deſpair 'tis fought,
Purſu'd by Honour, and by Sorrow brought. How.
Death is the End of Evils; and a Reſt
Rather than Torment: It diſſolves all Grief;
And beyond that is neither Care nor Joy. Johnſ. Cat.
Inexorable Death at ev'ry Heart,
Without Diſtinction ſhoots her fatal Dart. Blac. P. Arth.
In vain we think that free-will'd Man has Pow'r
To haſten or protract the pointed Hour:

Our

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Our Term of Life depends not on our Deed:
Before our Birth our Fun'ral was decreed.
Not aw'd by Foreſight, nor miſled by Chance,
Imperious Death directs the Ebon Lance.
Alike muſt ev'ry State, and ev'ry Age
Suſtain the univerſal Tyrant's Rage.
Some from the ſtranded Veſſel force their Way,
Fearful of Fate, they meet it in the Sea:
Some, who eſcape the Fury of the Wave,
Sicken on Earth, and ſink into a Grave.
In Journeys, or at Home; in War, or Peace;
By Hardſhips many, many fall by Eaſe:
Each changing Season does its Poiſon bring;
Rheums chill the Winter, Agues blaſt the Spring:
Wet, Dry, Cold, Hot, at the appointed Hour,
All act ſubſervient to the Tyrant's Pow'r;
And when obedient Nature knows his Will,
A Fly, a Grape-ſtone, or a Hair, can kill.
For reſtleſs Proſerpine for ever treds
In Paths unſeen, o'er our devoted Heads;
And, on the ſpacious Land and liquid Main,
Spreads ſlow Diſeaſe, or darts afflictive Pain:
Variety of Deaths confirms her endleſs Reign. Prior.

The num'rous Nations of the Earth obey,
Victorious Death, thy uncontеſted Sway:
Monarchs to thy reſiſtleſs Pow'r ſubmit;
They lay their Crowns and Sceptres at thy Feet: (State:
Thou ſtalk'ſt with horrid Grace thro' all their Rooms of
His ſubtle Wit, his wiſe projecting Head,
By no Expedient can the Stateſman ſave:
For who knows where to dig, to countermine the Grave?
Thou doſt the Miſer's proffer'd Gold diſdain:
Scar'd and affrighted, he attempts in vain,
To melt thee with his Tears, and bribe thee with his God:
None e'er ſhall thy impartial Stroke decline:
What Judge has Ears ſo deaf, or Hands ſo clean as thine?
Blac. Eliza.

Great Deity! who in thy Hands doſt bear
That ruſty Sceptre, which poor Mortals fear;
Who, wanting Eyes thy ſelf, reſpecteſt none,
And neither ſpar'ſt the Laurel, nor the Crown!
O thou, whom all Mankind in vain withſtands!
Each of whoſe Blood muſt one Day ſtain thy Hands!
O thou, who ev'ry Eye, that ſees the Light,
Cloſeſt again in an eternal Night!
Thou only Comforter of Minds oppreſt!
The Port, where weary'd Spirits are at reſt!

Con-

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Conductor to Elysium! ——————
But Men, their frail and mortal State forgot,
Before thy Altars are not to be brought
Without Constraint: The Noise of dying Rage,
Heaps of the Slain of ev'ry Sex and Age,
The Blade all reeking in the Gore it shed,
With sever'd Arms and Heads confus'dly spread,
The rapid Flames of a perpetual Fire,
The Groans of Wretches, ready to expire;
This Tragick Scene makes them in Terrour live,
'Till that be forc'd, which they should freely give:
Yielding unwillingly what Heav'n will have,
Their Fears eclipse the Glory of their Grave.
Before thy Face they make indecent Moan,
And feel a hundred Deaths in fearing one. Buck.
Ah! no, 'tis all in vain; believe me 'tis,
This pious Artifice:
Not all these Pray'rs and Alms can buy
One Moment tow'rd Eternity.
Fix'd are those Limits, which prescribe
A short Extent to the most lasting Breath:
And though thou could'st for Sacrifice lay down
Millions of other Lives to save thy own;
'Twere fruitless all, and would not bribe
One supernumerary Gasp from Death.
In vain thy Inexhausted Store
Of Wealth; in vain thy Pow'r;
Thy Honours, Titles, all must fail,
Where Piety it self can nought avail.
The Rich, the Great, the Innocent and Just,
Must all be huddled to the Grave,
With the most vile and ignominious Slave;
And undistinguish'd lie in Dust.
In vain the fearful flies Alarms,
In vain he is secure from Wounds and Arms;
In vain avoids the faithless Seas,
And is confin'd to Home and Ease,
Bounding his Knowledge to extend his Days.
In vain are all those Arts we try,
All our Evasions, and Regret to die:
From the Contagion of Mortality
No Clime is pure, no Air is free;
And no Retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from Fate.
The very Hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on, thy End.

Thou

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Thou muſt forego the deareſt Joys of Life,
Leave the warm Boſom of thy tender Wife,
And all the much-lov'd Offspring of her Womb,
To moulder in the cold Embraces of a Tomb.
All muſt be left, all muſt be loſt;
Thy Houſe, whoſe ſtately Structure ſo much coſt,
Shall not afford
Room for the ſtinking Carcaſs of its Lord.
Of all thy pleaſant Gardens, Grots, and Bow'rs,
Thy coſtly Fruits, thy far-fetch'd Plants and Flow'rs,
Nought ſhalt thou have,
To wither with thee in the Grave:
They all ſhall live and flouriſh to upbraid
Their tranſitory Maſter dead. Cong. Hor.
Death is a Tribute all Things owe to Fate. Roſc. Hor.
All the vaſt Stock of humane Progeny
Which now, like Swarms of Inſects, crawl
Upon the Surface of Earth's ſpacious Ball,
Muſt quit this Hillock of Mortality,
And in its Bowels bury'd lie.
The mightieſt King and proudeſt Potentate,
In Spite of all his Pomp and all his State,
Muſt pay this neceſſary Tribute unto Fate,
As well as the poor tatter'd Wretch, that begs his Bread,
And is with Scraps out of the common Basket fed. Oldh. Hor.
For Death is only certain: All Things elſe
Depend on Fortune's arbitrary Freak,
And may, or may not, happen. Death is Fate
And only ſure and common to us all. Den. Iphig.
One deſtin'd Period Men in common have;
The Great, the Vile, the Coward, and the Brave,
Are Food alike for Worms, Companions in the Grave.
The Prince and Paraſite together lie:
No Fortune can exalt, but Death will climb as high. Lanſd.
It is to thee, O Death, that all our Moments tend,
In thee the Hurricane of Life muſt end:
Tho' murm'ring Waters from the Ocean crowd,
From thee by Nature no Return's allow'd:
For, tho' the Seas have Leave to ebb and flow,
The Streams of Life muſt always forward go. ——
When Death arrives, nor Good, nor Bad can fly
Th'irrevocable Doom of Deſtiny. Dryd. Hom.
No Man can die before his Hour is come:
And, when 'tis come, no Man can put it off;
Brave or not brave, a Hero or a Coward:
The Moment that we're born our Fate is fix'd. ——

O what

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O what a Trifle is a Moment's Breath,
aid in the Scale with everlasting Death! Denh.
——— ——— I was born to die:
'Tis but expanding Thought, and Life is nothing:
Ages and Generations pass away,
And, with resistless Force, like Waves o'er Waves,
Roul down th'irrevocable Stream of Time,
Into th' insatiate Ocean for ever. Steele Lad. Friendship.
All the while I've liv'd, I have been dying:
Time equal Steps to Death and Life does give;
And those, that fear to die, must fear to live.
Death reconciles the World's and Nature's Strife,
And is a Part of Order, and of Life. How. Vest. Virg.
All Steps of Life were going to this Home;
But this does not bring Death, but shew 'tis come:
So Motion causes what it can't express:
'Tis the last Step declares the Weariness. How. Vest. Virg.
Figures of Things are never at a Stand;
But, chang'd by Nature's innovating Hand,
All Things are alter'd, nothing is destroy'd:
The shifted Scene's for some new Show imploy'd:
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other Thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t'appear,
Or be the Thing that formerly we were:
Those very Elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead, some other Bodies make:
Translated grow, have Sense, or can discourse;
But Death on deathless Substance has no Force. Dryd. Ovid.
The Time, we leave behind, is ours no more,
Nor our Concern, than Time that was before.
We all must pass thro' Death's dead Sea of Night,
To reach the Haven of eternal Light. How.
——— When Man resigns his Breath,
He ne'er returns from the dark Shades of Death.
The Sea may suffer by deserting Waves,
That steal thro' secret subterranean Caves;
Or by the lighter Steams, which fly away,
Drawn by the Sun's attenuating Ray;
But Heav'n and Earth, in Rivers and in Rain,
Restore their Spoils, and reimburse the Main:
A flowing River, or a standing Lake,
May dry their Banks, and naked Shores forsake:
Their Waters may exhale, and upward move;
Their Channel leave, to roul in Clouds above:
But the returning Winter will restore
What in the Summer they had lost before:

The

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The Snow and Rain, and Torrents, will repay
What the warm Sun ſtole with his plund'ring Ray,
And by his Summer Inroads bore away.
But if, O Man, thy vital Streams deſert
Their purple Channels, and defraud the Heart,
With freſh Recruits they ne'er will be ſupply'd,
Nor feel their leaping Life's returning Tide. Blac. Job.
When the laſt Stroke of Fate is once receiv'd,
This mortal Life can never be retriev'd:
As a high Hill, with ſtormy Weather worn,
With inbred Tempeſts, or with Thunder torn,
Does with its Ruins all the Valley ſpread,
But can no more erect his lofty Head;
Moulder'd to Duſt, he hopes no more to break
The Clouds long Order with his ſnowy Peak:
As a vaſt Rock, by Earthquakes once remov'd,
And from its Baſe amidſt the Ocean ſhov'd;
Its ſhatter'd Pillars never after rears,
Nor thruſts his tow'ring Top amidſt the Stars. Blac. Job.
Death, thou art he, that will not flatter Princes;
That ſtoops not to Authority, nor gives
A ſpecious Name to Tyranny; but ſhews
Our Actions in their own deformed Likeneſs. Den. Sophy.
How great's the Difference 'twixt the Good and Bad,
Death only ſhews: for Life is a falſe Light;
But the true Diamond appears by Night Crown Dar.
What has this Bugbear Death, that's worth our Care?
After a Life in Pain and Sorrow paſt,
After deluding Hopes, and dire Deſpair,
Death only gives us Quiet at the laſt.
How ſtrangely are our Love and Hate miſplac'd!
Freedom we ſeek, and yet from Freedom flee;
Courting thoſe tyrant Sins, that chain us faſt,
And ſhunning Death, that only ſets us free. Walſh.
——— ——— We all muſt die;
All leave our ſelves: it matters not where, when,
If we die well. ——— ——— Roch. Valen. (Cato.
How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue! Add.
If we die well, our Deaths will ſpeak themſelves,
And need no living Witneſs. ——— Dryd. All for Love.
Death is a dreadful Thing, but living Shame more hateful.
D'Aven. Law againſt Lovers.
——— ——— Does not ev'n Virtue dread
To reach the doubtful Manſions of the Dead? D'Av. Circe.
To thoſe, whom foul Diſhonours ſtain,
Life it ſelf ſhould be a Pain. Add.

——— Come

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——— Come Death!
Come thou most generous of the immortal Pow'rs; (Arm.
Thou only God, that's true to the Unhappy. Den. Rin. &c
Th' Unhappy wish for Death, but wish in vain:
Death flies their Courtship with a coy Disdain;
While to the youthful and the happy Breast
He is too oft a bold unwelcome Guest. ———
I fear not Death, because my Life I hate;
But envious Death still shuns th' Unfortunate: Dryd. Aurens.
Grim tho' he be, Death pleases when he frees. Dr. Aurens.
Tyrant of Nature; I would view thee near;
Thou chief of Terrours, Death! a Form so horrid,
As ev'n the Wretched shun. ——— Tate Loy. Gen.
The Gout, the Stone, like Martyrs we endure,
Those Torments which our dear-bought Passions give,
With all the Cruelty attends their Cure,
We freely bear, and all in hopes to live;
And tho' unshaken Reason does proclaim,
That there's eternal Ease among the Dead;
We quake, we sicken at the Bugbear Name, (neſs.
And Fear almost performs the Work we dread. Sco-
O Nature, ———
How dost thou mock Mankind! to make him free,
And yet to make him fear: or, when he lost
That Freedom, why did he not lose his Fear?
That Fear of Fears, the Fear of what we know not,
While yet we know it is in vain to fear it:
Death, and what follows Death; 'twas that which stamp'd
A Terrour on the Brow of Kings; that gave
Fortune her Deity, and Jove his Thunder:
Banish but Fear of Death, those Giant Names
Of Majesty, Pow'r, Empire, finding nothing
To be their Object, will be nothing too:
Then he dares yet be free, that dares to die;
May laugh at the grim Face of Law, and scorn
The cruel Wrinkle of a Tyrant's Brow. Denh. Sophy.
——— No Man is blest but he,
Whose Mind from anxious Thoughts of Death is free.
Let Laurel Wreaths the Victor's Brows adorn,
Sublime thro' gazing Throngs in Triumph borne;
Let Acclamations ring around the Skies,
While curling Clouds of balmy Incense rise:
Let Spoils immense, and Trophies gain'd in War,
And conquer'd Kings attend his rowling Car;
If Dread of Death still unsubdu'd remains,
And, secret, o'er the vanquish'd Victor reigns,

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Th'illuſtrious Slave in endleſs Thraldom bears
A heavier Chain, than his led Captive wears:
With ſwifteſt Wing the Fears of future Fate
Elude the Guards, and paſs the Palace-Gate;
Traverſe the lofty Rooms, and, uncontroul'd,
Fly hov'ring round the painted Roofs, and, bold,
To the rich Arras cling, and perch on Buſts of Gold.
Familiar Horrours haunt the Monarch's Head;
And Thoughts, ill-boding, from the downy Bed
Chaſe gentle Sleep, black Cares the Soul infeſt,
And broider'd Stars adorn a troubled Breaſt:
In vain they ask the charming Lyre, in vain
The Flatt'rer's ſweeter Voice, to lull their Pain:
Riot and Wine but for a Moment pleaſe;
Delights they oft enjoy, but never Eaſe.
Behold the Shepherd; ſee th'induſtrious Swain,
Who plows the Field, or reaps the ripen'd Grain,
How mean, and yet how tafteful, is their Fare!
How ſweet their Sleep! Their Souls how free from Care!
They drink the ſtreaming Cryſtal, and eſcape
Th'inflaming Juices of the purple Grape;
And, to protect their Limbs from rig'rous Air,
Garments, their own domeſtick Work, they wear:
Yet Thoughts of Death, their lonely Cots moleſt,
Affright the Hind, and break the Lab'rer's Reſt.
Since theſe Reflections on approaching Fate,
Diſtruſt and ill-preſaging Care create,
'Tis clear, we ſtrive for Happineſs in vain,
Whilſt Fears of Death, within inſulting, reign.
Thy Force alone, Religion, Death diſarms,
Breaks all his Darts, and ev'ry Viper charms:
Soften'd by thee, the griefly Form appears
No more the horrid Object of our Fears.
We, undiſmay'd, this awful Pow'r obey,
That guides us thro' the ſafe, tho' gloomy, Way,
Which leads to Life, and to the bleſt Abode,
Where raviſh'd Minds enjoy, what here they own'd, a God.
Blac. Creat.

——— Yet Men, when Death
Comes like a ruſhing Lion, couch like Spaniels
With lolling Tongues, and tremble at the Paw. Dr. D. Seb.
Poor Reaſon, what a wretched Aid art thou?
For ſtill, in Spight of thee,
Theſe two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final Separation. Dryd. All for Love.
Since all muſt certainly to Death reſign,
Why ſhould we make it dreadful, or repine?

Ho

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How vain is Fear, when nothing can prevent
The Loſs, which he, that loſes, can't lament:
From Something into Nothing is a Change
Grown terrible, by making it ſo ſtrange:
We always ſhould remember Death is ſure.
What grows familiar moſt, we beſt endure:
For Life and Death ſucceed like Night and Day;
And neither gives Encreaſe, nor brings Decay. How.
Meerly to die, no Man of Reaſon fears:
For certainly we muſt
As we are born from Duſt return to Duſt:
Death's the laſt Point of many ling'ring Years:
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know;
But human Underſtanding cannot ſhow:
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange Apprehenſions in the Mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs Doubts, and wild Debates,
Concerning what we, living, cannot find.
None know what Death is, but the Dead;
Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,
As a ſtrange doubtful Way, we know not how to tread. Roſc.
O our Life's Sweetneſs!
That we the Pain of Death would hourly die,
Rather than die at once! Shak. K. Lear.
Now Death draws near, a ſtrange Perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a Fear to die:
Courage uncertain Dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' Approach of certain Fate?
The wiſeſt and the beſt ſome Fear may ſhow,
And wiſh to ſtay, tho' they reſolve to go.
As ſome faint Pilgrim, ſtanding on the Shore,
Firſt views the Torrent, he would venture o'er;
And then his Inn upon the farther Ground,
Loth to wade thro', and loather to go round;
Then, dipping in his Staff, does Trial make,
How deep it is, and, ſighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes reſolv'd to fetch his Leap; and then
Runs to the Bank, but there ſtops ſhort agen:
So I at once
Both heav'nly Faith, and human Fear obey,
And feel before me in an unknown Way. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks leſs dreadful as he comes more near. Dr. In. Emp.
As for my ſelf, I do not Life deſpiſe,
But as the greateſt Gift of Nature prize.

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My Fears of Death are ſtrong;
And whate'er is, its Being would prolong:
Were there no Sting in Death, for me to die,
Would not be Conqueſt but Stupidity:
But if vain Honour can confirm the Soul,
And Senſe of Shame the Fear of Death controul,
How much more then ſhould Faith uphold the Mind,
Which, ſhewing Death, ſhews future Life behind?
Dryd. Tyr. Love.

Could we live always, Life were worth our Coſt,
But now we keep with Care what muſt be loſt:
Here we ſtand ſhiv'ring on the Bank, and cry,
When we ſhould plunge into Eternity:
One Moment ends our Pain;
And yet the Shock of Death we dare not ſtand,
By Thought ſcarce meaſur'd, and too ſwift for Sand:
'Tis but becauſe the living Death ne'er knew,
They fear to prove it, as a Thing that's new. Dr. Tyr. Love.

'Tis better once to die, than ſtill to fear.
Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 1.

What follows Death, the Dead alone can tell. Tate L. Gen.

But what has Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can? Creech. Lucr.

For, as before our Birth we felt no Pain,
When Punick Arms infeſted Land and Main;
When Heav'n and Earth were in Confuſion hurl'd,
For the debated Empire of the World,
Which aw'd with dreadful Expectation lay,
Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who ſhould ſway. Dryd. Lucr.

So after Death, when we ſhall be no more;
What tho' the Seas forſake their uſual Shore,
And riſe to Heav'n? What tho' Stars drop from thence?
How can all this diſturb our periſh'd Senſe? Creech Lucr.

Tho' Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were loſt,
We ſhould not move, we only ſhould be toſt. Dryd. Lucr.

But ev'n ſuppoſe, the Soul, when ſeparate,
Can live, and think in a divided State;
Yet what is that to us, who are the Whole;
A Frame compos'd of Body, join'd with Soul?
Nay, grant, the ſcatter'd Aſhes of our Urn
Be join'd again, and Life and Senſe return:
Yet how can that concern us, when 'tis done,
Since all the Mem'ry of paſt Life is gone?
Now we ne'er joy nor grieve, to think that we
Were heretofore; not what thoſe Things ſhall be,
Which, fram'd from us, ſucceeding Times ſhall ſee.
Creech Lucr.

For

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For backward if you look on that long Space
Of Ages paſt, and view the changing Face
Of Matter, toſs'd, and variouſly combin'd
In ſundry Shapes; 'tis eaſy for the Mind
From thence t'infer, that Seeds of Things have been
In the ſame Order, as they now are ſeen;
Which yet our dark Remembrance cannot trace. Dr. Lucr.

For who now minds, now knows his former State?
The Interim of Death, the Hand of Fate,
Has ſtopt the Seeds, or made them all commence
Such Motions, as deſtroy'd the former Senſe.
What Man ſoe'er is wretched, muſt perceive
He wretched is: He then muſt be, and live;
But now ſince Death permits to feel no more
Thoſe Cares, thoſe Troubles, which we felt before;
It follows too, that when we die again,
We need not fear; for he muſt live, who lives in Pain.
But ſure the Dead, tho' they ſhould all return
To Life again, would grieve no more, nor mourn
For Evils paſt, than if they'd ne'er been born.
And therefore if a Man his Fate bemoan,
And mourn his Lot, that, when his Life is gone,
His Limbs muſt waſte, and rot in Earth; or feaſt
The greedy Flames, or ſome devouring Beaſt.
All is not well: He, by ſtrong Fanſy led,
Imagines Senſe remains among the Dead:
Fond Fool! He thinks himſelf himſelf ſurvives;
Thinks ſtill his Carcaſs muſt be he; and thence
His idle Fears infer, there muſt be Senſe:
Therefore he grieves that he was born to die,
Subject to treacherous Mortality:
But never thinks, alas! that when kind Death
Shall cloſe his Eyes in Night, and ſtop his Breath;
Then nothing of this thinking Thing remains,
No other He, to feel ſharp Griefs and Pains. Creech Lucr.

If, after Death, 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beaſts; then why not ſo to burn?
Or, drench'd, in Floods of Honey to be ſoak'd,
Imbalm'd at once to be preſerv'd and choak'd?
Or on an airy Mountain's Top to lie,
Expos'd to Cold, and Heav'n's Inclemency:
Or crowded in a Tomb, to be oppreſt
With Monumental Marble on thy Breaſt. Dryd. Lucr.

But ah! he now is ſnatch'd from all his Joys;
From his chaſte Wife, and his dear prattling Boys.
Creech Lucr.

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Whoſe little Arms about his Legs are caſt,
Who, climbing for a Kiſs, prevent their Mother's Haſte,
Inſpiring ſecret Pleaſure thro' his Breaſt. Dryd. Lucr.
But ah! he now no more from Wars ſhall come,
Bring Peace and Safety to his Friends at home.
Ah Wretch, ah Wretch! they cry, one woful Day
All the Delights of Life has ſnatch'd away.
Thus they bewail; but go no farther on;
Nor add, his Wiſh and Want of them are gone:
Which, if well weigh'd, how ſoon would all give o'er
Their vain imaginary Grief, and weep no more?
'Tis true, thou ſleep'ſt in Death; and there ſhalt lie,
Free from all Cares, to all Eternity. (Years
But we, thy Friends, ſhall mourn thee ſtill: No Length of
Shall overcome our unavailing Grief, or dry our fruitleſs
Why vex thy ſelf thus then, and beat thy Breaſt, (Tears.
Becauſe thou once muſt ſleep in Death, and reſt?
Thus, when the jolly Blades, with Garlands crown'd,
Sit down to drink, while frequent Healths go round:
Some, looking grave, this Obſervation make;
All the Delights are ſhort we Men can take:
Now we enjoy; but, gone, we wiſh in vain,
In vain deſire to call them back again. Creech Lucr.
Ideots with all that Thought! to whom the worſt
Of Death, is want of Drink, and endleſs Thirſt;
Or any fond Deſire, as vain as thoſe. Dryd. Lucr.
Fools! ev'n in common Sleep what Cares moleſt, (Lucr.
What Thoughts for Life or Health diſturb our Reſt? Creech
Were that ſound Sleep eternal, it were Death:
Yet the firſt Atomes then, the Seeds of Breath,
Are moving near to Senſe: we do but ſhake
And rowze that Senſe, and ſtrait we are awake. Dr. Lucr.
Then Death, if there can be a Leſs than Leaſt,
Is troubled leſs with anxious Cares than Reſt:
Becauſe in Death no Parts of Mind remain;
And he, that ſleeps in Death, ne'er wakes again.
But if great Nature ſhould begin to ſpeak,
And thus with loud Complaints our Folly check:
Fond Mortal, what's the Matter thou doſt ſigh?
Why all theſe Tears becauſe thou once muſt die,
Muſt once ſubmit to ſtrong Mortality?
For, if the Race, thou haſt already run,
Was pleaſant; if with Joy thou ſaw'ſt the Sun;
If all thy Pleaſures did not paſs thy Mind,
As thro' a Sieve; but left ſome Sweets behind.
Why doſt thou not then, like a thankful Gueſt,
Riſe chearfully from Life's abundant Feaſt,
And with a quiet Mind go take thy Reſt? But

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But if all thoſe Delights are loſt and gone,
Spilt idly all; and Life's a Burden grown;
Why then, fond Mortal, doſt thou ask for more;
Why ſtill deſire t'encreaſe thy wretched Store?
And wiſh for what muſt waſte like thoſe before?
Nor rather free thy ſelf from Pains and Fear,
And end thy Life, and neceſſary Care?
My Pleaſures always in a Circle run;
The ſame returning with the yearly Sun:
And thus, tho' thou doſt ſtill enjoy thy Prime,
And tho' thy Limbs feel not the Rage of Time;
Yet I can find no new, no freſh Delight:
The ſame dull Joys muſt vex thy Appetite,
Ev'n tho' thou couldſt prolong thy wretched Breath
For num'rous Years; much more if free from Death.
But if a Wretch, a Man oppreſs'd by Fate,
Mourns coming Death, and begs a longer Date;
Him ſhe more fiercely chides: What, thou, ſhe cries,
Thou Wretch? ceaſe thy Complaints, and dry thy Eyes:
If old, thou haſt enjoy'd the mighty Store (Lucr.
Of gay Delights; and now canſt taſte no more. Creech
But this is ſtill th'Effect of wiſhing more;
Unſatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent Things.
From hence it comes, thy vain Deſires, at Striſe
Within themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy Life,
And ghaſtly Death appear'd before thy Sight, (Lucr.
Ere thou hadſt gorg'd thy Soul and Senſes with Delight. Dryd.
Yet leave theſe Toys, that not befit thy Age;
New Actors now come on, reſign the Stage. Creech Lucr.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus ſhe chide?
No ſure; for 'tis her Buſ'neſs to provide
Againſt this ever-changing Frame's Decay,
New Things to come, and old to paſs away:
One Being, worn, another Being makes;
Chang'd, but not loſt; for Nature gives and takes:
New Matter muſt be found for Things to come;
And theſe muſt waſte like thoſe, and follow Nature's Doom.
All Things, like thee, have Time to riſe and rot;
And from each other's Ruins are begot. Dryd. Lucr.
And ſtill decaying Things ſhall new produce:
For Life's not given to poſſeſs, but uſe.
Thoſe Ages, that in long Proceſſion ran,
And meaſur'd haſty Time ere we began,
What are they all to us? From this think farther on;
Think what is Time to us, when Life is gone.

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Beſides; What dreadful Things in Death appear?
What tolerable Cauſe for all our Fear?
What ſad, what diſmal Thoughts to bid us weep?
Death is a quiet State, and ſoft as Sleep.
For all, which we from Poets Tales receive
As done below, we ſee, ev'n whilſt alive.
No wretched Tantalus, as Stories tell,
Looks up, and dreads th' impending Stone in Hell:
But heavy Weights of ſuperſtitious Care
Oppreſs the Living: they diſturb us here,
And force us Chance and future Ills to fear.
No Tityus there is by the Eagle torn;
No new Supplies of Liver ſtill are born:
For, grant him big enough, that all the nine,
Thoſe Poets Acres, his vaſt Limbs confine
To narrow Bounds; but let him ſpread o'er all,
And let his Arms' claſp round the watʼry Ball:
Yet how could he endure eternal Pain?
Or how his eaten Liver grow again?
But he's the Tityus here, that lies oppreſs'd
With vexing Love; or whom fierce Cares moleſt:
Thoſe are the Eagles that ſtill tear his Breaſt.
He's Siſyphus, that ſtrives with mighty Pain
To get ſome Office, but ſtill ſtrives in vain:
Who poorly, meanly begs the People's Voice;
But's ſtill refus'd, and ne'er enjoys the Choice:
For ſtill to ſeek, and ſtill in Hopes devour,
And never to enjoy the long'd-for Pow'r.
What is it, but to roul a weighty Stone
Againſt the Hill; which ſtrait will tumble down:
Almoſt at Top, it muſt return again,
And with ſwift Force roul thro' the humble Plain.
Laſtly, ſince Nature feeds with gay Delight,
And never fills the greedy Appetite;
Since ev'ry Year, with the returning Springs,
She new Delights, and Joys, and Pleaſures brings;
And yet our Minds, amidſt this mighty Store,
Are ſtill unſatisfy'd, and wiſh for more:
Sure this they mean, who teach, that Maids below
Their idle Pains, and Care, and Time beſtow,
In pouring Streams into a leaky Urn,
Which flow as faſt again, as faſt return.
The Furies, Cerberus, black Hell, and Flames,
Are airy Fanſies all, meer empty Names:
But, whilſt we live, the Fear of dreadful Pains
For wicked Deeds; the Priſon, Scourge, and Chains;

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The Wheel, the Block, the Fire, affright the Mind,
Strike deep, and leave a conſtant Sting behind.
Nay, thoſe not felt, the guilty Soul preſents
Theſe dreadful Shapes, and ſtill her ſelf torments,
Scourges and ſtings; nor ever ſeems to know
An End of theſe, but fears more fierce below,
Eternal all: Thus fanſy'd Pains we feel,
And live as wretched here, as if in Hell.
But more to comfort thee; ——
Conſider, Ancus periſh'd long ago;
Ancus, a better Man by much than thou:
Conſider, mighty Kings in Pomp and State
Fall, and inglorioully ſubmit to Fate. Creech Lucr.
That haughty King, who lorded o'er the Main,
And whoſe ſtupendous Bridge did the wild Waves reſtrain;
In vain they foam'd, in vain they threaten'd Wreck,
While his proud Legions march'd upon their Back:
Him Death, a greater Monarch, overcame,
Nor ſpar'd his Guards the more for their immortal Name.
The Roman Chief, the Carthaginian Dread,
Scipio, the Thunderbolt of War, is dead; Lucr.
And, like a common Slave, by Fate in Triumph led. Dryd.
Ev'n greateſt Wits, and Poets too, that give
Eternity to others, ceaſe to live.
Homer, their Prince, that Darling of the Nine,
(What Troy would at a ſecond Fall repine,
To be thus ſung?) is nothing now but Fame;
A laſting, far diffus'd, but empty Name. Creech Lucr.
Democritus, perceiving Age invade,
His Body weaken'd, and his Mind decay'd,
Obey'd the Summons with a chearful Face,
Made Haſte to welcome Death, and met him half the Race.
That Stroke ev'n Epicurus could not bar,
Tho' he in Wit ſurpaſs'd Mankind as far,
As does the Mid-day Sun the Midnight Star. Dryd. Lucr.
Then how dar'ſt thou repine to die, and grieve,
Thou meaner Soul; thou dead, ev'n whilſt alive?
That ſleep'ſt and dream'ſt the moſt of Life away:
Thy Night is full as rational as thy Day. Creech Lucr.
Eternal Troubles haunt thy anxious Mind,
Whoſe Cauſe and Cure thou never hop'ſt to find;
But ſtill uncertain with thy ſelf at Strife,
Thou wander'ſt in the Labyrinth of Life. Dryd. Lucr.
Our Life muſt once have End; in vain we fly
Purſuing Fate: ev'n now, ev'n now we die.
Life adds no new Delights to thoſe poſſeſs'd:
But ſince the abſent Pleaſures ſeem the beſt,

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With wing'd Desire and Haste we those pursue;
But those enjoy'd we loath, and call for new.
Life, Life we wish; still greedy to live on;
And yet what Fortune with the foll'wing Sun
Will rise, what Chance will bring, is all unknown.
What tho' a thousand Years prolong thy Breath,
How can this shorten the long State of Death?
For, tho' thy Life should num'rous Ages fill,
Thy State of Death will be eternal still:
And he, that dies to Day, shall be no more,
As long as he that perish'd long before. Creech Lucr.

DEER.

See where the Deer trot after one another;
Male, Female, Father, Daughter, Mother, Son,
Brother and Sister, mingled all together:
No Discontent they know; but, in delightful
Wildness and Freedom, lusty Health and Innocence,
Enjoy their Portion: If they see a Man,
How will they turn together all, and gaze
Upon the Monster! ——— Otw. Orph.

——— See how the sportive Fawn
Skips thro' the Woods, and dances o'er the Lawn! ———
As tim'rous Deer, which thro' the Forest fly,
Perceiving by his Roar a Lion nigh,
Double their Speed; and, to their airy Feet,
Wing'd with their Fear, their Safety they commit:
The Herd, if in their Flight by Chance withstood
By some extended Lake or swelling Flood,
List'ning and trembling on the Margin stand,
Doubtful, if they should trust the Flood or Land:
But soon the roaring Foe in Sight appears,
Confirms their Terrour, and exalts their Fears:
Soon does his Presence the sad Doubt decide;
The Lion to escape, they chuse the Tide. Blac. Eliza.

——— The hunted Deer,
Closely pursu'd, quits all her wonted Fear,
And takes the neareſt Waves, which, from the Shore,
She oft with Horrour had beheld before. Cowl. David.

DEFORMITY.

The Owl shriek'd at thy Birth; an evil Sign!
Dogs howl'd, and hideous Tempests shook down Trees.
The Raven rook'd her on the Chimney's Top,
And chatt'ring Pies in dismal Discords sung:

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Thy Mother felt more than a Mother's Pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a Mother's Hope,
An indigeſted Lump. —— —— Shak. Rich. 3.
Cheated of Feature by diſſembling Nature:
Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my Time
Into this breathing World: ſcarce half made up,
And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionable,
That Dogs bark at me as I halt by them.
I, that in this weak piping Time of Peace,
Have no Delight to paſs away the Time,
Unleſs to view my Shadow in the Sun,
And deſcant on my own Deformity. Shak. Rich. 3.
Thou elfiſh, mark'd, abortive Monſter;
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Nativity,
The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:
Thou Slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb. Shak. Rich. 3.
—— —— Thou talk of ſacred Love!
Haſt thou a Nook in all that huddled Frame,
Fit for ſo ſoft a Gueſt? It cannot be.
Fly from my Sight thou bungled Botch of Nature;
Thou Snuff of Life, and Ruins of a Man. ——
—— Curſe Nature,
That ne'er reform'd thy Droſs: curſe thy own Fate,
That warm'd that unconcocted Lump to Life,
Half finiſh'd into Man. ——
—— —— Thou art a Thing ſo loathſome,
Nature has ſhut thee quite from that thou art:
Made, like the Bird of Night, to be purſu'd,
Abhorr'd, and loath'd, by all thy Fellow-Creatures ——
In Nature there's no Blemiſh but the Mind: (Night.
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind. Shak. Twelfth
His Back, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd,
As if it ſtoop'd with its own Load:
For, as Æneas bore his Sire
Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire,
Our Knight did bear no leſs a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back;
Which now had almoſt got the upper
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper:
To poiſe this equally, he bore
A Paunch of the ſame Bulk before. Hud.

DELAY.

—— —— The Bane of Enterprize. Oldh.
For all Delays are dangerous in War. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Things once reſolv'd are ruin'd by Delay. Dryd. Riv. Lad.
For-

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Fortune looks fair on those, make Haste to win her.
Beaum. Ifl. Princess.

Resist at first; for Help in vain we pray,
When Ills have gain'd full Strength by long Delay.
Be speedy; lest, perhaps, the growing Hour
Put what is now within, beyond, our Pow'r. King. Ovid.

'Th' incroaching Ill you early should oppose:
Flatter'd, 'tis worse; and by Indulgence grows. Dr. Auren

Tear up the Seeds of the unrooted Ill,
While they are weak, and you have Pow'r to kill:
Slip not one Minute; who defers to Day,
To Morrow may be harden'd in Delay. Tate Ovid.

——— What must be suffer'd, we in vain (of Jerus.
Delay some Moments, and prolong our Pain. Crown. Destr.

When Heav'n commands, 'tis impious to delay. Laud. Vir.

How long's the shortest Moment of Delay
To a Heart, impatient of its Pangs, like mine,
In Sight of Ease, and panting to the Goal. Otw. Orph.

For as when Men in Sickness ling'ring lie,
They count the tedious Hours by Months and Years:
So ev'ry Day deferr'd to dying Lovers,
Is an whole Age of Pain. ——— Dryd. Span. Fry.

Delays, if not too long, encrease Desire. Cong. Ovid.

DEMY-GODS.

Far in those azure Regions of the Air,
Which border on the rouling starry Sphere,
Beyond our Orb, and nearer to that Height,
Where Cynthia drives around her silver Light;
Their happy Seats the Demy-Gods possess,
Refin'd by Virtue, and prepar'd for Bliss;
Of Life unblam'd a pure and pious Race,
Worthy that lower Heav'n and Stars to grace,
Divine, and equal to the glorious Place. Rowe Luc.

Them Death nor Danger ever could dismay:
Victorious Names, who made the World obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in Deeds of Arms excell'd;
And, after Death, for Deities were held.
Dryd. Chauc. The Flower and Leaf.

DESPAIR.

——— Amidst a shady Wood,
Which in a wild amazing Desart stood,
Where only ancient Pines and baleful Yew,
Unwholsome Box and mournful Cypress grew:

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The noxious Glebe cou'd nothing elſe produce,
But pois'nous Flow'rs, and Herbs of Magick Uſe;
Bald Toadſtools, Henbane, Nightſhade, Hemlock, here,
Abundant Choice of Miſchief, all appear:
The Birds obſcene, which love the Shades of Night,
Frightful to hear, and odious to the Sight,
Owls, Ravens, Bats, and all th' ill-boding Race,
Increaſe the Horrours of the diſmal Place:
Within the Midſt an ancient Caſtle ſtood,
Encompaſs'd with a Moat of reeking Blood;
Wherein a dreadful Monſter did reſide;
Who all th' Attempts of humane Force defy'd:
A cruel Tyrant, of infernal Shape,
Whom none, who fear her Fury, can eſcape:
Vipers, like thoſe, in Stygian Caverns found,
Swol'n with black Gore, her meager Temples crown'd:
Her ghaſtly Eyes were ſunk within her Head,
And Death-like Paleneſs both her Cheeks o'erſpread.
Her long lank Breaſts ſhe o'er her Shoulders flung;
Or to her Waiſt the loathſom Burden hung:
Her ſhapeleſs Form no Words have Force to tell;
Black as the Night, and horrible as Hell:
She brandiſh'd in her Hand a poiſon'd Dart,
Which ſtrikes deſponding Mortals to the Heart:
Faſt in the feſt'ring Wound the Weapon reſts,
And tears with Pain their miſerable Breaſts:
For Death in vain the tortur'd Wretches cry;
They ſtill live on, but ſtill they live to die:
But ſhe the Tim'rous only can devour:
She flies the Brave, who dare reſiſt her Pow'r. Blac. K. Arth.

Deſpair's the Iſſue of ignoble Minds; (in a Tub.
And but with Cowards Entertainment finds. Ether. Love'

From Cowardice, not Prudence, ſprings Deſpair; (H. Love.
Who doubt their Fortune, are not wiſe, but Fear. Lanſd.

——— Deſpair,
Often makes Courage out of Fear. Sedl.

Deſpair's undaunted, and defies all Odds. Lanſd. Her. Love.

The damn'd in Hell endure no greater Pain, (Sec. Love.
Than ſeeing Heav'n from far with hopeleſs Eyes. Dryd.

——— I've ſhaken Hands with Hope, (Tamerl.
And all my Thoughts are Rage, Deſpair and Horrour. Rowe.

Our Woes are like the genuine Shade beneath,
Where Fate cuts off the very Hopes of Day;
And everlaſting Night and Horrour reign. Rowe. Tamerl.

For in Deſpair and ever during Death, (Bride.
There is no Bound, but Infinite of Woe. Cong. Mourn.

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O horrid State! Weep Eyes, and bleed O Heart! (Borg.
Let Nature burſt with theſe unheard of Suff'rings. Lee, Caſ.
What other Remedy has Nature left
For Ills, beyond a Cure, but welcome Death?
Death ends our Sorrows, and begins our Joys?
Why ſhou'd the Wretched live?
Curſt, as I am, to Miſery and Sorrow!
Better to die, than linger out in Pain;
Let thoſe the World calls happy, with to live:
My Happineſs is not to be. Death is no Terrour,
Not to a Mind, loſt in Deſpair like mine:
The Terrours of my Thoughts are worſe than Death?
A laſting Torment! Oh for ſome skilful Pilot,
To ſteer this little Voyage of my Life, (of Parma.
And land me ſafe upon the peaceful Shore. Smith. P.
——— Why ſhould a Wretch,
That groans beneath intolerable Woe,
Fear Death, his kind Redeemer. Den. Iphig.
The wretched Queen, purſu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the Light of Heaven to hate,
And loaths to live. ——— ———
Stung with Deſpight, and furious with Deſpair,
She ſtruck her trembling Breaſt, and tore her Hair.
Then, ſinking underneath a Load of Grief,
From Death alone ſhe ſeeks her laſt Relief;
A mortal Paleneſs in her Face appears. Dryd. Virg.
All elſe of Nature's common Gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake:
Nor Sleep nor Eaſe the furious Queen can find:
Sleep fled her Eyes, as Quiet fled her Mind:
Deſpair, and Rage, and Love, divide her Heart: (Virg.
Deſpair and Rage had ſome, but Love the greater, Part. Dryd.
In Change of Torment wou'd be Eaſe:
Could you divine what Lovers bear,
Ev'n you, Prometheus, wou'd confeſs, (Ven.
There is no Vulture like Deſpair. Lanſd. Jew of
Then, with the Wildneſs of her Soul let looſe,
And all the Fury that her Wrongs infuſe,
She weeps, ſhe raves, ſhe rends her flowing Hair,
Wild in her Grief, and raging with Deſpair:
At length, her reſtleſs Thoughts an Utt'rance find,
And vent the Anguiſh of her lab'ring Mind. Yald. Strada.
And muſt I drag a wretched Life beneath,
And endleſs Round of ſtill returning Woes,
And all the gnawing Pangs of vain Remorſe;
Live above all moſt infinitely wretched (and Hip.
Oh! 'tis in Death alone I can have Eaſe. Smith. Phœd.
Have

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Have I not Cauſe to rave, and beat my Breaſt,
To rend my Heart with Grief, and run diſtracted?
Talk not of Comfort; 'tis for lighter Ills:
I will indulge my Sorrows, and give Way
To all the Pangs and Fury of Deſpair. Add. Cato.
'Tis not in Fate to eaſe my tortur'd Breaſt:
This empty World, to me a joyleſs Deſart,
Has nothing left to make poor Marcia happy. Add. Cato.
O Lucius, I am ſick of this bad World:
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me. Add. Cato.
What's Life to him who has no Uſe of Life? (and Creſſ.
A barren Purchaſe, held upon hard Terms. Dryd. Troil.
Comfort us not, for Reaſon 'tedious grows,
When ſuch a Tide of Sorrow 'twou'd oppoſe:
In our own Hands our Remedy we have; (Corneill.
For who dares die, may all Misfortunes brave. Orinda.
He is not ruin'd who wou'd not be ſav'd. Hig. Gen. Conq.
——— This one
Relief the vanquiſh'd have, to hope for none. Denh. Virg.
Nothing to hope, I nothing have to fear. South. Fate of Cap.
Be dumb for ever; ſilent as the Grave;
Nor let thy fond officious Love diſturb
My ſolemn Sadneſs with the Sound of Joy:
If thou wilt ſooth me tell ſome diſmal Tale
Of pining Diſcontent, and black Deſpair:
For, Oh! I 've gone around thro' all my Thoughts,
But all are Indignation, Love, or Shame; (Pen.
And my dear Peace of Mind is loſt for ever. Rowe. Fair
Why do I wander this wide barren Waſte,
Forſaken and forlorn; when a fair Proſpect
Of everlaſting Reſt ſtands right in View?
This Load of Woe, that bends me to the Ground,
I can with Life put off: Yes, I will ruſh
Into the Arms of Death, and ſhelter there:
There ſleep ſecurely all my Cares away;
Nor ſhall the Noiſe of Empire or of Love
Awaken me to Wretchedneſs again. South. Loy. Bro.
——— 'Tis with me, as with one
Who, wand'ring over a wide barren Waſte,
Views the laſt Circles of the ſinking Sun;
Then gazing round, quite deſtitute of Hope,
Forſaken and forlorn, ſits ſighing down,
To mix with Night, and entertain Deſpair. South. Diſapp.
O, let me hunt my travel'd Thoughts again;
Range the wide Waſte of deſolate Deſpair;
Start any Hope: Alas! I loſe my ſelf;
'Tis pathleſs, dark, and barren all to me. South. Oroon.

My

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My Torch is out: and the World ſtands before me,
Like a black Deſart at th' Approach of Night: (Love.
I'll lay me down, and ſtray no further on. Dryd. All for
I feel a Sleep like Death
Upon me, and I ſigh to be at Reſt. Lee OEdip.
Chuſe then the gloomieſt Part through all the Grove,
Throw thy abandon'd Body on the Ground,
With thy bare Breaſt lie wedded to the Dew:
There, as thou drink'ſt the Tears that trickle from thee,
So ſtretch'd reſolve to lie 'till Death ſhall ſieze thee:
Thy ſorrowful Head hung o'er ſome tumbling Stream,
To rock thy Griefs with melancholy Sounds;
With broken Murmurs, and redoubled Groans,
To help the Gurgling of the Water's Fall:
Or, if thy Paſſion will not be kept in,
As in that Glaſs of Nature thou ſhalt view
Thy ſwol'n drown'd Eyes with the inverted Banks,
The Tops of Willows, and their Bloſſoms turn'd
With all the under Sky ten Fathom down,
Wiſh that the Shadow of the ſwimming Globe
Were ſo indeed, that thou might'ſt leap at Fate,
And hurl thy Fortune headlong at the Stars.
Nay, do not bear it: turn thy wat'ry Face
To yond' miſguided Orb, and ask the Gods,
For what bold Sin they doom the wretched Titus
To ſuch a Loſs as that of Teraminta?
O Teraminta! I will groan thy Name,
'Till the tir'd Echo faint with Repetition;
'Till all the breathleſs Grove, and quiet Myrtles (J. Brut.
Shake with my Sighs, as if a Tempeſt bow'd them. Lee. L.
——Yes, yes, ye cruel Gods!
Let the eternal Bolts, that bind this Frame,
Start from their Order: Since you puſh me thus,
Ev'n to the Margin of this wide Deſpair,
Behold I plunge at once in this Diſhonour,
Where there is neither Shore, nor Hope of Heav'n;
No floating Mark thro' all the diſmal Vaſt;
'Tis rockleſs too, no Cliff to clamber up, (Brut.
To gaze about, and pauſe upon the Ruin: Lee. Luc. Jun.
—— I'll to the Grave, and hide me:
Earth, open; or I'll tear thy Bowels up:
Ye Gods, daſh all at once ——
This Houſe of Clay into a Thouſand Pieces,
That my poor ling'ring Soul may take her Flight
To your immortal Dwellings. Lee. OEdip.
Fly, by the Gods or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the Eaſt, Weſt, North, or South of Heaven,

But

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But think not thou ſhalt ever enter there;
The golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
'Gainſt thee and me: and the celeſtial Guards,
Still, as we riſe, will daſh our Spirits down. Lee OEdip.

Yes, with my Life, I'll expiate my Frenzy,
And die for thee, my headlong Rage deſtroy'd:
Thee I purſue, Oh Great ill-fated Youth,
Purſue thee ſtill, but now with chaſte Deſires:
Thee thro' the diſmal Waſte of gloomy Death,
Thee thro' the glimm'ring Dawn, and purer Day,
Thro' all the Elyſian Plains. O righteous Minos!
Elyſian Plains! There he, and his Iſmena
Shall ſport for ever, ſhall for ever drink
Immortal Love; while I far off ſhall howl
In lonely Plains; while all the blackeſt Ghoſts
Shrink from the baleful Sight of one more monſtrous,
And more accurſt than they. Smith. Phœd. and Hip.

Let her, like me, of ev'ry Joy forlorn,
Devote the Hour when ſuch a Wretch was born:
Like me, to Deſarts, and to Darkneſs run;
Abhor the Day, and curſe the golden Sun;
Caſt ev'ry Good, and ev'ry Hope behind;
Deteſt the Works of Nature; loath Mankind;
Like me, with Cries diſtracted fill the Air;
Tear her poor Boſom; rend her frantick Hair;
And prove the Torments of the laſt Deſpair. Rowe, J. Shore.

Deſpairing Lover.

Sad Damon, ſtretch'd beneath an Olive Shade,
And wildly ſtaring upwards, thus inveigh'd
Againſt the conſcious Gods; and curs'd the cruel Maid.
Star of the Morning, why doſt thou delay?
Come Lucifer, drive on the lagging Day;
While I my Niſa's perjur'd Faith deplore:
Witneſs ye Pow'rs, by whom ſhe falſely ſwore!
The Gods, alas! are Witneſſes in vain:
Yet ſhall my dying Breath to Heav'n complain:
Begin with me, my Flute, the ſweet Mænalian Strain.
Mopſus triumphs; he weds the willing Fair:
When ſuch is Niſa's Choice, what Lover can deſpair?
Now Griffons join with Mares: Another Age
Shall ſee the Hound and Hind their Thirſt aſſwage,
Promiſcuous at the Spring. Prepare the Lights,
O Mopſus, and perform the bridal Rites:
Scatter thy Nuts among the ſcrambling Boys:
Thine is the Night, and thine the nuptial Joys:
For thee the Sun declines: O happy Swain!

O Niſa,

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O Niſa, juſtly to thy Choice condemn'd;
Whom haſt thou taken, whom haſt thou contemn'd?
For him thou haſt refus'd my browzing Herd;
Scorn'd my thick Eyebrows, and my ſhaggy Beard:
Unhappy Damon ſighs, and ſings in vain;
While Niſa thinks no God regards a Lover's Pain:
I view'd thee firſt; How fatal was the View!
And led thee where the ruddy Wildings grew,
High on the planted Hedge, and wet with Morning Dew.
I ſaw, I periſh'd; yet indulg'd my Pain:
I know thee, Love; in Deſarts thou wert bred,
And at the Dugs of ſavage Tigers fed:
Alien of Birth! Uſurper of the Plains!
Relentleſs Love the cruel Mother led,
The Blood of her unhappy Babes to ſhed:
Love lent the Sword; the Mother ſtruck the Blow:
Inhuman ſhe, but more inhuman thou!
Old doating Nature, change thy Courſe anew;
And let the trembling Lamb the Wolf purſue:
Let Oaks now glitter with Heſperian Fruit;
And purple Daffodils from Alder ſhoot;
Fat Amber let the Tamariſk diſtil;
And hooting Owls contend with Swains in Skill:
Hoarſe Tit'rus ſtrive with Orpheus in the Woods;
And challenge fam'd Arion on the Floods:
Or, oh! let Nature ceaſe, and Chaos reign!
Let Earth be Seas; and let the whelming Tide
The lifeleſs Limbs of luckleſs Damon hide:
Farewel ye ſecret Woods, and ſhady Groves,
Haunts of my Youth, and conſcious of my Loves!
From you' high Cliff I plunge into the Main:
Take the laſt Preſent of thy dying Swain
And ceaſe, my ſilent Flute, the ſweet Maenalian Strain.
Dryd. Virg.

DEVIL.

Prince of the Thrones, who, in the Fields of Light,
Led'ſt forth th' imbattel'd Seraphims to fight,
Who ſhook the Pow'r of Heav'n's eternal State;
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate:
But now thoſe Hopes are fled; thus low we lie,
Shut from this Day, and that contented Sky;
And loſt, as far as heav'nly Forms can die.
Yet not all periſh'd; we defie him ſtill,
And yet wage War with our unconquer'd Will. (of Inn. Dryd. State

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O Prince, O Chief of many throned Pow'rs,
That led th'imbattel'd Seraphim to War
Under thy Conduct; and, in dreadful Deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
And put to Proof his high Supremacy,
Whether upheld by Strength, or Chance, or Fate;
Too well I ſee and rue the dire Event,
That with ſad Overthrow and foul Defeat
Has loſt us Heav'n, and all this mighty Hoſt
In horrible Deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heav'nly Eſſences
Can periſh: For the Mind and Spirit remains
Invincible; and Vigour ſoon returns,
Tho' all our Glory extinct, and happy State
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs Miſery.
But what if he, our Conqu'rour, whom I now
Of Force believe Almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'erpower'd ſuch Strength as ours,
Have left us this our Spirit and Strength intire,
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our Pains,
That ſo we may ſuffice his vengeful Ire,
Or do him mightier Service as his Thralls
By Right of War, whate'er his Buſ'neſs be
Here in the Heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep:
What can it then avail, tho' yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal Being
To undergo eternal Puniſhment? Milt. Par. Loſt. Spoken by Belzebub to Satan.

Thus ſpoke th'Apoſtate Angel, though in Pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep Deſpair. Milt. P. Loſt.

——— Leader of thoſe Armies bright;
Which but th'Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
If once they hear that Voice, their livelieſt Pledge
Of Hope in Fears and Dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt Extreams, and on the perillous Edge
Of Battel when it rag'd, in all Aſſaults
Their ſureſt Signal they will ſoon reſume
New Courage and revive, tho' now they lie
Grov'ling and proſtrate on yon' Lake of Fire,
As we e'erwhile, aſtownded and amaz'd:
No Wonder, fall'n ſuch a pernicious Height. Milt. P. Loſt. Spoken of Satan by Belzebub.

Satan, ſo call him now; his former Name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; He of the firſt,
If not the firſt Arch-Angel, great in Pow'r,

In

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In Favour and Pre-eminence, yet fraught
With Envy 'gainſt the Son of God. —— Milt. Par. Loſt.
—— —— —— Great indeed
His Name, and high was his Degree in Heav'n:
His Countenance, as the Morning Star that guides
The ſtarry Flock, allur'd them, and with Lies (Loſt.
Drew after him the third Part of Heav'n's Hoſt. Milt. Par.
—— —— Satan, alarm'd,
Collecting all his Might, dilated ſtood,
Like Teneriff or Atlas unremov'd:
His Stature reach'd the Sky, and on his Creſt
Sate Horrour plum'd; nor wanted in his Graſp
What ſeem'd both Spear and Shield. —— Milt. Par. Loſt.
—— —— His ponderous Shield,
Ætherial Temper, maſſie, large, and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad Circumference,
Hung on his Shoulders like the Moon, whoſe Orb
Through optick Glaſs the Tuſcan Artiſt views
At Ev'ning from the Top of Feſole,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new Lands,
Rivers, or Mountains in her ſpotty Globe,
His Spear, to equal which the talleſt Pine,
Hewn on Norwegian Hills, to be the Maſt
Of ſome great Admiral, were but a Wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy Steps
Over the burning Marle. —— Milt. Par. Loſt.
Satan, now firſt inflam'd with Rage, came down,
The Tempter, ere th'Accuſer, of Mankind:
—— —— Nor with Cauſe to boaſt
Begins his dire Attempt, which, nigh the Birth
Now rouling, boils in his tumultuous Breaſt;
And, like a devilliſh Engine, back recoils
Upon himſelf: Horrour and Doubt diſtract
His troubled Thoughts, and from the Bottom ſtir
The Hell within him: for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him; nor from Hell
One Step no more than from himſelf can fly
By Change of Place: now Conſcience wakes Deſpair
That ſlumber'd, wakes the bitter Memory
Of what he was, what is, and what muſt be
Worſe; of worſe Deeds worſe Suff'rings muſt enſue:
Sometimes tow'rds Eden, which now in his View
Lay pleaſant, his griev'd Eyes he fixes ſad:
Sometimes tow'rds Heav'n, and the full blazing Sun,
Which now ſate high in his Meridian Tow'r:
Then, much revolving thus in Sighs began,
—— —— To thee I call,

But

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But with no friendly Voice, and add thy Name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy Beams,
That bring to my Remembrance from what State
I fell, how glorious once above thy Sphere;
Till Pride and worſe Ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n againſt Heav'n's matchleſs King:
Ah! wherefore? He deſerv'd no ſuch Return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright Eminence; and with his Good
Upbraided none; nor was his Service hard:
What could be leſs than to afford him Praiſe,
The eaſieſt Recompenſe, and pay him Thanks,
How due! yet all his Good prov'd Ill in me,
And wrought but Malice: lifted up ſo high
I'sdain'd Subjection, and thought one Step higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a Moment quit
The Debt immenſe of endleſs Gratitude,
So burdenſome ſtill paying, ſtill to owe;
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd,
And underſtood not that a grateful Mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharg'd; What Burden then?
O had his pow'rful Deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferiour Angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded Hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? Some other Pow'r
As great might have aſpir'd, and me, tho' mean,
Drawn to his Part: but other Pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken; from within,
Or from without, to all Temptations arm'd:
Hadſt thou the ſame Free Will and Pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt: whom haſt thou then or what t'accuſe,
But Heav'n's free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurſt; ſince Love or Hate,
To me, alike, it deals eternal Woe:
Nay, curs'd be thou, ſince againſt his thy Will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which Way ſhall I fly
Infinite Wrath, and infinite Deſpair?
Which Way I fly is Hell: my ſelf am Hell;
And in the loweſt Deep a lower Deep,
Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
To which the Hell I ſuffer ſeems a Heav'n.
O then at laſt relent: Is there no Place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
None left but by Submiſſion: and that Word
Diſdain forbids me, and my Dread of Shame

Among

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Among the Spirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other Promiſes, and other Vaunts
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th'Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that Boaſt ſo vain;
Under what Torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
With Diadem and Sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall; only ſupream
In Miſery: ſuch Joy Ambition finds!
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain
By Act of Grace my former State; how ſoon
Would Height recall high Thoughts! how ſoon unſay
What feign'd Submiſſion ſwore! Eaſe would recant
Vows made in Pain, as violent and void:
For never can true Reconcilement grow,
Where Wounds of deadly Hate have pierc'd ſo deep;
Which would but lead me to a worſe Relapſe,
And heavier Fall; ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short Intermiſſion bought with double Smart.
This knows my Puniſher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, Peace:
So farewel Hope, and with Hope farewel Fear,
Farewel Remorſe: all Good to me is loſt:
Evil, be thou my Good; by thee at leaſt
Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold;
By thee, and more perhaps than half will reign. Milt. P. Loſt.

He ended frowning; and his Look denounc'd
Deſp'rate Revenge, and Battel dangerous
To leſs than Gods. —— Milt. Par. Loſt.

He ſpake, and to confirm his Words out-flew
Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the Thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſuddain Blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt; and, fierce with graſped Arms,
Claſh'd on their ſounding Shields the Din of War,
Hurling Defiance tow'rd the Vault of Heav'n. Milt. P. Loſt.

—— As when the potent Rod
Of Amram's Son in Egypt's evil Day
Wav'd round the Coaſt, up call'd a pitchy Cloud
Of Locuſts, warping on the Eaſtern Wind;
That o'er the Realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of Nile:
So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels ſeen
Hov'ring on Wing under the Cope of Hell,
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding Fires;
Till, as a Signal given, th'uplifted Spear

Of

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Of their great Sultan, waving to direct
Their Courſe, in ev'n Ballance down they light
On the firm Brimſtone, and fill all the Plain.
A Multitude, like which the pop'lous North
Pour'd never from her frozen Loins, to paſs
Rhene or the Danaw, when her barb'rous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian Sands.
Forthwith from ev'ry Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither haſte, where ſtood
Their great Commander: God-like Shapes, and Forms
Excelling human, princely Dignities,
And Pow'rs that erſt in Heav'n ſate on Thrones:
Tho' of their Names in heav'nly Records now
Be no Memorial, blotted out and raz'd,
By their Rebellion from the Book of Life. Milt. Par. Loſt.

——— ——— Then forth
In Order came the grand infernal Peers;
Midſt came their mighty Paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone th' Antagoniſt of Heav'n, nor leſs
Than Hell's dread Emperour with Pomp ſupream,
And God-like imitated State: him round
A Globe of firy Seraphim inclos'd
With bright Imblazonry, and horrent Arms. Milt. P. Loſt.

A Thouſand Devils ſtrait ran roaring in:
Some with a dreadful Smile deform'dly grin.
Some ſtamp their cloven Paws; ſome frown, and tear
The gaping Snakes from their black knotted Hair;
As all the Grief and all the Rage of Hell
Were doubled now; or that juſt now they fell. Cowl. Dav.

Ah! never let it be, ye aſſembled Gods,
For ſtill, we ſtill th' unconquer'd Spirit feel
Of that eternal Valour, when of old
Begirt with ſhining Arms, and brighter Flames,
Againſt th' Omnipotent we daring fought.
'Tis true, we loſt the Day, but not for Want
Of Valour, equal to the vaſt Deſign:
Fortune gave him the Field; th' immortal Fame
Was ours of having made the brave Attempt:
Th' immortal Fame was ours, who ſtill retain
That Fire invincible, with which we fought
And dar'd what never Angels durſt before. Den. Taſſo.

So, now we are our ſelves again: an Hoſt,
Fit to tempt Fate once more, for what we loſt;
To o'erleap th' Etherial Fence; or, if ſo high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Sky,

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And blow him up, who justly rules us now,
Because more strong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis just to win
The highest Place; t'attempt and fail is Sin.
Chang'd as we are, we're yet from Homage free;
We have by Hell at least gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our Fall, thus low tho' we are driven:
Better to rule in Hell, than serve in Heaven. Dr. State of Inn.

Heav'n cannot envy me an Empire here. Dr. State of Inn.

High on a Throne of royal State, which far
Outshone the Wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest Hand
Show'rs on her Kings Barbarick Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted sate; by Merit rais'd
To that bad Eminence; and, from Despair
Thus high uplifted beyond Hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain War with Heav'n. —— Milt. Par. Lost.

——He knew himself too weak
The smallest Link of strong-wrought Fate to break,
Yet would he rage, and struggle with the Chain,
Lov'd to rebel, tho' sure that 'twas in vain.
Thrice did he knock his Iron Teeth, thrice howl,
And into Frowns his wrathful Forehead roul:
His Eyes dart forth red Flames, which scare the Night,
And with worse Fires the trembling Ghosts affright.
Cowl. David.

At his Approach the Monsters cease their Din;
And bow at Distance with a dreadful Grin. Blac. P. Arth.

Like a tall Oak, above the verdant Wood,
Blasted from Heav'n, the ruin'd Seraph stood:
With lab'ring Wings he mounts the steepy Way;
And quickly reach'd the tender Verge of Day. Bl. P. Arth.

Then from the Mountains Brow, without Delay,
With his brown Wings outstretch'd, he made his Way,
To the low Realms, unknown to Peace and Day:
As when, a Town besieg'd, a flaming Bomb,
Discharg'd from some capacious Morrar's Womb,
On its destructive Message swiftly flies,
Inflames the Air, and terrifies the Skies:
So swiftly Satan flew; and, in his Flight,
Left Clouds of Smoke behind, and Tracks of dismal Light:
He plung'd himself amidst Tartarean Shade; (Eliz.
And to his dusky Court in Wrath his Passage made. Blac.

DEVOUT.

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DEVOUT.

Devout ſhe is, as holy Hermits are,
Who ſhare their Time 'twixt Ecſtaſie and Pray'r. Oldh.
So pious, as ſhe had no Time to ſpare
For human Thought, but ſtood confin'd to Pray'r. Dryd.
—— The Good are God's peculiar Care;
And ſuch as honour Heav'n, ſhall heav'nly Honour ſhare.
Dryd. Ovid.

DIANA.

—— The Queen of Night, (Pal. & Arc.
Who takes in ſylvan Sports her chaſte Delight. Dryd. Chauc.
The new-riſing Sifter of the Day. —— Dryd. Juv.
Goddeſs renown'd for Chaſtity. —— Den. Iphig.
As on the Hills of Cynthus, or the Meads
Of cool Eurotas, where Diana leads
The Chorus of her Nymphs, who there advance,
A thouſand ſhining Maids! and form the Dance:
The ſtately Goddeſs, with a graceful Pride,
Sweet and majeſtick, does the Figure guide;
Treading in juſt and eaſy Meaſures round,
She walks above them all: ——
The ſilver Arrows on her Shoulders ſound. Hal.
Diana too the Paphian Queen defies;
Her ſmiling Arts and proffer'd Friendſhip flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd Hounds and chearful Horn,
And ſilver-ſounding Voice, to wake the Morn:
To draw the Bow; or dart the pointed Spear;
To wound the Mountain Boar, or rowze the Woodland Deer;
Sometimes, of gloomy Groves ſhe likes the Shades;
And there of Virgin Nymphs the Chorus leads:
And ſometimes ſeeks the Towns, and leaves the Plains;
And loves Society, where Virtue reigns. Cong. Hom.
Then ſhook the ſacred Shrine; and ſudden Light
Sprung thro' the vaulted Roof, and made the Temple bright:
The Pow'r, behold! the Pow'r in Glory ſhone,
By her bent Bow and her keen Arrows known:
The reſt, a Huntreſs iſſuing from the Wood,
Reclining on her Cornel Spear ſhe ſtood.
——— She vaniſh'd from the Place:
The Sheaf of Arrows ſhook, and rattled in the Caſe.
Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

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Temple of DIANA.

Tir'd with Deformities of Death, I haſte
To the third Temple of Diana chaſte.
A ſylvan Scene with various Greens was drawn,
Shades on the Sides, and on the Midſt a Lawn:
The ſilver Cynthia, with her Nymphs around,
Purſu'd the flying Deer; the Woods with Horns reſound
Caliſtho there ſtood manifeſt of Shame,
And, turn'd a Bear, the Northern Star became:
Her Son was next; and, by peculiar Grace,
In the cold Circle held the ſecond Place:
The Stag Actæon in the Stream had ſpy'd
The naked Huntreſs; and, for ſeeing, dy'd:
His Hounds, unknowing of the Change, purſue
The Chace, and their miſtaken Maſter ſlew:
Peneian Daphne too was there to ſee;
Apollo's Love before, and now his Tree:
Th'adjoining Fane th'aſſembled Greeks expreſs'd,
And hunting of the Caledonian Beaſt:
OEnides' Valour, and his envy'd Prize:
The fatal Pow'r of Atalanta's Eyes;
Diana's Vengeance on the Victor ſhown,
The Murdreſs Mother, and conſuming Son:
The Volſcian Queen, extended on the Plain,
The Treaſon puniſh'd, and the Traitor ſlain.
The reſt were various Huntings, well deſign'd,
And ſalvage Beaſts deſtroy'd of ev'ry Kind:
The graceful Goddeſs was array'd in Green:
About her Feet were little Beagles ſeen; } Queen.
That watch'd, with upward Eyes, the Motions of their }
Before her ſtood a Woman in her Throes,
And call'd Lucina's Aid, her Burden to diſcloſe.
All theſe the Painter drew with ſuch Command,
That Nature ſnatch'd the Pencil from his Hand;
Aſham'd and angry that his Art could feign,
And mend the Tortures of a Mother's Pain.
Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

DIASENNA.

Thou Scandal of the mighty Pæan's Art;
At thy Approach the Springs of Nature ſtart;
The Nerves unbrace: Nay, at the Sight of thee,
A Scratch turns Cancer; th'Itch a Leproſie. Garth.

DIS

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DISCORD.

Then to the Grecian Fleet Saturnian Jove
Sent Diſcord, dreadful in a bloody Veſt,
Bearing the Signal of deſtructive Battel:
——— Diſcord,
The God of Slaughter's Siſter and Aſſociate:
Tho' ſmall when born, inſenſibly ſhe grows,
And ſoon arrives to ſuch prodigious Stature,
Heav'n wraps her Head, while here on Earth ſhe ſtalks:
Greedy of Slaughter, there the Goddeſs ſtood,
And rais'd her terrible and jarring Voice
To all the Greeks; and breath'd into their Souls
The Rage of Battel, and the Thirſt of Blood. Broome Hom.

Have I ſo often baniſh'd lazy Peace
From her dark Solitude and lov'd Receſs?
Have I made South and Sherlock diſagree;
And puzzle Truth with learn'd Obſcurity?
Have I, Britannia's Safety to inſure,
Expos'd her naked, to be more ſecure?
Have I made Parties, oppoſite, unite;
In monſtrous Leagues of amicable Spite,
Embroil their Country; while the common Cry
Is Freedom; but their Aim the Miniſtry?
Garth. Spoken by Diſcord.

DISEASE.

Unhappy Man! by Nature made to ſway,
And yet is ev'ry Creature's Prey;
Deſtroy'd by thoſe that ſhould his Pow'r obey.
Of all the World we call Mankind the Lords;
Flatt'ring our ſelves with mighty Words,
Of all Things we the Monarchs are;
And ſo we rule, and ſo we domineer:
All Creatures elſe about us ſtand,
Like ſome Prætorian Band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they ſometimes prove Enemies,
Sometimes againſt us riſe,
Our very Guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thouſand Diſeaſes, ſent by Fate,
Unhappy Servants! on us wait;
A thouſand Treacheries within
Are laid weak Life to win:

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Huge Troops of Maladies without,
A grim, a meager, and a dreadful Rout:
Some formal Sieges make,
And with ſure Slowneſs ſtill our Bodies take:
Some with quick Violence ſtorm the Town,
And all is in a Moment down:
Some one peculiar Fort aſſail;
Some by a general Attempt prevail.
Nor is this all, for we not only breed
Within our ſelves the fatal Seed
Of Change, and of Decreaſe in ev'ry Part;
Head, Belly, Stomach, and the Root of Life, the Heart;
Not only have our Autumn, when we muſt
Of our own Nature turn to Duſt;
When Leaves and Fruit muſt fall;
But are expos'd to mighty Tempeſts too,
Which do at once what that would ſlowly do:
Which throw down Fruit and Tree of Life withal:
From Ruin we in vain
Our Bodies by Repair maintain;
Still from without as well we fear
A dang'rous and deſtructive War,
From Heav'n, from Earth, from Sea, from Air:
We, like the Roman Empire, ſhould decay,
And our own Force would melt away
By the inteſtine Jar
Of Elements, which on each other prey;
The Cæſars and the Pompeys which within we bear;
Yet are, like that, in Danger too
Of foreign Armies, and external Foe:
Sometimes the Gothiſh and the barb'rous Rage
Of Plague, or Peſtilence, attends Man's Age,
Which neither Force nor Arts aſſuage,
Which cannot be avoided or withſtood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected Flood.
Biſhop of Rocheſter's Plague of Athens.
Acute Diſtempers fierce our Veins aſſail,
Ruſh on with Fury, and by Storm prevail:
Others with Thirſt diſpenſe their Stores of Grief,
And by the Sap prolong the Siege of Life:
While to the Grave we for Deliv'rance cry,
And, promis'd ſtill, are ſtill deny'd, to die:
See Cholick, Gout, and Stone, a cruel Train,
Oppos'd by all the healing Race in vain,
Their various Racks and ſling'ring Plagues imploy,
Relieve each other, and by Turns annoy,
And, Tyrant-like, torment, but not deſtroy.

We

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We noxious Inſects in our Bowels feed,
Engender Deaths, and dark Deſtruction breed.
The Spleen with fullen Vapours clouds the Brain,
And binds the Spirits in its heavy Chain:
Hydropick Wretches by Degrees decay,
Growing the more, the more they waſte away:
By their own Ruins they augmented lie;
With Thirſt and Heat amidſt a Deluge fry:
And whilſt in Floods of Water theſe expire,
More, ſcorching, periſh by the Fever's Fire. Blac. Creat.

——— Diſeaſes wait
On Death, as the ſad Meſſengers of Fate. Creech. Lucr.

DISPENSARY.

Here, Phyals in nice Diſcipline are ſet:
There, Gally-pots are rang'd in Alphabet:
In this Place, Magazines of Pills you ſpy:
In that, like Forage, Herbs in Bundles lie:
While lifted Peſtles, brandiſh'd in the Air,
Deſcend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare:
Loud Strokes, with pounding Spice, the Fabrick rend;
And Aromatick Clouds in Spires aſcend. Garth.

The Gates each Day ten thouſand Night-caps crowd;
And Mortars utter their Attempts aloud:
If they ſhould once unmask our Myſtery,
Each Nurſe ere long would be as learn'd as we:
Our Art expos'd to ev'ry vulgar Eye,
And none, in Complaiſance to us, would die:
What, if we claim their Right t'aſſaſſinate,
Muſt they needs turn Apothecaries ſtrait?
Prevent it Gods! all Stratagems we try,
To crowd with new Inhabitants your Sky:
'Tis we, who wait the Deſtinies Command,
To purge the troubled Air, and weed the Land:
And dare the College of Phyſicians aim,
To equal our Fraternity in Fame?
Crabs Eyes as well with Pearl for Uſe may try;
Or Highgate-Hill with lofty Pindus vie:
So Glow-Worms may compare with Titan's Beams;
Or Hare-Court Pump with Aganippe's Streams.
Our Manufacture now they meanly ſell;
And ſpightfully th'intrinſick Value tell. Garth. Spoken of the Diſpenſary by an Apothecary.

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DISPUTE.

Spare, gen'rous Victor, spare the Slave,
Who did unequal War pursue,
That more than Triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.
In the Dispute whate'er I said,
My Heart was by my Tongue bely'd;
And in my Looks you might have read,
How much I argu'd on your Side.
You, far from Danger as from Fear,
Might have sustain'd an open Fight;
For seldom your Opinions err;
Your Eyes are always in the right.
Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the Fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous Foe in View,
Was all the Glory I desir'd.
But she, howe'er of Vict'ry sure,
Contemns the Gift too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate Pow'r,
Calls cruel Silence to her Aid.
Deeper to wound, she shuns the Fight;
She drops her Arms to gain the Field;
Secures her Conquest by her Flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.
So when the Parthian turn'd his Steed,
And from the hostile Camp withdrew;
With cruel Skill the backward Reed
He sent; and as he fled, he slew. Prior. To a Lady, who refus'd to continue a Dispute with him, and left him in the Argument.

DISSEMBLING.

We'll mock the Time with fairest Show: (Mach.
False Face must hide, what the false Heart does know. Shak.
Who cannot steal a Shape that means Deceit?
Shak. Hen. 6. p. 2.
He in his open'd Face conceal'd his Heart. D'Aven.
Mean time the King, tho' inwardly he mourn'd,
Compos'd his Looks to counterfeited Cheer.
Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.
——— While Grief and Anguish fill his Heart,
His chearful Looks disguise his inward Smart. Laud. Virg.
Whilst chearful Looks varnish her black Design,
And seeming Hopes o'er real Anguish shine. Laud. Virg.
His Face spoke Hope, while deep his Sorrows flow. Dryd.

To

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To ſhew an unfelt Sorrow is an Office,
Which the falſe Man does eaſy. Shak. Macb.
So unconcern'd a Face my Sorrow wears;
muſt conſtrain unruly Floods of Tears:
ſy Eyes and Tongue put on diſſembling Forms;
ſhew a Calmneſs in the Midſt of Storms:
ſeem to hope, when all my Hopes are gone,
ind, almoſt dead with Grief, diſcover none. Norm.
Hard is the Task, in Love or Grief to feign:
When Paſſion is ſincere, it will complain. Lanſd. Brit. Ench.
Thy very Looks are Lies; eternal Falſhood (Hip.
miles in thy Lips, and flatters in thy Eyes. Smith. Phæd. &
——— Curſes on him,
irſt flatter'd with his Tongue; on her that firſt
Diſſembled in her Silence. ———
What Miſeries have they entail'd on Life,
To bring in Fraud, and Diffidence in Love!
Simplicity's the Dreſs of honeſt Paſſion:
Then why our Arts, why to a Man enamour'd,
That at our Feet effuſes all his Soul, (Lying Lover.
Muſt Woman cold appear, falſe to her ſelf and him? Steele
Her ſecret Soul to Cymon was inclin'd;
But ſhe muſt ſuffer what her Fates aſſign'd: (& Iphig.
So paſſive is the Church of Womankind! Dryd. Boc. Cym.
He took a lowring Leave; but who can tell,
What outward Hate might inward Love conceal?
Her Sexes Arts ſhe knew; and why not then
Might deep Diſſembling have a Place in Men?
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.
But oh! his Steps proclaim no Lover's Haſte;
On the low Ground his fix'd Regards are caſt:
His artful Boſom heaves diſſembled Sighs,
And Tears, ſuborn'd, fall copious from his Eyes:
With Eaſe, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted Grief does real Sorrow move
In the afflicted Fair: adown her Cheek,
Trickling the genuine Tears their Current break. Prior.
He that hangs, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns. Hud.

DOG.

Like Dogs, that ſnarl about a Bone,
And play together, when they've done. Hud.
Like tim'rous Hounds, that hunt the gen'rous Lion,
Stay afar off, and tremble in Purſuit;

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But, when he ſtruggles in th'entangling Toils,
Inſult the dying Prey. *Smith Phæd. & Hip.*

Setting-Dog.

When milder Autumn Summer's Heat ſucceeds,
And in the new-ſhorn Field the Partridge feeds;
Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds:
Panting with Hope, he tries the furrow'd Grounds:
But, when the tainted Gales the Game betray,
Couch'd cloſe, he lies, and meditates the Prey:
Secure they truſt th'unfaithful Field, beſet,
Till, hov'ring o'er them, ſweeps the ſwelling Net.
So, if ſmall Things we may with great compare,
When Albion ſends her eager Sons to War,
Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's Sight, the Hoſt lie down
Sudden, before ſome unſuſpecting Town:
The Young, the Old, one inſtant makes our Prize;
And high in Air Britannia's Standard flies. *Pope.*

Hound.

His Back is crooked, and his Belly plain;
Of Fillet ſtretch'd, and huge of Haunch behind;
A tap'ring Tail, that nimbly cuts the Wind:
Truſs-thigh'd, ſtrait-hamm'd, and Fox-like form'd his Paw:
Large-legg'd, dry-ſol'd, and of protended Claw:
His flat, wide Noſtrils ſnuff the ſav'ry Steam;
And from his Eyes he ſhoots pernicious Gleam:
Middling his Head, and prone to Earth his View;
With Ears and Cheſt, that daſh the Morning Dew. *Tick.*

Blood-Hound.

O'er all, the Blood-Hound boaſts ſuperior Skill,
To ſcent, to view, to turn, and boldly kill:
His Fellows vain Alarms rejects with Scorn;
True to the Maſter's Voice and learned Horn;
His Noſtrils oft, if antient Fame ſings true,
Trace the fly Felon thro' the tainted Dew:
Once ſnuff'd, he follows with unalter'd Aim,
Nor Odours lure him from, the choſen Game!
Deep-mouth'd he thunders; and, inflam'd, he views;
Springs on relentleſs; and to Death purſues. *Tick.*

DOOMS-DAY.

The tow'ring Bard then ſung in nobler Lays,
How the laſt Trumpet wakes the lazy Dead;
How Saints aloft the Croſs triumphant ſpread;

How

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How op'ning Heav'n's their happy Regions ſhow,
And yawning Gulphs with flaming Vengeance glow,
And Saints rejoice above, and Sinners howl below.
Well might he ſing the Day he could not fear,
And paint the Glories he was ſure to wear. Smith.

Above, the Seats of Bliſs their Pomp diſplay,
Brighter than Brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd Day:
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From Realms of Night return'd with Trophies won;
Thro' Heav'n's high Gates when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting Angels hail'd the Victor God:
Horrours, beneath, Darkneſs in Darkneſs, Hell
Of Hell, where Torments behind Tormentes dwell:
A Furnace, formidably deep, and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad ſulphureous Tide,
Expands its Jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd Prey.
The Sons of Light, ſcarce unapal'd, look down,
And nearer preſs Heav'ns everlaſting Throne.
Loud Peals of Thunder give the Sign; then all
Heav'ns Terrours in Array ſurround the Ball:
Fierce Lightnings with the Meteors Blaze conſpire;
And, darted downward, ſet the World on Fire:
Black riſing Clouds the thickeſt Æther choak,
And ſpiry Flames ſhoot thro' the rouling Smoke;
With keen Vibrations cut the ſullen Night,
And ſtrike the darken'd Sky with dreadful Light.
From Heav'ns four Regions with immortal Force,
Angels drive on the Winds impetuous Courſe,
T'enrage the Flame: it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the Storm, and bellows thro' the Sky:
Here, winding Pyramids of Fire aſcend;
Cities and Deſarts in one Ruin blend:
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal Hills;
The neighb'ring Vales the vaſt Deſtruction fills:
High midſt the Clouds the boiling Ocean roars,
And looks far down on his decreaſing Shores;
Leviathans in plaintive Thunder cry:
In diſtant diſmal Plaints the long-liv'd Echo's die.
Each loſt in each, the mingling Kingdoms glow,
And all, diſſolv'd, one firy Deluge flow.
Thus Earth's contending Monarchies are join'd,
And a full Period of Ambition find.
So Bubbles from the foaming Stream expire;
So Sparks that ſcatter from the kindling Fire. Young.

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DOUBT.

O Doubt, how Inſupportable's thy Pain! ——
—— —— My Soul ſtill labours
Beneath Uncertainty and anxious Doubt,
The Mind's worſt State. —— Rowe Tamerl.
Doubt is the worſt Eſtate: 'Tis better once
To die, than ſtill to live in Pain. —— Lanſd. Jew of Ven.
'Tis better ſtill to doubt, and ſtill to hope,
Than, knowing of our Fates, to know
That we are loſt for ever. —— Lanſd. Jew of Ven. (of Inn.
Moſt Confidence has ſtill moſt Cauſe to doubt. Dr. Scate

DRAGON.

Ye Dragons, whoſe contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your fierce Hiſſing into joyful Song,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked Tongue. Roſc.
With Adamant the Gates are barr'd,
Whoſe Entrance two fierce Dragons guard;
At each Approach they laſh their forky Stings,
And clap their brazen Wings:
And, as their ſcaly Horrours riſe,
They all at once diſcloſe,
A thouſand firy Eyes,
Which never know Repoſe. Cong. Semele.
Down from the Hill a mighty Dragon came,
Whoſe hideous Cries fill'd all the Valley round:
The monſtrous Beaſt was of prodigious Size;
Smoke from his Noſtrils broke, Fire from his Eyes:
His odious Feet reſembled Harpy's Claws;
And the fierce Crocodile's, his bloody Jaws;
Which, when expanded wide, three murth'ring Rows
Of Teeth, his native Armoury, diſcloſe:
His Wings, ſpread out, o'erſhadow'd all the Air,
Wide as the broadeſt Sails in Ships of War:
Hard ſcaly Armour to his Body grew
For Ornament and for Protection too:
Along he drew his mighty poiſ'nous Train,
Like crooked Rivers ſliding thro' a Plain:
As on the Ground the turgid Volumes rowl'd,
They all their ſpeckled Terrours did unfold:
Sometimes, like heavy Buſtards, rais'd with Pain,
He flew, and ſometimes ran upon the Plain:
Sometimes, imploying Feet and Pinions too,
The Dragon, all at once, both ran and flew,

Some-

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ometimes he yawn'd, and belch'd out dreadful Flames
midst the Air in long impetuous Streams. Blac. K. Arth.

Transformation of the Dragon's Teeth.

——— Pallas, descending from the Skies,
id Cadmus plough the Field, and scatter round,
he Serpents Teeth, o'er all the furrow'd Ground:
Then tells the Youth, how to his wond'ring Eyes
mbattled Armies from the Field should rise:
le sows the Teeth at Pallas's Command,
nd flings the future People from his Hand:
he Clods grow warm; and crumble where he sows;
nd now the pointed Spears advance in Rows;
low nodding Plumes appear, and shining Crests,
low the broad Shoulders, and the rising Breasts:
er all the Field the breathing Harvest swarms;
growing Host; a Crop of Men and Arms.
o, thro' the parting Stage, a Figure rears
s Body up, and Limb by Limb appears;
Till all the Man by just Degrees arise,
nd in his full Proportion strikes the Eyes. *Addi. Ovid.*

DRANCES.

Factious and rich; bold at the Council-Board;
But, cautious in the Field, he shunn'd the Sword;
A close Caballer, and Tongue-valiant Lord:
First in the Council-Hall to steer the State;
And ever foremost at a Tongue-Debate. *Dryd. Virg.*

DREAMS.

Dreams are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing but vain Phantasie. *Shak. Rom. & Jul.*
At dead of Night, Imperial Reason sleeps,
And Fansy with her Train loose Revels keeps:
Then airy Phantoms a mixt Scene display,
Of what we heard, or saw, or wish'd by day:
For Memory those Images retains,
Which Passion form'd; and still the strongest reigns.
Huntsmen renew the Chace they lately run;
And Gen'rals fight again their Battels won:
Spectres and Furies haunt the Murd'rer's Dreams;
Grants or Disgraces are the Courtier's Themes;
The Miser spies a Thief, or a new Hoard,
The Cit's a Knight, the Sycophant a Lord.

Things

Thus Fansy's in the wild Distraction loft,
With what we most abhor, or covet most:
But, of all Passions, that our Dreams controul,
Love prints the deepest Image in the Soul;
For vig'rous Fansy, and warm Blood dispense
Pleasures so lively, that they rival Sense.
Such are the Transports of a willing Maid,
Not yet by Time and Place to act betray'd;
Whom Spies, or some faint Virtue, force to fly
That Scene of Joy, which yet she dies to try;
Till Fansy bawds, and, by mysterious Charms,
Brings the dear Object to her longing Arms;
Unguarded then she melts, acts fiercer Delight,
And curses the Returns of envious Light.
In such blest Dreams Byblis enjoys a Flame,
Which, waking, she detests, and dares not name.
Ixion gives a Loose to his wild Love,
And in his airy Vision cuckolds Jove.
Honours and State before this Phantome fall;
For Sleep, like Death, its Image, equals all. Steps.
In boding Dreams Mirmillo spent the Night,
And frightful Fantoms danc'd before his Sight. Garth.
But then, if Sleep around me nodding flies
With flaggy Wings, and lights upon my Eyes;
Visions and Dreams, compos'd of frightful Air,
The drowsy Stranger from my Eyelids scare. Blac. Job.
For Dreams and Visions are not always vain;
But often Prophecies: they oft forebode;
And Homer plainly says they come from God.
Dryd. Chau. The Cook and the Fox.
Consult, O King, the Prophets of th' Event:
And whence these Ills, and what the Gods Intent, sent.
Let them by Dreams explore; for Dreams from Jove are
Dryd. Hon.
——— Our Morning Dreams foreshow
Th' Events of Things, and future Weal or Woe.
Of Daniel you may read in holy Writ;
Who, when the King his Vision did forget,
Could, Word for Word, the wond'rous Dream repeat.
Nor less of Patriarch Joseph understand,
Who by a Dream inslav'd th' Egyptian Land:
The Years of Plenty and of Dearth foretold,
When, for their Bread, their Liberty they sold:
Nor must th' exalted Butler be forgot;
Nor he whose Dream prefag'd his hanging Lot.
And did not Croesus the same Death foresee,
Rais'd in his Vision on a lofty Tree?

The

The Wife of Hector, in his utmoſt Pride,
Dreamt of his Death the Night before he dy'd:
Well was he warn'd from Battel to refrain;
But Men, to Death decree'd, are warn'd in vain:
He dar'd the Dream, and by his fatal Foe was ſlain.
Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

As famiſh'd Men, whom pleaſing Dreams delude,
Seem to grow full, with their imagin'd Food;
Appeaſe their Hunger, and indulge their Taſte
With fanſy'd Dainties, while their Viſions laſt;
Till ſome rude Hand breaks up the flatt'ring Scene;
Awaken'd, with Regret, they ſtarve again. Hopk.

As when, aſleep, in Dreams we think we run,
Yet, fainting, fall, before the Race begun:
In vain we ſtrive; in vain we think we cry:
Strength fails our Limbs; nor Tongue nor Voice ſupply.
Laud. Virg.

Thus gentle Dreams our waking Thoughts purſue;
And, one Dream paſs'd, we ſlide into a new:
So cloſe they follow, ſuch wild Order keep,
We think our ſelves awake, and are aſleep. Dryd.

——— When th'Eyes, with Sleep oppreſs'd,
And all the Body lies diſſolv'd in Reſt;
The Members ſeem awake; and, vig'rous ſtill,
Now o'er a Plain, now Flood, or ſhady Hill,
They ſeem to move; and, ev'n in darkeſt Night,
They think they ſee the Sun diffuſe his Light;
They ſee him chace the frighted Shades away,
And clear a Paſſage for approaching Day:
They ſeem to hear a Voice, tho' all around (Lucr.
Deep Silence ſtands, nor bears the weakeſt Sound. Creech

——— ——— Dark Dreams,
Sick Fanſy's Children, have been over-buſy,
And all the Night play'd Farces in my Brain;
But 'twas th'Effect of my diſtemper'd Blood, (Orph.
And, when the Health's diſturb'd, the Mind's uneaſy. Otw.

We always dream: the Life of Man's a Dream,
In which freſh Tumults agitate his Breaſt,
Till the kind Hand of Death unbolts the Bars,
Which clog'd the noble and aſpiring Soul:
Then, then we truly wake. Hig. Gen. Conq.

Then all the Paſt will like a Viſion ſeem,
Whoſe Images, confus'd, perplex the Brain,
And with convulſive Terrours fright the Mind:
But, when the chearful Morn calls up the Day,
We wake with Joy to find is but a Dream. Hig. Gen. Conq.

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O Night, more pleaſing than the brighteſt Day,
When Fanſy gives what Abſence takes away;
And, dreſs'd in all its viſionary Charms,
Reſtores my fair Deſerter to my Arms!
But when with Day the ſweet Delusions fly,
And all Things wake to Life and Joy, but I;
As if once more forſaken, I complain,
And cloſe my Eyes to dream of you again. Pope. Ovid.

——— ——— Shroud thy hated Light,
Thou riſing Sun, nor ſummon with ſuch Speed
Th'o'erlabour'd World to Toils of a new Day:
Why, flatter'd Mortals, will you wake to Cares,
When Sleep in kind Delusions may divert
Your penſive Mind with pleaſing Images:
A Dream ſets free the Captive; can reſtore
Loſt Fields to Soldiers; to wreck'd Merchants Wealth.
In Dreams the Exile viſits his ſweet Home,
And, o'er the ſparkling Bowl relates at large
His paſt Diſtreſſes to his wond'ring Friends:
The Lover too, the ſad forſaken Lover,
May dream, and feign the faireſt Miſtreſs true. Tate L. Gen.

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I ſlept; and ſtrait my Love before me brought
Phillis, the Object of my waking Thought:
Undreſs'd ſhe came my Flames to meet,
While Love ſtrew'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet;
Flow'rs, which, ſo preſs'd by her, became more ſweet.
From the bright Viſion's Head
A careleſs Veil of Lawn was looſely ſpread:
From her white Temples fell her ſhaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too brown, nor fair:
Her Hands, her Lips, did Love inſpire;
Her ev'ry Grace my Heart did fire;
But moſt her Eyes, which languiſh'd with Deſire:
Ah, charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my Bliſs and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love this lovely Shade
Was for Revenge of ſuff'ring Lovers made:
Silence and Shade with Love agree:
Both ſhelter you, and favour me:
You cannot bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee:
No, let me die, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſportleſs Name of Maid:
Faintly methought ſhe ſpoke; for, all the while,
She bid me not believe her with a Smile.

Then

Then die, ſaid I; ſhe ſtill deny'd;
And is it thus, thus, thus, ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs Maid? and ſo ſhe dy'd.
I wak'd, and ſtrait I knew,
I lov'd ſo well, it made my Dream prove true:
Fanſy, the kinder Miſtreſs of the two,
Fanſy had done, what Phillis would not do:
Ah! cruel Nymph, ceaſe your Diſdain;
While I can dream, you ſcorn in vain: (Gran. p. 1.
Aſleep or waking, you muſt eaſe my Pain. Dryd Conq. of
O Sea-born Goddeſs, with thy wanton Boy!
Was ever ſuch a charming Scene of Joy?
Such perfect Bliſs! ſuch raviſhing Delight!
Ne'er hid before in the kind Shades of Night:
How pleas'd my Heart! in what ſweet Raptures toſt!
Ev'n Life it ſelf in the ſoft Combate loſt!
While breathleſs he on my heav'd Boſom lay,
And ſnatch'd the Treaſures of my Soul away. Harv. Ovid.
The Viſion did ſuch quick Delight diſpenſe,
I ſometimes doubt if Fanſy were not Senſe:
I felt, perfectly felt, what I adore;
The God-like Touch gave Bliſs, unknown before;
Th'immortal Pleaſure ran thro' all my Frame,
Thro' all my Bones, and inmoſt Marrow came, (Flame.
That melted, and ran pouring down before th'impetuous
Denn. Ovid.
Gods, what a Scene of Joy was that! How faſt
I claſp'd the Viſion to my panting Breaſt!
With what fierce Bounds I ſprung to meet my Bliſs,
While my rapt Soul flew out in ev'ry Kiſs!
Till breathleſs, faint, and ſoftly ſunk away,
I all diſſolv'd in reeking Pleaſures lay!
How ſweet is the Remembrance yet! tho' Night
Too haſty fled, driv'n on by envious Light. Oldh. Ovid.
The Shadow drawn ſo lively did appear,
As made him think the real Subſtance there:
Then was he bleſt, all Rapture, ſtunn'd with Joy,
Exceſs of Pleaſure did his Bliſs deſtroy.
He thought her naked, ſoft and yielding Waſte
Within his preſſing Arms lay folded faſt:
Nor was it only Dream:
For how could Pleaſure to ſuch Raptures flow?
Th'Effect was real: then the Cauſe was ſo.
Thus Bliſs is real, which the Fanſy frames,
Or theſe, call'd real Joys, are only Dreams. Parn.

DRONE.

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DRONE.

The lab'ring Bee, when his ſharp Sting is gone,
Forgets his golden Work, and turns a Drone. Dryd.
The lazy Drones, without their Share of Pain,
In Winter Quarters free, devour the Grain. Dryd. Virg.
Like lazy Drones, that feed on others Labours,
And fatten with the Fruits they never toil'd for. Otw. C.Mar.

DROWNING.

He, in the gen'ral Rout,
Miſtook a ſwelling Current for a Ford;
And in Mucazer's Flood was ſeen to riſe:
Thrice was he ſeen; at length his Courſer plung'd,
And threw him off: the Waves whelm'd over him,
And, helpleſs in his heavy Arms, he drown'd. Dryd. D.Seb.
Like ſome deſpairing Wretch,
That boldly plunges in the frightful Deep,
Then pants, and ſtruggles with the whirling Waves, (Hip.
And catches ev'ry ſlender Reed to ſave him. Smith Phæd. &c

DRUNK.

—— When Wine's quick Force has pierc'd the Brain,
And the brisk Heat's diffus'd thro' ev'ry Vein;
Why do the Members all grow dull and weak;
The Tongue not with its uſual Swiftneſs ſpeak;
The Eye-balls ſwim; the Legs not firm and ſtrait,
But bend beneath the Bodies nat'ral Weight:
Unmanly Quarrels, Noiſe, and Sobs deface,
The Pow'rs of Reaſon, and uſurp their Place. Creech Lucr.

DRUID.

They teach, that Souls, from fleſhly Chains unbound,
Seek not pale Shades, and Erebus profound:
But, fleeting hence, to other Regions ſtray,
Once more to mix with animated Clay:
Hence Death's a Gap, if Men may truſt the Lore,
'Twixt Lives behind, and Ages yet before:
A bleſt Miſtake! which Fate's dread Pow'r diſarms,
And ſpurs its Vot'ries on to War's Alarms:
Laviſh of Life, they ruſh with fierce Delight
Amidſt the Legions; and provoke the Fight;
O'ermatching Death, and freely caſt away
The Loan of Life, the Gods are bound to pay. ——

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DUN.

Thus while my joyleſs Hours I ling'ring ſpend;
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace, a Dun,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Cittadel aſcends,
With vocal Heel, thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls. I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound:
What ſhou'd I do, or whither run? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Wood-hole; ſtrait, my briſtling Hair erect,
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech,
So horrible he ſeems! His faded Brow,
Intrench'd with many a Frown, and conick Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode: In his right Hand
Long Scrowls of Paper ſolemnly he waves,
With Characters and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to Mortal Eyes! Ye Gods, avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men. Phil.

DWARF.

Deſign, or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam ſled,
As ſhe deny'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heav'n ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this only Dame.
Thrice happy is that humble Pair,
Beneath the Level of all Care;
Over whoſe Heads thoſe Arrows fly,
Of ſad Diſtruſt, and Jealouſy:
Secured in as high Extream,
As if the World held none but them.
To him the faireſt Nymphs do ſhow
Like moving Mountains, topp'd with Snow:
And ev'ry Man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea ſeem:
None may preſume her Faith to prove,
He proffers Death, that proffers Love.
Ah, Chloris, that kind Nature thus
From all the World had ſever'd us;
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As Love has me for only you! Wall. On the Marriage (of two Dwarfs.

Courting

Courting a Fair Lady.

Giants, that durſt invade the Sky,
By wrathful Pow'rs were doom'd to die:
Shall better Fate this Pygmy ſhare,
Who dares attempt a heav'nly Fair?
Correct his Raſhneſs, Nymph divine,
You want not Light'ning, that ſo ſhine:
Strike this abſurd Aſſailant dead,
And make the Grave his Bridal-Bed.

DYING.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black painful Hour to live,
No Hopes, no Proſpect of a kind Reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy Paſſage to the Tomb;
How moving, and how mournful is the Sight?
How wond'rous pitiful? How wond'rous ſad?
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had,
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing Flight?
Feeble and languiſhing in Bed we lie;
Deſpairing to recover; void of Reſt;
Wiſhing for Death; and yet afraid to die:
Terrours and Doubts diſtract our Breaſt,
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppreſt.
Our Face is moiſten'd with a clammy Sweat:
Faint, and irregular the Pulſes beat;
The Blood unactive grows;
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its Heat:
Our dying Eyes roul heavily about,
Their Lights juſt going out;
And for ſome kind Aſſiſtance call:
But Pity, uſeleſs Pity's all,
Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive:
The Tongue's unable to declare
The Pains, the Griefs, the Miſeries we bear;
How inſupportable our Torments are.
Muſick no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,
Reſtores our Joy, or diſſipates our Fears:
But all is Melancholy, all is ſad,
In Robes of deepeſt Mourning clad:
For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Senſe
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

Our

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Our Friends and Relatives ſtand weeping by,
Diſſolv'd in Tears to ſee us die,
And plunge into the deep Abyſs of wide Eternity:
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve;
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve:
They pity our deplorable Eſtate;
But what, alas! can Pity do,
To ſoften the Decrees of Fate,
Or cut off the Entail of Death?
Mournful they look, and crowd about our Bed:
One, with officious Haſte,
Brings us a Cordial, we want Senſe to taſte;
Another ſoftly raiſes up our Head;
This wipes away the Sweat; that, ſighing, cries,
See, what Convulſions, what ſtrong Agonies
Both Soul and Body undergo!
His Pains no Intermiſſion know:
For ev'ry Gaſp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs:
Each wou'd his kind Aſſiſtance lend;
But ſtill in vain with Deſtiny they all contend.
The Soul, unable longer to maintain,
The fruitleſs and unequal Striſe;
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterſcarp of Life,
By ſlow Degrees retires towards the Heart;
And fortifies that little Fort,
With all the kind Artillery of Art;
Botanick Legions guarding ev'ry Port:
But Death, whoſe Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Siege diſdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Battalions to the Fray,
And in a Minute ſtorms the feeble Citadel. Roſc.
Since our firſt Parents fall,
Inevitable Death deſcends on all:
A Portion, none of human Race can miſs,
But when th' impenitent and wicked die,
They feel amazing Terrours, mighty Pains,
As Earneſt of that vaſt ſtupendous Woe,
Which they to all Eternity muſt undergo,
Confin'd in Hell with everlaſting Chains:
Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like rav'nous Wolves, to ſeize upon their Prey,
And hurry the departed Souls away,
To the dark Receptacles of Deſpair;
Where they muſt dwell till that tremendous Day,
When the loud Trump ſhall call them to appear,
Before a Judge moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere;

By

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By whoſe juſt Sentence they muſt go
To everlaſting Pains and endleſs Woe:
Which always are extream, and always will be ſo.
But the Good Man, whoſe Soul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly Stains of Luſt and Villany;
Of Mercy, and of Pardon ſure,
Looks thro' the Darkneſs of the gloomy Night,
And ſees the Dawning of a glorious Day;
Sees Crowds of Angels, ready to convey
His Soul, whene'er ſhe takes her Flight,
To the ſurprizing Manſions of immortal Light:
Then the celeſtial Guards around him ſtand,
Nor ſuffer the black Demons of the Air
T'oppoſe his Paſſage to the promis'd Land;
Or terrify his Thoughts with wild Deſpair;
But all is calm within; and all without is fair:
And when his Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
She paſſes up in Triumph thro' the Sky;
Where ſhe's united to a glorious Throng
Of Angels, who, with a celeſtial Song,
Congratulate her Conqueſt, as ſhe flies along. Roſc.
Ev'n here thy Courage taught thee to out-brave
All the ſlight Sorrows of the Grave:
Pale Death's Aſpect
Ne'er ſhock'd thy Breaſt;
Nor cou'd it in the dreadful'ſt Figure dreſt:
That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
Whom the dire Ghoſts of Crimes departed haunt:
Arm'd with bold Innocence thou could'ſt that Monſter dare,
And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrours ſtare,
As free from all th' Effects, as from the Cauſe, of Fear.
Thy Soul ſo willing from thy Body went,
As if both parted by Conſent:
No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
Only a Sigh, a Groan, and ſo away:
Death ſeem'd to glide with Pleaſure in,
As if in this Senſe too ſhe 'ad loſt her Sting:
Like ſome well acted Comedy, Life ſwiftly paſs'd,
And ended juſt ſo ſtill and ſweet at laſt: (beneath,
Thou, like its Actors ſeem'd'ſt in borrow'd Habit here
And could'ſt, as eaſily
As they do that, put off Mortality:
Thou did'ſt breathe out thy Soul as free as common Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are in a feigned Death. Old.
She fell, cheak'd with a thouſand Sighs;
And now the plear'd expiring Saint,

Her

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Her dying Looks, where new-born Beauty ſhines,
Oppreſs'd with Bluſhes, modeſtly declines;
While Death approach'd with a Majeſtick Grace,
Pleas'd to look lovely once in ſuch a Face:
Her Arms, ſpread to receive her welcome Gueſt,
With a glad Sigh ſhe drew into her Breaſt:
Her Eyes then languiſhing tow'rds Heav'n ſhe caſt,
To thank the Pow'rs that Death was come at laſt.
And, at th' Approach of the cold ſilent God,
Ten thouſand hidden Glories ruſh'd abroad. Roch. Valent.
His drooping Lids, that ſeem'd for ever cloſ'd,
Were faintly rear'd, to tell me that he liv'd:
The Balls of Sight, dim and depriv'd of Motion,
Sparkled no more with that Majeſtick Fire,
At which ev'n Kings have trembled; but had loſt
Their common uſeful Office, and were ſhaded
With an eternal Night. Rowe. Amb. Stepm.
He with a cold
And ſhaking Hand, juſt in the Pangs of Death,
Groan'd out a parting Sigh,
Fain wou'd have ſpoke, but faulter'd in his Speech
With undiſtinguiſh'd Sounds. Dryd. D. Seb.
Groaning he lay, and fetch'd long double Sighs; (P. Arth.
Whilſt with thick Miſts Death ſwims upon his Eyes. Blac.
His Eyeballs roul in Death
Behold the ling'ring Souls convulſive Striffe, (of Gran. p. 1.
His thick ſhort Breath catches at parting Life. Dryd. Conq.
——— He then
Fail'd in his Speech, and rattled in his Throat;
Death o'er his Eyes did a thick Gloom diſplay;
Enthron'd the Night, and diſpoſſeſs'd the Day. Blac. Eliza.
Cold Death congeal'd his Blood within his Veins,
And cloſ'd his Eyes with everlaſting Chains. Blac. P. Arth.
——— The Agonies of Death are on her,
She pulls, ſhe gripes me hard with her cold Hand:
——— In that Sigh fled her Soul,
And left her Load of Miſery behind. Rowe. J. Shore.
Ha! She is going: ſee, her languiſhing Eyes (Theod.
Draw in their Beams, the Sleep of Death is on her. Lee.
Then iron ſleep, in Darkneſs and in Death,
Cloſ'd his benighted Eyes. ——— Broome. Hom.
She faints: pale Death ſeals up her ſparkling Eyes,
While from her Cheeks the crimſon Luſtre flies. Laud. Virg.
I feel Death riſing higher ſtill, and higher
Within my Boſom: Ev'ry Breath I fetch,
Shuts up my Life within a ſhorter Compaſs;

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And, like the vaniſhing Sound of Bells, grows leſs
And leſs each Pulſe, 'till it be loſt in Air. Dryd. Riv. Lad.

——— My Life is gone: that buſy Thing,
The Soul is packing up, and juſt on Wing,
Like parting Swallows, when they ſeek the Spring:
Like them, at its appointed Time it goes,
And flies to Countries, more unknown than thoſe. Dryd. (Conq. of Gran. p. 2.

My Soul is on the Beach, and ſtrait muſt launch
Into th' Abyſs of the black Sea of Death:
But oh! he's come: cold Tyrant, I obey,
And hug thy Dart, that bears my Life away. Lee. Mithr.

The Malady, that's lodg'd within, grows ſtronger;
I feel the Shock of my approaching Fate;
My Heart too trembles at his diſtant March,
Nor can I utter more ——— Lee Theod.

——— The Hand of Death
Comes, like eternal Night, with her dark Wing,
To bar the comfortable Light for ever
From theſe my aged Eyes. ——— Lee. Mithr.

The Lamp of Life burns dimly in my Breaſt; (Job.
Soon from its beating Toil my weary Heart will reſt. Blac.

Already I am onward of my Way:
Thy tuneful Voice comes like a hollow Sound
At Diſtance to my Ears: My Eyes grow heavy; (Tamerl.
And all the glorious Lights of Heav'n look dim. Rowe.

While thou art ſpeaking, Life begins to fail;
And ev'ry tender Accent chills like Death.

——— ——— The Day declines
And the long Night prevails. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.

My Heart beats higher, and my nimble Spirits
Ride ſwiftly thro' their purple Channels round:
'Tis the laſt Blaze of Life: Nature revives,
Like a dim winking Lamp, that flaſhes brightly
With parting Light, and ſtrait is dark for ever. Rowe. Tam.

The peaceful Slumber of the Grave is on me:
Ev'n all the tedious Day of Life I've wander'd,
Bewilder'd with Misfortunes: ———
At length 'tis Night, and I have reach'd my Home:
Forgetting all the Toils and Troubles paſt,
Weary I lay me down, and ſleep for ever. Rowe. Tamerl.

Perceiving now the King of Terrours near,
Stung with Remorſe, and grip'd with conſcious Fear,
He drew in Throbs his interrupted Breath, (Eliza.
And, ſhudd'ring, felt the cold Embrace of Death, (Blac.

——— ——— He agonizing lay,
His Strength declining by a ſwift Decay!

Cold

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Cold Sweats, deep Sighs, ſhort, interrupted Breath,
Sadly preſag'd the near Approach of Death:
His Heart its vital Labour ſcarce ſuſtain'd;
And Life's dim Lamp a doubtful Flame maintain'd:
The dying Youth fetch'd deep redoubled Sighs,
And endleſs Night ſeal'd up his beauteous Eyes:
In Part his Beauty did the Youth ſurvive:
In Part his Charms in Death remain'd alive:
So the gay Tulip and the ſweet Jonkyle,
Cut by the Gard'ner's unrelenting Steel,
Lie, gawdy Ruin! ſmiling on the Ground,
Still with their lovely Hue and flow'ry Honours crown'd.
(Blac. Eliza.

Ev'n thus the Youth, altho' bereav'd of Breath,
Preſerv'd a pleaſing Look, and ſmil'd in Death:
So a young Deer, whoſe Front the ſprouting Horn
With the firſt Velvet Honours does adorn,
Prais'd for his Beauty, for his Vigour fear'd,
At once the Pride and Envy of the Herd;
Ah! hapleſs Fate! by cruel Huntſmen ſlain,
Lies, lovely Victim! bleeding on the Plain:
So a young Cedar, whoſe conſpicuous Head
The fragrant Groves on Mocha's Hills ſurvey'd;
Which, ſtrait and tall, the preſent Glory ſtood,
The Hopes and promis'd Guardian of the Wood;
Fell'd by the Steels untimely Stroke, deſcends,
And on the Ground his beauteous Limbs extends. Blac. Eliza.

Death, like a Froſt on a too early Spring,
Steals on thy Bloſſoms. —— How. Veſt. Virg.

To die when thou art young,
Is but too ſoon to fall aſleep,
And lie aſleep too long. D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.

When Tides of youthful Blood run high,
And Scenes of promis'd Joys are nigh;
Health preſuming,
Beauty blooming,
Oh, how dreadful 'tis to die! Add. Roſ.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem,
Or Fate blaſpheme?
We ſhould thy full ripe Virtues wrong,
To think thee young:
Fate, when ſhe did thy vig'rous Growth behold,
And all thy forward Glories told,
Forgot thy Tale of Years, and thought thee old:
The briſk Endowments of thy Mind,
Scorn'd in the Bud to be confin'd
Outrun thy Age, and left ſlow Time behind:

Which

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Which made thee reach Maturity ſo ſoon,
And, at firſt Dawn, preſent a full-ſpread Noon:
So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,
Both knew no Nonage, knew no Infancy:
Thus the firſt Pattern of our Race began
His Life in middle Age; at's Birth a perfect Man. Oldh.

——— By Fate untimely torn,
This Hero blaſted in the Bloſſom lies:
The lovely Flow'r, hard Fate! but blows and dies:
Does it gay Honours to our Eyes diſplay,
And, while we praiſe its Beauty, ſinks away. Blac. Eliz.

E.

EAGLE.

The Bird that bears th' Artillery of Jove;
The ſtrong pounc'd Eagle. ——— Dryd. Ovid.

Doſt thou inſtruct the Eagle how to fly,
To ſcorn the low'r Air, and tow'r the Sky?
On ſounding Pinions borne, he mounts and ſhrowds
His proud aſpiring Head amongſt the Clouds:
Strong-pounc'd and fierce, he darts upon his Prey,
He ſoars in Triumph thro' th' Ethereal Way,
Bears on the Sun, and basks in open Day. Broome.

And as ſome Eagle, that deſigns to fly
A long unwonted Journey thro' the Sky,
Conſiders all the dang'rous Way before,
Over what Lands and Seas ſhe is to ſoar;
Doubts her own Strength ſo far, and juſtly fears
That lofty Road of airy Travellers;
Prunes ev'ry Feather, views her ſelf with Care,
At length, reſolv'd, ſhe cleaves the yielding Air;
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt,
She leſſens to us, and is loſt at laſt. Norm.

As the ſtrong Eagle in the ſilent Wood,
Mindleſs of warlike Rage and hoſtile Care,
Plays round the rocky Cliff, or criſtal Flood,
'Till, by Jove's high Beheſts call'd out to War,
And charg'd with Thunder of his angry King,
His Boſom with the vengeful Meſſage glows:
Upward the noble Bird directs his Wing,
And, tow'ring round his Maſter's Earth-born Foes,
Swift he collects his fatal Stock of Ire,
Lifts his fierce Talon high, and darts the forked Fire. Prior.

Thus

Thus when the royal Eagle ſtoops to pair,
With a delib'rate Wing he beats the Air;
Views all the Queens of his heroick Race,
To judge whoſe Eyes deſerve imperial Grace:
But, having choſe, aloft his Empreſs bears, (Glor.
To kiſs Jove's Feet, and know her kindred Stars. Lee.

Swifter than Lightning, downward tending,
An Eagle ſtoop'd of mighty ſize,
On purple Wings deſcending:
Like Gold his Beak, like Stars ſhone forth his Eyes,
His ſilver plumy Breaſt with Snow contending vies. Gong.

So when Jove's Bird, on ſome tall Cedar's Head,
Has a new Race of gen'rous Eagles bred,
While, yet unplum'd, within the Neſt they lie,
Vary, ſhe turns them to the Eaſtern Sky:
Then if, unequal to the God of Day,
Abaſh'd they ſhrink, and ſhun the potent Ray,
She ſpurns them forth, and caſts them quite away.
But if with daring Eyes unmov'd they gaze,
Withſtand the Light, and bear the golden Blaze,
Tender ſhe broods them with a Parent's Love,
The future Servants of her Maſter Jove. Rowe. Luc.

The callow Eaglet wiſely takes his Reſt,
Safe in the Covert of a downy Neſt;
Till, grown mature in Strength, he dares to fly;
Faces the glaring Sun, and tow'rs on high;
And bears the rattling Thunder thro' the Sky. Tick.

As when an Eagle high his Courſe does take,
And in his griping Talons bears a Snake;
A thouſand Folds the Serpent caſts, and, high
Setting his ſpeckled Scales, goes whiſtling thro' the Sky;
The fearleſs Bird but deeper gores his Prey,
And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy Way. Stat. Virg.

I ſaw thro' the Skies the Imperial Bird of Jove
Flew on the Left, and in his Talons bore
A wounded Serpent, thro' th' etherial Way:
The Serpent hiſs'd, and fought in twining Folds,
Brandiſh'd his Tail, and ſhot his pois'nous Tongue,
And wounded, as he flew, the royal Bird:
Pierc'd with the Pain of the envenom'd Sting,
He dropt the Prey, ——
Then with a dreadful Cry he rent the Air, (Hom.
And clapt his ſounding Wings, and ſoar'd away. Broome.

So when an Eagle in his crooked Pounces,
Truſſes a tim'rous Hare, and takes her up;
Struggling ſhe mourns, and ſqueaks amidſt the Skies;
And, faſter than ſhe ran before, ſhe flies. Blac. P. Arth.

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EARTH.

Behold the Ball of Earth, and Water mix'd,
Self-centred and unmov'd. Dryd. State of Inn.
——— The Earth's the Source of all;
And all, when cruel Death diſſolves, return, (Lucr.
To Earth again; and ſhe's both Womb and Urn. Creech.
—— The proficuous Earth, who from her Womb
Pours needful Suſtenance for Man and Beaſt. Broome. Hom.
See from her fertile Boſom how ſhe pours
Verdant Conceptions; and, refreſh'd with Show'rs,
Covers the Field with Corn, and paints the Mead with Flow'rs.
(Blac. Creat.

Now view the Earth in finiſh'd Beauty dreſs'd:
See, how ſublime th' uplifted Mountains riſe,
And with their pointed Heads invade the Skies!
How high the Cliffs their craggy Arms extend,
Diſtinguiſh States, and ſever'd Realms defend!
How ambient Shores confine the reſtleſs Deep,
And in their antient Bounds the Billows keep!
The hollow Vales their ſmiling Pride unfold;
Regard their lovely Verdure: raviſh'd, view
The ſpringing Flow'rs, of various Scent and Hue:
Not Eaſtern Monarchs, on their Nuptial Day,
In dazling Gold and Purple ſhine ſo gay,
As the bright Natives of th' unlabour'd Field,
Unvers'd in ſpinning, and in Looms unskill'd.
See, how the rip'ning Fruits the Gardens crown,
Imbibe the Sun, and make his Light their own!
See, the ſweet Brooks in ſilver Mazes creep,
Enrich the Meadows, and ſupply the Deep;
While from their weeping Urns the Fountains flow,
And vital Moiſture, where they paſs, beſtow:
Admire the narrow Stream, and ſpreading Lake,
The proud aſpiring Grove, and humble Brake:
How do the Foreſts, and the Woods, delight!
How the ſweet Glades and Op'nings charm the Sight!
Obſerve the pleaſant Lawn, and airy Plain;
The fertile Furrows, rich with various Grain;
How uſeful all! How all conſpire to grace,
Th' extended Earth, and beautify her Face! Blac. Creat.

So when the Earth long gaſps for Rain,
If ſhe at length ſome new Drops gain,
She's parch'd the more, more than at firſt,
That ſmall Recruit encreas'd the Thirſt. Orinda.

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EARTHQUAKE.

Sick Nature, at that Inſtant, trembled round; (of Inn.
And Mother Earth ſigh'd as ſhe felt the Wound. Dr. State
As when Convulſions cleave the lab'ring Earth,
Before the diſmal Yawn appear, the Ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding Houſes craſh;
He's ſafe that from the dreadful Warning flies;
But he, that ſees its op'ning Boſom, dies. Smith. P. and Hip.
The gaping Chaſms, dreadful to the Sight,
Mingle the Day with ſubterraneau Night;
Th' inclining Poles as wrench'd aſide appear;
And diving Iſles conceal themſelves for fear. Blac. Job.
Thus Earthquakes kill without a Blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow. Hud.

ECHO.

Silenus ſung: the Vales his Voice rebound;
And carry to the Skies the ſacred Sound. Dryd. Virg.
As o'er the hollow Vaults we walk,
A hundred Echos round us talk,
From Hill to Hill the Voice is toſs'd:
Rocks rebounding,
Caves reſounding,
Not a ſingle Word is loſt. Add. Roſ.
The pitying Rocks, the groaning Caves return
Their ſad Complaints again, and ſeem to mourn:
The dancing Words from Hill to Hill rebound,
They all receive and all reſtore the Sound. Cr. Lucr.

ELEPHANT.

Such, by Getulian Hunters compaſs'd in,
The vaſt unwieldy Elephant is ſeen:
All cover'd with a ſteely Show'r from far,
Rowzing he ſhakes, and ſheds the ſcatter'd War:
In vain the diſtant Troops the Fight renew;
And with freſh Rage the ſtubborn Foe purſue:
Unconquer'd ſtill the mighty Savage ſtands,
And ſcorns the Malice of a thouſand Hands. Rowe, Luc.

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ELOQUENCE.

See, how reſiſtleſs Orators perſwade,
Draw out their Forces, and the Heart invade:
Touch ev'ry Spring and Movement of the Soul,
This Appetite excite, and that controul:
Their pow'rful Voice can flying Troops arreſt,
Confirm the weak, and melt th'obdurate, Breaſt;
Chace from the Sad their melancholy Air;
Sooth Diſcontent, and ſolace anxious Care:
When threat'ning Tides of Rage and Anger riſe,
Uſurp the Throne, and Reaſon's Sway deſpiſe;
When in the Seats of Life this Tempeſt reigns,
Beats thro' the Heart, and drives along the Veins;
See, Eloquence with Force perſwaſive binds
The reſtleſs Waves, and charms the warring Winds:
Reſiſtleſs, bids tumultuous Uproar ceaſe,
Recals the Calm, and gives the Boſom Peace. Blac. Creat.

O that my Tongue had ev'ry Grace of Speech,
Great and commanding as the Breath of Kings;
Sweet as the Poets Numbers, and prevailing
As ſoft Perſuaſion to a Love-ſick Maid!
That I had Art and Eloquence divine! Rowe J. Shore.

——— His weighty Senſe (Ach.
Flows in fit Words, and heav'nly Eloquence. Dryd. Abſ. &

——— His Tongue was made
Smooth, ſoft, and fluent, fitted to perſwade. Blac. P. Arth.
Words, ſweet as Honey, from his Mouth diſtill'd. Dryd.
For winning Eloquence he was renown'd; (Hom
And ſure Perſuaſion hung upon his Lips;
Sweet were his Words, and tunefully they flow'd. Br. Hom.
Whene'er he ſpeaks, ſuch Graces flow with Eaſe,
Strength to convince, and Elegance to pleaſe;
——— The liſt'ning Thouſand hung,
And bleſs'd the moving Accents of his Tongue. Trap.

——— Th'attentive Throng,
Profoundly ſilent, all around me wait:
Like cluſt'ring Bees upon my Lips they hung,
And ſuck'd the Words, like Honey, from my Tongue:
My Speech upon them dropp'd like Summer Rain,
That falls from Heav'n upon the thirſty Plain. Blac. Job.

Now from his Seat aroſe Laertes' Son;
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun:
Then to th'expecting Audience rais'd his Look,
And not without prepar'd Attention ſpoke:

Soft

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Soft was his Tone, and ſober was his Face;
Actions his Words, and Words his Actions grace. Dr. Ovid.

——— The wond'rous Tale,
With ſuch a Grace, his florid Tongue could frame,
The Story ſtill was new, tho' ſtill the ſame. Cong. Ovid.

He ceas'd; and, ceaſing, with Reſpect he bow'd.
Heav'n, Air, and Ocean, rung with loud Applauſe;
And by the gen'ral Vote he gain'd the Cauſe:
Thus Conduct won the Prize, when Courage fail'd;
And Eloquence o'er brutal Force prevail'd. Dryd. Ovid.

E L Y S I U M.

A fairer Scene now opens to your View;
An Earth more verdant, and a Heav'n more blue:
Another Phœbus gilds theſe happy Skies;
And other Stars with purer Flames ariſe:
The bliſsful Climes no Change of Ages knew;
The Golden firſt began, and ſtill is new.
The Golden Age our World awhile could boaſt;
But here it flouriſh'd, and was never loſt:
Perpetual Zephyrs breathe thro' fragrant Bow'rs;
And painted Meads ſmile with unbidden Flow'rs:
Flow'rs of immortal Bloom, and various Hue;
In the Receſs of a cool ſylvan Glade,
A Monarch Tree projects no vulgar Shade;
Encumber'd with their Wealth, the Branches bend;
And golden Apples to your Reach deſcend:
Spare not the Fruit; but pluck the blooming Ore;
The yellow Harveſt will increaſe the more. Euſden. Claud.

——— The gloomy Arbours,
The Grots and Manſions of the bleſſed Dead:
O bliſsful Proſpect of a future State!
Delightful Ecſtaſie in Thoughts of Death!
Methinks, thro' all the vaſt and verdant Meads,
No Roſe lies blaſted, and no Myrtle fades,
But ever bloom,
Thro' all Elyzium, all the flow'ry Groves. Hopk. Pyrrhus.

There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his Countrey's Cauſe expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd: the firm Patriot there,
Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care,
Tho' ſtill by Faction, Vice, and Fortune croſt,
Shall find the gen'rous Labour was not loſt. Add. Cato.

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EMBRACING.

Within each others Arms we'll ever reſt:
Thy Eyes ſhall make my Days ſerene and bright;
Thy Arms, thus circling round me, bleſs the Night.
Lanſd. Brit. Ench.

O let me preſs thee in my youthful Arms,
And ſmother thy old Age in my Embraces. Lee OEdip.
Thus let me grow to thee, too cloſe for Fate to ſever!
O let Death find me in theſe dear, dear Arms,
And, looking on thee, ſpare my better Part,
And take me willing hence. Dryd. Cleom.
Is it then given me to behold thy Beauties?
Thoſe bluſhing Sweets, thoſe lovely loving Eyes?
To preſs, to ſtrain thee to my beating Heart,
And grow thus to my Love? Smith Phæd. & Hip.
I ſwear, I preſs thee with as hearty Joy,
As ever fearful Bride embrac'd her Man;
When from a Dream of Death ſhe wak'd, and found
Her Lover ſafe and ſleeping by her Side. Lee Theod.
——— Lock'd in each others Arms,
We'll lie for ever thus, and laugh at Fate. Lee L. J. Brut.
Thus let me rob the Fountains and the Groves;
Thus gird me to thee with the faſteſt Knot
Of Arms and Spirits, that would claſp thee thro';
Cold as thou art, and wet with Night's fall'n Dews,
Yet dearer ſo, thus richly dreſs'd with Sorrows,
Than if the Gods had hung thee round with Kingdoms.
Lee L. J. Brut.

O I will hold thee with theſe longing Arms;
Hold thee till Morn; and from that Morn till Ev'ning;
From Ev'ning to Mid-day; from Day to Night; (L. J. Brut.
From Night to Death: —— I'll claſp thee thus for ever. Lee
For ever thus, thus in each others Arms
Ages ſhall ſee us flouriſh. —— South. Loy. Bro.
Thus in my Arms I'll hold thee
To my laſt Gaſp, and graſp thee after Death. Lee Conſtant.
—— —— Thus, my Chruſeis, thus
Embrace me cloſe, and join thy Lips to mine.
There's no Security in other Joys;
Here Happineſs is rivetted alone;
Here nothing fades, nothing decays; the Sweets
Immortal are, and never ceaſe to ſpring. Lanſd. Her. Love.
Here let me hold thee ever in my Arms,
And all our Quarrels be but ſuch as theſe,
Who ſhall love beſt, and cloſeſt ſhall embrace. Dr. D. Seb.
The Heart of Guiſe is rivetted to thine. Dr. D. of Guiſe.

So

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So ſpake our gen'ral Mother, and with Eyes
Of conjugal Attraction unreprov'd,
And meek Surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our firſt Father; half her ſwelling Breaſt
Naked met his, under the flowing Gold
Of her looſe Treſſes hid: he in Delight
Both of her Beauty and ſubmiſſive Charms
Smil'd with ſuperior Love, as Jupiter
On Juno ſmiles, when he impregns the Clouds
That ſhed May-Flow'rs; and preſs'd her Matron-Lip
With Kiſſes pure. —— —— Milt. Par. Loſt.

His Wife beheld him, and with eager Pace
Flew to his Arms, to meet a dear Embrace:
Breathleſs ſhe flew, with Joy and Paſſion wild, Dryd. Hom.

No Gueſt ſo welcome to my longing Arms:
I run, I flew to meet th'expected Boy
With all the Tranſports of unruly Joy:
Not with ſuch eager Haſte, ſuch fond Deſires,
The Traveller, when ſcorch'd by Syrian Fires,
To ſome well-ſpreading Beeches Shade retires. ——

He dearly graſps the Treaſure of his Soul;
Hangs on his Neck, and feeds upon his Form. Lee.

Then here, Oh! here, on his cold bloody Breaſt,
Thus let me breathe my laſt. ——
T' embrace thee now is not Immodeſty:
Or, if it were, I think my bleeding Heart
Would make me criminal in Death to claſp thee:
Break all the tender Niceties of Honour,
To fold thee thus, and warm thee into Life. Lee Theod.

—— —— O let me preſs thee;
Pant on thy Boſom; ſink into thy Arms,
And loſe thy ſelf in the luxurious Fold. Rowe J. Shore.

EMPIRE.

All Empires on the Gods depend; (Roſc. Hor.
Begun by their Commands, at their Commands they end.

Empire muſt move apace,
When ſhe begins the Race. D'Aven.

Empire's like Heav'n, which who would bravely win,
Muſt, Giant-like, with high Aſſault begin. Lee Glor.

What is Command, for which we ſo contend;
Danger and Envy the high Charge attend; Cleop.
A few we pleaſe, and Multitudes offend. Sedl. Ant. &c.

Let no Man of his preſent Fortune ſwell;
The Fate of growing Empires who can tell? Ant. & Cleop.
We ſtand but on that Greatneſs, whence ſome fell. Sed.

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This abſolute Command, this Pow'r ſupreme,
This boundleſs Grandeur, this illuſtrious Title,
Believe me, Friends, is like a dazling Beauty,
That ſtrikes the Sight; but, when enjoy'd, grows pall'd.
For in the Luſt of Empire, oft 'tis found
High Hope much better than Fruition pleaſes. D'Aven.

Great Empires, like their Founders, mortal are,
And the ſad Marks of Age and Sickneſs bear:
Their ſtrong Foundations, mould'ring, wear away,
And, ſapp'd by Time's devouring Teeth, decay. Bl. P. Arth.

Empire is ſafeſt moderately great, (Cleop.
And Deaths unſeen ſtill on Ambition wait. Sedl. Ant. &

——— ——— A falling State
Has always its own Errours join'd with Fate. Cowl. David.

Like Empires, to their fatal Height arriv'd,
They muſt be ruin'd by themſelves alone. Dryd. Riv. Lad.

Nations and Empires flouriſh and decay;
By Turns command, and in their Turns obey:
Time ſoftens hardy People; Time again
Hardens to War a ſoft, unwarlike Train.
Thus Troy for ten long Years her Foes withſtood;
And, daily bleeding, bore th' Expence of Blood:
Now, for thick Streets, it ſhews an empty Space;
Or, only fill'd with Tombs of her own periſh'd Race,
Her ſelf becomes the Sepulchre of what ſhe was.
Mycenæ, Sparta, Thebes, of mighty Fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of Subſtance into Name.
And Dardan Rome, that juſt begins to riſe,
On Tiber's Banks, in Time ſhall mate the Skies;
Wid'ning her Bounds, and working on her Way,
Ev'n now ſhe meditates Imperial Sway:
Yet this is Change; but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like Moons new-born; and in her Cradle ſtrives
To fill her Infant Horns: an Hour ſhall come, (Ovid.
When the new World ſhall be contain'd in Rome. Dryd.

Let others better mould the running Maſs
Of Metals, and inform the breathing Braſs;
And ſoften into Fleſh a Marble Face:
Plead better at the Bar; deſcribe the Skies,
And when the Stars deſcend, and when they riſe:
But, Rome, 'tis thine alone, with awful Sway,
To rule Mankind, and make the World obey;
Diſpoſing Peace and War thy own majeſtick Way:
To ſpare the Proud, the fetter'd Slave to free;
Theſe are Imperial Arts, and worthy thee. Dryd. Virg.

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ENJOYMENT.

Go, Love, thy Banners round the World display,
And teach rebellious Mortals to obey:
Triumph o'er those, who proudly slight thy Pow'r,
And make them, what they now deride, adore:
To conquer, only bid them, taste and know;
And soon their fansy'd Pleasures they'll forego,
And soon acknowledge thee, the Lord of all below.
Oh! what a Rapture did my Soul surround,
When first I clasp'd her Body close to mine!
Twas more than Rapture all! 'Twas all divine!
Such Joys I knew, as Words want Pow'r to tell,
Joys, which the feeble Reach of Thought excel.
My Soul, surpriz'd at that Excess of Joy,
Unable to sustain it, wing'd away,
Whilst all intranc'd and extasy'd I lay.
Where did my Soul in that short Transport go?
Did it with willing Haste to her depart?
It did; I'm sure it did; and flutter'd round her Heart:
It heav'd, it trembled, and it panted there:
But all its weak Efforts to stay were vain;
A Kiss restor'd the Fugitive again:
My Soul re-enter'd; we repeated o'er
A thousand Joys, unknown to both before.
No Time shall pass without that dear Delight;
I'll talk of Love all Day, and act it all the Night;
Pleasure and I, as to one Goal design'd,
Will run with equal Pace, while Sorrows lag behind.
O that I had but Jove's unbounded Might,
To lengthen Pleasures, and extend a Night!
Three trivial Nights should not my Wish confine;
Whole Years themselves, whole Ages should combine,
To make my Joys as lasting, as divine:
Then would I lie enclos'd within her Arms,
Fierce as my Love, and vig'rous as her Charms;
And both should be, could I decree their State,
As fixt, and as immutable as Fate:
Then wond'ring Mortals should with Envy see,
That only those were blest, who lov'd like me;
And Gods themselves should at my Bliss repine,
And learn to mend their now imperfect Joys by mine.
O my Soul!
Whither, whither art thou flying,
Lost in sweet tumultuous Dying?

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You tremble, Peleus; ſo do I;
Ah ſtay, and we'll together die:
My Soul ſhall take her Flight with thine.
Life diſſolving in Delight,
Heaving Breaſts, and ſwimming Sight,
Fault'ring Speech, and gaſping Breath,
Symptoms of delicious Death: (Ven. Jew of
My Soul is ready for the Flight. Lanſd.
Whilſt Alexis lay preſt
In her Arms he lov'd beſt,
With his Hands round her Neck, and his Head on her Breaſt,
He found the fierce Pleaſure too haſty to ſtay,
And his Soul in the Tempeſt juſt flying away:
When Celia ſaw this,
With a Sigh and a Kiſs,
She cry'd, Oh my Dear, I am robb'd of my Bliſs;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.
The Youth, tho' in Haſte,
And breathing his laſt,
In Pity dy'd ſlowly, while ſhe dy'd more faſt:
Till at length ſhe cry'd, Now, my Dear, now let us go,
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too.
Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis did try
To recover new Breath, that againſt he might die:
Then often they dy'd; but the more they did ſo,
The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.
Dryd. M. A-la-mode.

If for my ſelf alone I would poſſeſs,
'Twere ſenſual Joy, and brutal Happineſs.
When moſt we love, embracing and embrac'd,
The Particle ſublime of Bliſs is plac'd
In Raptures that we feel the raviſh'd Charmer taſte.
Lanſd. Brit. Ench.

Cloſe in my Arms, and languiſhing ſhe lies,
With dying Looks, ſhort Breath, and wiſhing Eyes.
Otw. Friendſh. in Faſh.

O would'ſt thou meet my Warmth, when I diſſolve
Into thy Lap, and give down all thy Love. Dryd. Amphit.

O there's a Joy, to melt in her Embrace,
Diſſolve in Pleaſures;
And make the Gods curſe Immortality,
That ſo they could not die. Dryd. Don. Seb.

Not dying Saints enjoy ſuch Ecſtaſies,
When they in Viſions antedate their Bliſs:

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Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so blest
When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,
And the God enters there to be a welcome Guest.
Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,
Pleasures, which enter at the waking Eyes;
Might I each Night such sweet Enjoyments find,
I'd wink for ever, be for ever blind. Oldh.

O let me press these balmy Lips all Day,
And bathe my Love-scorch'd Soul in thy moist Kisses;
Now, by my Joys, thou art all sweet and soft;
And thou shalt be the Altar of my Love:
Upon thy Beauties hourly will I offer,
And pour out Pleasure, and blest Sacrifice,
To the dear Memory of my Lucina:
No God nor Goddess ever was ador'd
With such Religion as my Love shall be:
For, in those charming Raptures of my Soul,
Clasp'd in thy Arms, I'll waste my self away,
And rob the ruin'd World of their great Lord;
While, to the Honour of Lucina's Name,
I leave Mankind to mourn the Loss for ever. Roch. Valent.

Let her transport me with surprizing Bliss:
Help me, ye Pow'rs of Love, I faint! I die!
The Thought screws Nature to a Pitch too high:
Scarcely my Breast my flitting Soul retains,
Such Gusts of Pleasure hurry thro' my Veins!
One Touch of hers ——
More Blisses brings than pamper'd Prelates prove.
In snatch'd Embraces of forbidden Love,
With eager Arms I clasp'd the lovely Maid;
My humble Thanks to mighty Love I pay'd; (Brown.
And, as I wanted nothing else, for nothing else I pray'd.

He, stifled in my Arms, shall lose his Breath,
And Life it self shall envious be of Death. Dryd. Auren.

When half denying, more than half content,
Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent;
Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat, (Ovid.
And Guilt, that made them anxious, made them great. Dryd.

Now let us start, and give a Loose to Love,
Feast ev'ry Sense with most luxurious Pleasure,
Improve our Minutes, make them more than Years, (Stepm.
Than Ages; and ev'n live the Life of Gods. Rowe Amb.

Oh, let me sink upon thy gentle Bosom,
And, blushing, tell, how greatly I am blest!
Forgive me, Modesty, if here I vow,
That all the Pleasures of my Virgin-State
Were poor and trifling to the present Rapture.

A gen-

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A gentle Warmth invades my glowing Breaſt,
And, while I fondly gaze upon my Face, (Step.
Ev'n Thought is loſt in exquiſite Delight. Rowe Amb.
Fanſy it ſelf, ev'n in Enjoyment, is
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its Bliſs. Dryd. Auren.
——— Their ev'ry Glance imparts
The ſweet Confuſion of their meeting Hearts.
His Hand ſhe can no more, nor he his Rage, reſtrain:
Nor Words their Way, nor broken Accents find;
More violent he grows, and ſhe more kind.
The riſing Raptures break their ſwelling Sighs,
And, breathleſs, in the Bridegroom's Arms ſhe lies.
Her Fears are flown, ſhe claſps the furious Boy,
Gives all her Beauties up, and meets the Joy. ———
——— O thou great Chymiſt, Nature,
Who draw'ſt one Spirit ſo divinely perfect,
Thou mak'ſt a Dreg of all the World beſide. Lee Caſ. Borg.
O thou 'ſt Inſpiration, Ecſtaſie and Tranſport, (Clev.
All the bewitching Joys that make Men mad. Lee P. of
——— Let me preſs thee in my Arms,
Thou of my Heart, and charmer of my Eyes:
Nay, thou ſhalt leave the Ecſtaſie from me;
I'll make thee ſmile with my extravagant Paſſion;
Drive thy pale Fears away; and, ere the Morn,
I ſwear, O Teraminta, O my Love,
Cold as thou art, I'll warm thee into Bluſhes. Lee L. J. Brut.
I'll ſteal into th' eternal Knot of Love
This Night: this Night ſhall tell thee how I love thee:
When Words are at a Loſs, and the mute Soul
Pours out her ſelf in Sighs and gaſping Joys,
Life graſps, the Pangs of Bliſs, and murm'ring Pleaſures,
Thou ſhalt confeſs all Language then is vile, (Brut.
And yet believe me moſt without my Vowing. Lee L. J.
Come to my Breaſt thou Tempeſt-beaten Flow'r,
Brim-full of Rain, and ſtick upon my Heart:
O ſhort-liv'd Roſe; yet I ſome Hours will wear thee:
Yes, by the Gods, I'll ſmell thee till I languiſh,
Riffle thy Sweets, and run thee o'er and o'er;
Fall, like the Night, upon thy folding Beauties,
And claſp thee dead: then, like the Morning Sun,
With a new Heat kiſs thee to Life again,
And make the Pleaſure equal to the Pain. Lee L. J. Brut.
The lovely Maid lay panting in my Arms;
And all ſhe ſaid and did was full of Charms!
Winds, on your Wings to Heav'n her Accents bear,
Such Words as Heav'n alone is fit to hear. Dryd. Virg.

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Strait a new Heat return'd with his Embrace,
Warmth to my Blood, and Colour to my Face:
Till, at the length, with mutual Kisses fir'd,
To the last Bliss we eagerly aspir'd, (Theoc.
And both alike assain'd what both alike desir'd. Dryd.
Oft in soft Battels have I spent the Night,
Yet rose next Morning vig'rous for the Fight,
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light. Oldh
For vig'rous Blood and fresh Recruits of Force,
Enabled languish'd Love to take the Field. Dryd. Amph.
So the kind Nymph, dissolving as she lay,
Expecting sigh'd, and chid the Shepherd's Stay:
When, panting to the Joy, he flew to prove
The Immortality of Life and Love. South. Disapp.
——— To known Delights they haste;
And, panting in each other's Arms, embrac'd:
Rush to the conscious Bed, a mutual Freight,
And heedless press it with their wonted Weight:
The thoughtless Pair, indulging their Desires,
Alternate, kindled, and then quench'd, their Fires.
Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guisc.
He saw the Queen, and from her coqu'ring Eyes
Thro' all his Veins the pointed Lightning flies:
Th'Almighty, soon dissolv'd with warm Desires,
Feels in his Blood those soft and tender Fires,
Which youthful Breasts inflame, when first they prove,
With Joy transported, the sweet Thefts of Love:
Thus, fir'd and ravish'd with her heav'nly Charms,
He snatch'd the yielding Goddess to his Arms:
The joyful Earth was pleas'd, and, smiling, spread
Her flow'ry Lap to form the fragrant Bed;
Pansies and Hyacinths were strew'd around,
And a new blooming Spring adorn'd the Ground:
Upon their naked Limbs, in gentle Show'rs,
A golden Cloud ambrosial Moisture pours.
At length the God, with Love and Sleep oppress,
Melts in her Arms, and sinks to pleasing Rest. Pope Homer.
Spoken of Jupiter and Juno.
——— He press'd her to his panting Breast:
The smiling Earth spread Beds of new-born Flow'rs,
Pansies, and Violets, and fragrant Roses,
And Hyacinths, beneath and round the Pair.
Conceal'd they lay in a bright Cloud of Gold:
The Heav'ns gave Signs of Joy; ambrosial Dews
Pour'd down their sweetest Influence; and the Air
Breath'd odorous, replete with rich Perfumes.
Thus the dread Father of the Gods and Men,

By

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By Love and Sleep oppreſs'd on Ida's Height,
Reclin'd his Head, entranc'd on Juno's Boſom. Br. Hom.
——— Erminia ſtays;
Thy ſoft deſiring Wife expects thy coming:
Buſy in Thought, and haſty for the Hour,
She turns, and ſighs, and wiſhes; counts the Clock;
And ev'ry Minute drags a heavy Pace,
Till thou appear, the Champion of thy Bed,
Arm'd at all Points, and eager for the Charge,
That calls her to the Combate of thy Love. South. Diſapp.
And all thoſe Joys inſatiably to prove,
With which rich Beauty feaſts the Glutton Love.———
——— Oh I have ſlept, and dreamt,
And dreamt again. Where haſt thou been, thou Loiterer?
Tho' my Eyes clos'd, my Arms have ſtill been open'd,
Stretch'd ev'ry Way betwixt my broken Slumbers,
To ſearch if thou wert come to crown my Reſt:
There's no Repoſe without thee. —— Oh the Day
Too ſoon will break, and wake us to our Sorrow:
Come, come to Bed, and bid thy Cares Good-night.
Otw. Ven. Preſ.
When will the dear Man come, that all my Doubts
May vaniſh in his Breaſt? that I may hold him
Faſt as my Fears can make me; hug him cloſe
As my fond Soul can wiſh; give all my Breath (Alex.
In Sighs and Kiſſes; ſwoon, die away with Rapture. Lee.
I found a Pleaſure I ne'er felt before; (Clev.
Diſſolving Pains, and ſwimming ſhudd'ring Joys. Lee P. of
——— Then haſte, my Charmer,
Let's feaſt our famiſh'd Souls with am'rous Riot,
With fierceſt Bliſs attone for our Delay, (& Hip.
And in a Moment love the Age we've loſt. Smith Phæd.
Burns not my Flame as brightly as at firſt?
Ev'n now my Heart beats high: I languiſh for thee;
My Tranſports are as fierce, as ſtrong my Wiſhes,
As thou hadſt never bleſs'd me with thy Beauty.
Rowe Fair Pen.
Once in a lone and ſecret Hour of Night,
When ev'ry Eye was cloſe'd, and the pale Moon
And Stars alone, ſhone conſcious of the Theft,
Hot with the Tuſcan Grape, and high in Blood,
Happ'ly I ſtole unheeded to her Chamber.
I found the fond, believing, love-ſick Maid,
Looſe, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of Wiſhes;
Fierceneſs and Pride, the Guardians of her Honour,
Were charm'd to Reſt, and Love alone was waking:
Within her riſing Boſom all was calm,

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As peaceful Seas that know no Storms, and only
Are gently lifted up and down by Tides:
I ſnatch'd the glorious, golden Opportunity,
And with prevailing, youthful Ardour preſs'd her,
Till, with ſhort Sighs, and murm'ring Reluctance,
The yielding Fair One gave me perfect Happineſs:
Ev'n all the live-long Night we paſs'd in Bliſs,
In Ecſtaſies too fierce to laſt for ever;
At length the Morn and cold Indiff'rence came;
When, fully ſated with the luſcious Banquet,
I haſtily took Leave, and left the Nymph
To think on what was paſt, and ſigh alone.
I ſaw her ſoon again; Alas! too ſoon:
For Oh! that Meeting was not like the former:
I found my Heart no more beat high with Tranſport;
No more I ſigh'd, and languiſh'd for Enjoyment:
'Twas paſt; and Reaſon took her Turn to reign, (Pen.
While ev'ry Weakneſs fell before her Throne. Rowe. Fair

Hope with a gawdy Proſpect feeds the Eye,
Sooths ev'ry Senſe, does with each Wiſh comply:
But falſe Enjoyment the kind Guide deſtroys;
We loſe the Paſſion in the treach'rous Joys:
Like the gay Silk-worm, when it pleaſes moſt,
In that ungrateful Web it ſpun, 'tis loſt.
Fruition only cloys the Apperite;
More does the Conqueſt than the Prize delight.
Who moſt expects, enjoys the Pleaſure moſt:
'Tis rais'd by Wiſhes, by Fruition loſt. Yald.

Bleſſings when cheap, or certain, we deſpiſe:
From ſure Poſſeſſion what Deſire can riſe?
Love, like Ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd, (Ench.
By Doubt provok'd, by Certainty deſtroy'd. Lanſd. B. ix.

Thus therefore he, who feels the fiery Dart
Of ſtrong Deſire transfix his am'rous Heart,
Whether ſome beauteous Boy's alluring Face,
Or lovelier Maid, with unrefiſted Grace,
From her each Part the winged Arrow ſends;
From whence he firſt was ſtruck, he thither tends:
Reſtleſs he roams; impatient to be free'd,
And eager to inject the ſprightly Seed:
For fierce Deſire does all his Mind employ;
And ardent Love aſſures approaching Joy:
Such is the Nature of that pleaſing Smart,
Whoſe burning Drops diſtil upon the Heart:
The Fever of the Soul, ſhot from the Fair,
And the cold Ague of ſucceeding Care:

If

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If abſent, her Idea ſtill appears,
And her ſweet Name is chiming in your Ears:
But ſtrive thoſe pleaſing Phantoms to remove,
And ſhun th' aerial Images of Love,
That feed the Flame: When one moleſts thy Mind,
Diſcharge thy Loins on all the leaky Kind:
For that's a wiſer Way, than to reſtrain,
Within thy ſwelling Nerves, that hoard of Pain:
For, ev'ry Hour, ſome deadlier Symptom ſhows;
And by degrees the gath'ring Venom grows,
When kindly Applications are not us'd:
The Scorpion Love muſt on the Wound be bruis'd.
On that one Object 'tis not ſafe to ſtay;
But force the Tide of Thought ſome other Way:
The ſquander'd Spirits prodigally throw;
And in the common Glebe of Nature ſow.
Nor wants he all the Bliſs, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the Pleaſure, and avoids the Pain:
For purer Joys in purer Health abound,
And leſs affect the fickly than the ſound.
When Love its utmoſt Vigour does employ,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a reſtleſs wand'ring Joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild Exceſs,
With Hands or Eyes, what firſt he wou'd poſſeſs:
But ſtrains at all; and, faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantick Pains:
With biting Kiſſes hurts the twining Fair;
Which ſhews his Joys imperfect, unſincere:
For, ſtung with inward Rage, he flings around; (Wound:
And ſtrives t'avenge the Smart, on that which gave the
But Love thoſe eager Bitings does reſtrain,
And, mingling Pleaſure, mollifies the Pain.
Nature for Meat and Drink provides a Space;
And, when receiv'd, they fill their certain Space:
Hence Thirſt and Hunger may be ſatisfy'd;
But this Repletion is to Love deny'd:
Form, Feature, Colour, whatſoe'er Delight,
Provokes the Lover's endleſs Appetite,
Theſe fill no Space; nor can we thence remove
With Lips, or Hands, or all our Inſtruments of Love:
In our deluded Graſp we nothing find,
But thin aerial Shapes, that fleet before the Mind.
Ev'n ſuch as he enjoys, who drinks in Dreams;
His Thirſt encreaſes 'midſt the fanſy'd Streams:
So Love with Phantomes cheats our longing Eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies:

Our

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Our Hands pull nothing from the Parts they ſtrain,
But wander o'er the lovely Limbs in vain
Beſides : ——————
They waſte their Strength in the venereal Strife,
And to a Woman's Will enſlave their Life :
Th' Eſtate runs out ; and Mortgages are made ;
All Offices of Friendſhip are decay'd ;
Their Fortune ruin'd, and their Fame betray'd :
And in the Fountain, where their Sweets are ſought,
Some bitter bubbles up, and poiſons all the Draught :
Firſt, guilty Conſcience does the Mirrour bring ;
Then, ſharp Remorſe ſhoots out her angry Sting ;
And anxious Thoughts, within themſelves at Strife,
Upbraid the long-miſpent luxurious Life.
Perhaps the fickle Fair One proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful Word, that pains his Mind,
And leaves a rankling Jealouſie behind :
Perhaps he watches cloſe her am'rous Eyes,
And in the Act of Ogling does ſurprize ;
And thinks he ſees upon her Cheeks the while ;
The dimpled Tracks of ſome foregoing Smile ;
His raging Pulſe beats thick, and his pent Spirits boil.
This is the Product ev'n of proſp'rous Love ;
Think then what Pangs diſaſt'rous Paſſions prove :
Innumerable Ills ; Diſdain, Deſpair,
With all the meagre Family of Care :
Thus, as I ſaid, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter, the Diſeaſe ; and late repent :
Becauſe to ſhun th' Allurement is not hard
To Minds reſolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd :
But wond'rous difficult, when once beſet,
To ſtruggle thro' the Streights, and break th' involving Net.
(Dryd. Luer.

ENSIGN.

Red was his Banner, and diſplay'd abroad (and Arc.
The bloody Colours of his Patron God. Dryd. Chau. Pal.
His dreadful Streamer, like a Comet's Hair,
Threat'ning Deſtruction, haſtens their Deſpair. Wall.
Wav'd by the wanton Winds, his Banner flies,
All Maiden-white, and ſhares the Peoples Eyes. Dryd.
(Chauc. Pal. and Arc.
In either's Flag the golden Serpents bear
Erected Creſts alike, like Volumes rear,
And mingle friendly Hiſſings in the Air Dryd. Aurea.

Their

Their bloody Enſigns all diſplay'd appear,
And hold an am'rous Combat with the Air:
Looſely they fly, and, with a wanton Play,
Seem to ſalute the Sun-beams in their Way. Otw. Alcibiad.
——— —— Like a tatter'd Enſign,
That's braveſt, which there are moſt Rents in. Hud.

ENVY.

Envy's the Coward's Homage to the Brave ——
And Envy always ſtirs up baſe-born Minds,
To blacken whom they envy. Den. Rin. & Arm.
Envy ſtill blaſts that Fame it cannot ſhare. D'Aven.
Envy, whoſe Tongue firſt kills whom ſhe devours!
——— The pois'nous Snake,
Whoſe Breath blaſts Maids, as innocent as Flow'rs. D'Aven.
And Envy ſtill with Miſery reſides. Dryd.
Find Envy out: ſome Prince's Court attend;
Moſt likely there you'll meet the famiſh'd Fiend:
Or in Cabals, or Camps, or at the Bar,
Or where ill Poets pennyleſs conſer,
Or in the Senate-houſe at Weſtminſter. Garth.
Envy will Merit, as its Shade, purſue;
But, like a Shadow, proves the Subſtance, too:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing Body's Groſsneſs, not its own:
When firſt that Sun too pow'rful Beams diſplays,
It draws up Vapours, which obſcure its Rays:
But ev'n thoſe Clouds at laſt adorn its Way,
Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day. Pope.

EPICURE.

Ah! Think, my Friends, how ſwift the Minutes haſte!
The preſent Day intirely is our own:
Then ſieze the Bleſſing e'er 'tis gone:
To Morrow; fatal Sound, ſince this may be our laſt!
Why do we boaſt of Years, and ſum up Days?
'Tis all imaginary Space:
To Day, to Day is our Inheritance;
'Tis all penurious Fate will give:
Poſterity 'll to Morrow live;
Our Sons crowd on behind, our Children drive us hence:
With Garlands then your Temples crown,
And lie on Beds of Roſes down:
Beds of Roſes we'll prepare;
Roſes, that our Emblems are:

A

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A while they flouriſh on the Bough,
And drink large Draughts of heav'nly Dew;
Like us they ſmile, are young and gay,
And like us too, are Tenants for a Day,
Since with Night's blaſting Breath they vaniſh ſwift away.
Bring chearful Wine, and coſtly Sweets prepare:
'Tis more than Frenzy now to ſpare:
Let Cares and Buſ'neſs wait a while,
Old Age affords a thinking Interval:
Or, if they muſt a longer Hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the Grave.
Then gay and ſprightly Wines produce,
Wines, that Wit and Mirth infuſe;
That feed, like Oil, th' expiring Flame,
Revive our drooping Souls, and prop this tott'ring Frame;
That when the Grave our Bodies has engroſs'd,
When Virtues ſhall forgotten lie,
With all their boaſted Piety,
Honours and Titles, like our ſelves, be loſt;
Then our recorded Vice ſhall flouriſh on,
And our immortal Riots be for ever known:
This, this is what we ought to do;
The great Deſign, the grand Affair below:
Since bounteous Nature then has plac'd us here,
That Man his Grandeur ſhou'd maintain;
And in exceſs of Pleaſure reign;
Keep up his Character, and Lord of all appear. Yald.

EPILEPSIE.

Oft times with vi'lent Fits a Patient falls,
As if with Thunder ſtruck; and foams, and bawls;
Talks madly, ſhakes, moves here and there, breathes ſhort,
Extends, and tires his Limbs with antick Sport;
Like boiſt'rous Storms, which o'er the Ocean rave,
And raiſe white Curls upon the foaming Wave. Cr. Luer.

ETEOCLES and POLYNICES.

Stung to the Soul, the Brother's part from Reſt,
And all the Furies wake within their Breaſt:
Their tortur'd Minds repining Envy tears,
And Hate, engender'd by ſuſpicious Fears;
And ſacred Thirſt of Sway; and all the Ties
Of Nature broke; and royal Perjuries;
And impotent Deſire to reign alone,
That ſcorns the dull Reverſion of a Throne:

Each

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Each wou'd the Sweets of sov'reign Rule devour;
While Discord waits upon divided Pow'r. Pope. Stat.

EVENING.

Now to the Foot of Heav'n's steep Precipice,
Ready to plunge into the deep Abyss,
The red-fac'd Sun had roul'd the sinking Day,
Shooting along the Plains a level Ray:
The loving Turtle, to his airy Nest,
Flies with his moaning Mate, to coo, and rest:
The tim'rous Hare steals from the Brake to feed;
And from the Yoke the lab'ring Ox is freed:
With strutting Teats the Herds come lowing Home;
And Beasts of Prey o'er Hills and Forests roam. Blac. P. Ar.

——— At the Close of Day,
When Heifers seek their Stalls, and round a Rock (Virg.
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke. Creech.

——— Th' Approach of Night,
The Skies yet blushing with departing Light,
When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade,
And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade, Pope.

While lab'ring Oxen, spent with Toil and Heat,
In their loose Traces from the Field retreat:
While curling Smokes from Village-tops are seen,
And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green. Pope.

But see! The Hills increasing Shadows cast;
The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste;
His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
And bluish Mists arise from yonder Flood. Phil.

And now advancing Night the Sky invades;
While, close pursu'd by the victorious Shades;
The Rays, which faintly from the Ground recoil,
On the green Fields let fall their pearly Spoil. Blac. P. Arth.

——— See! the descending Sun,
Scatt'ring his Beams about him, as he sinks,
And gilding Heav'n above, and Seas beneath,
With Paint, no mortal Pencil can express. Hopk. Pyrrhus.

By this the Sun, declining from his Height, (and Arc.
The Day had shorten'd to prolong the Night. Dryd. Pal.

Now was the Sun in western Cadence low
From Noon; and gentle Airs due at their Hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in
The Ev'ning cool. ——— Milt. Par. Lost.

The Bat has flown
His cloyster'd Flight, and to pale Hecate's Summons
The shard-born Beetle with his drowsy Hums

Has

Has rung Night's yawning Peal —— Shak. Macb. (Mac.
The Weſt yet glimmers with ſome Streaks of Day. Shak.
Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes Wing to th' rooky Wood:
Good Things of Day begin to droop and drowze, (Macb.
And to their Prey, the Night's black Agents rowze. Shak.

EXAMPLE.

Envy the Glory of your Fathers Fame,
Their noble Actions ſhould your Hearts inflame. Laud. Vir.
Let your bright Virtues Imitators draw;
Glorious Examples have more Force, than Law. Blac. P. Ar.
Ev'n good Examples may ſo great be made,
As to diſcourage whom they ſhould perſuade. D'Aven.

EXPECTATION.

How tedious are the Hours of Expectation;
When ev'ry Moment gives the Soul new Hope
Of mighty Joy, or Fear of mortal Woe. ——
She long expecting lay, for Bliſs prepar'd,
Liſt'ning for Noiſe; and griev'd that none ſhe heard,
Oft roſe, and oft in vain employ'd the Key;
And oft accus'd her Lover of Delay;
And paſs'd the tedious Hours in anxious Thoughts away. (Dryd. Bocc. Sig. and Guiſc.
And glowing Expectation paints her Face. Gay.
—— —— Expectation held
His Look ſuſpence. —— Milt. Par. Loſt.

EXPERIENCE.

Experience 'tis, by whoſe true Eyes, tho' ſlow,
We find, at laſt, what, oft, too late we know. D'Aven.
(Playhouſe to be let.
—— —— Be timely wiſe;
Do not the wholſome Words of Age deſpiſe;
For in the hoary Head Experience lies. Gay. Ovid.
Let Stoicks haughty Ethick Rules advance,
To combat Fortune, and to conquer Chance;
Yet happy thoſe, tho' not ſo learn'd, are thought,
Whom Life inſtructs; who, by Experience taught,
For new to come from paſt Misfortunes look; (Juv.
Nor ſhake the Yoke, which gauls the more 'tis ſhook. Creech

EX-

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EXTREAM.

We hunt Extreams, and run ſo faſt,
We can no ſteady Judgment caſt:
He beſt ſurveys the Circuit round,
Who ſtands i'th Middle of the Ground:
That happy Man would let us ſee,
Knowledge and Meekneſs may agree;
And that, when each Thing has its Name,
Paſſion and Zeal are not the ſame. Orind.

EYE.

With her tempting Eyes begin,
Eyes, that might draw Angels in
To a ſecond ſweeter Sin.
Oh, thoſe wanton rouling Eyes!
At each Glance a Lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing;
Let them look both kind and killing. Norm. To a Painter.

O turn away thoſe Baſilisks, thy Eyes:
Th' Infection's fatal, and who ſees them dies. Otw. D. Carl.

Oh! Indamora, hide thoſe fatal Eyes: (Auren.
Too deep they wound whom they ſo ſoon ſurprize. Dryd.

O thou inhuman, turn thy Eyes away; (J. Shore.
And blaſt me not with their deſtructive Beams. Rowe.

Thy fatal Eyes my beſt Reſolves betray;
My Fury melts in ſoft Deſires away:
Each Look, each Glance, for all thy Crimes attone,
Eludes my Rage, and I'm again undone. Y'ald. Ovid.

——— Her Eyes reſiſtleſs Magick bear;
Angels, I ſee, and Gods are dancing there. Lee. Sophon.

Their Glances could create a Day in Cells;
And kindle freezing Hermits into Dalliance. Tate. Loy. Gen.

Thy languid Eyes, that glow with humid Fires,
Declare too well thy Soul —— Den. Rin. and Arm.

Shall I ne'er bask in her Eye-ſhine again;
Nor view the Loves, that play'd in thoſe dear Beams;
And ſhot me with a thouſand thouſand Smiles. Lee. Alex.

There is Diſcourſe in Eyes, Conſent, Denial,
All underſtood by Looks. ——— Lee. Princeſs of Cleve.

She looks as if her very Eyes would ſpeak. Lee Glor.

O there is wond'rous Eloquence in Eyes. Lanſd. Her. Love.

Ev'n Eyes have Tongues, and Glances tell Deſires. Dr. Ov.

She darted from her Eyes a ſide-long Glance,
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke; and, like her Words, it flew;
Seem'd not to beg, what yet ſhe bid me do. Dryd. Auren.

——— My

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——— My Eyes won't loſe the Sight of thee, (Preſ.
But languiſh after thine, and ake with gazing. Otw. Ven.
——— ——— A dawning Joy
Shines in her Eyes, and revels in her Smiles. Lee. Conſt.
——— ——— Thy pleas'd Eyes ſend forth (of Maltha.
Beams brighter than the Star that uſhers Day. Beaum. Kr.
——— ——— Methinks I ſee
Unuſual Gladneſs ſparkling in thy Eyes. Add. Cato.
Unruffl'd was his Front, ſerene his Eyes. Dryd. Virg.
Did'ſt thou not ſee
His ſullen Eyes? how gloomily they glanc'd! Dr. Span. Fry.
Vex'd Palinurus comes: his Eye-balls roul
In Scouls, and ſhew the Anguiſh of his Soul. Laud. Virg.
——— ——— Ten thouſand Fires
Shot from her angry Eyes. ——— Rowe. Fair. Pen.
——— ——— Your fierce Eye,
Which, like the Sun at Noon, none could behold,
But with a Snatch of Light, and then be dazled,
Now, like a cold and drowzy Winter-ſtar,
Bears a bleak Brightneſs: —O Decay of Luſtre! Lee Mith.
Methought her Eyes
Grew larger, while a thouſand frantick Spirits,
Seething, like riſing Bubbles, on the Brim. (OEdip.
Peep'd from their wat'ry Brink, and glow'd upon me. Dr.
Could'ſt thou not find it in the gen'rous Truth,
Which ſparkled in his Eyes, and open'd in his Face? Smith.
(Phoed. and Hip.
——— ——— Her glorious Eyes
Darken the ſtarry Jewels of the Skies. D'Aven.
——— Eyes, that ſhone like Stars,
And ſhed around unſufferable Day. Broom. Hom.
Her Eyes, like Gems, by their own Light,
Betray'd their Value thro' the Gloom of Night. ———
All Eyes are fair,
That ſparkle with the Jewels of a Crown. Dr. Maid. Queen.
Eyes, us'd to Darkneſs, cannot bear the Light. Dryd.
(Conq. of Gran.

F.

FACTION.

Faction's the hectick Feaver of a Court,
And reigns with Luxury, the Sire of Want: D'Aven.
Faction, a reſtleſs and repining Fiend,
Curdles the Blood, and gnaws upon the Mind:
Offſpring of Chaos! Enemy to Form!
Who, raging, ſwells the World into a Storm;

She

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She taught the Giants to attempt the Sky,
And Jove's avenging Thunder to defy:
'Tis she that wou'd on ev'ry vain Pretence,
Depose a true hereditary Prince:
That would Usurpers for their Treason crown;
'Till Time and Vengeance drag them headlong down;
And exil'd Monarchs reassert their rightful Throne. ——
Now Faction reassum'd her native Throne;
Which prostrate Fiends with awful Homage own:
A Crown of eating Flame her Temples bound,
Darting a blue malignant Radiance round:
An iron Sceptre in her Hand she bore;
Emblem of Vengeance and destructive Pow'r:
A bloody Canopy hung o'er her Head,
Where the four falling Empires are pourtray'd:
Monarchs, depos'd, beneath her Footstool lie;
And all around is Hell and Anarchy. ——
The several Factions, from the first Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government:
Some, by themselves, more by their Friends, thought wise,
Oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not rise:
Some had in Courts been great, and, thrown from thence,
Like Fiends, were hardened in Impenitence;
Some, by their Monarch's fatal Mercy, grown,
From pardon'd Rebels, Kinsmen to the Throne,
Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful Men could tie. Dryd. (Abs. and Achit.

Sedition, thrown from Greatness, struggles still;
And, as it fails in Pow'r, abounds in Will. Trapp.
How easy still it proves, in factious Times, (and Achit.
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes. Dryd. Abs.
A secret Party still remains, that lurks
Like Embers rak'd in Ashes; wanting but
A Breath to blow aside th' involving Dust;
And then they blaze abroad. —— Dryd. Don. Seb.
—— I have a Faction still alive,
Strong to assist, and secret to contrive;
And watching each Occasion to foment
The Peoples Fears into a Discontent. Dryd. Conq. of Gran.
—— The Factious Crowd engage,
In their first Onset, all their brutal Rage:
Then let them take an unresisted Course;
Retire and traverse, and delude their Force:
But, when they stand all breathless, urge the Fight;
And rise upon them with redoubled Might:

For

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for lawful Pow'r is still superiour found;
When long driv'n back, at length it gains the Ground.
(Dryd. Abs. and Achit.

While scarce Envy, and while open Pride,
Among the factious Nobles Discord threw,
While publick Good was urg'd for private Ends;
And those thought Patriots, who disturb'd it most;
Then, like the headstrong Horses of the Sun,
That Light, which should have chear'd the World, consum'd it:
Now peaceful Order has resum'd the Reins;
Old Time looks young, and Nature seems renew'd:
Then, since from homebred Factions ruin springs, (& Creff.
Let Subjects learn Obedience to their Kings. Dryd. Troil.

FAIR.

——— Fair
As a May-Morning rising from the East;
Or Day, dismounting from the golden West. Lee. Glor.
Fairer than falling Stars, or rising Light. Duke. Theoc.
——— As fair
As Virgins to their Lover's first Survey. D'Aven.
——— He was so fair (of Jerus.
Men gaz'd with Envy, Women with Despair. Crown. Dest.
——— Fair as the Beams of Light. Yald.
At length there issu'd from the Grove behind
A fair Assembly of the female Kind:
A Train less fair, as antient Fathers tell,
Seduc'd the Sons of Heaven to rebel:
I pass their Form, and ev'ry charming Grace; (Pal. & Arc.
Less than an Angel wou'd their Worth deface. Dr. Chauc.
——— They seem'd
Fairer than feign'd of old, or fabled since
Of fairy Damsels, met in Forest wide,
By Errant Knights. ——— Milt. Par. Reg.

FAIRY.

About this Spring, if antient Fame say true,
The dapper Elves their Moon-light Sports pursue:
Their Pygmy King and little Fairy Queen
In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green;
While tuneful Sprights a merry Consort made,
And airy Mulick warbled thro' the Shade. Pope.
So may the Stars, and shining Moon attend,

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Your nightly Sports, as you vouchſafe to tell,
What Nymphs they were who mortal Forms exceed,
And what the Knights who fought in liſted Fields ſo well.
To this the Dame reply'd: Fair Daughter know,
That what you ſaw was all a Fairy Show:
And all thoſe airy Shapes, you now behold,
Were human Bodies once, and cloath'd with earthly Mold.
Our Souls, not yet prepar'd for upper Light,
Till Doomſday wander in the Shades of Night:
This only Holiday of all the Year,
We privileg'd in Sunſhine may appear:
With Songs and Dance we celebrate the Day,
And with due Honours uſher in the May:
At other Times we reign by Night alone,
And, poſting thro' the Skies, purſue the Moon:
But, when the Morning riſes, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the Round,
And, if he finds a Fairy lag in Light,
He drives the Wretch before, and laſhes into Night.
All courteous are by Kind; and ever proud
With friendly Offices to help the Good.
In ev'ry Land we have a larger Space,
Than what is known to you of mortal Race;
Where we with Green adorn our Fairy Bow'rs;
And ev'n this Grove, unſeen before, is ours:
See you not her, ſo graceful to behold,
In white Attire, and crown'd with radiant Gold?
The Sov'reign Lady of our Land is ſhe,
Diana call'd, the Queen of Chaſtity:
And, for the ſpotleſs Name of Maid ſhe bears,
That Agnus-caſtus in her Hand appears. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

FAITH.

O Coward Faith! Religion's trembling Guide! D'Aven.
Faith is a Force for which there's no Defence,
Becauſe the Reaſon it does firſt convince. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
A Faith, which ſtill with Nature is at ſtrife,
And looks beyond it to a future Life. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Faith's neceſſary Rules are plain and few;
We many, and thoſe needleſs, Rules purſue:
Faith from our Hearts into our Heads we drive;
And make Religion all contemplative. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Faith is a Chriſtian's and a Subject's Teſt:
O give them to believe, and they are ſurely bleſt. Dryd.
I will believe with hood-wink'd Eyes: (of Gran. p. 2.
In Faith much Merit in much Blindneſs lies. Dryd. Conq.
I wou'd

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I would believe; but yet my ſhaken Faith
reeps to its Growth but ſlowly; like an Infant,
rc'd to a haſty Birth before its Time:
ır Lives and our Devotions are but ſickly,
'hen aguiſh Doubt their growing Health controuls:
ſhaken Faith's the Storm of tott'ring Souls.
Mow. D. of Lerma.

FALCON.

As when a Falcon from the airy Brow
f ſome high Hill deſcries the Game below;
'o truſs the Prey, ſo ſtrong, ſo ſwift he flies,
s if ſome Engine ſhot him thro' the Skies. Blac. K. Arth.

FALCONER.

A Falc'ner Henry is when Emma hawks;
With her of Tarſels, and of Leurs he talks:
Jpon his Wriſt the tow'ring Merling ſtands,
'raćtis'd to riſe, and ſtoop, at her Commands:
And when ſuperior now the Bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling Quarry down;
With humble Rev'rence he accoſts the Fair,
And with the honour'd Feather decks her Hair:
Yet ſtill, as from the ſportive Field ſhe goes,
His down-caſt Eye reveals his inward Woes;
And by his Look and Sorrow is expreſs'd
A nobler Game purſu'd, than Bird or Beaſt. Prior.

FALSE.

—— Falſe as th' adulterate Promiſes (Mar.
Of Fav'rites in Pow'r, when poor Men court them. Otw. C.
Falſer than Cowards when for Life they ſue. D'Av. Circe.
Falſe as a Falling-Star, or Glow-worms Fire. (Suckl. Agl.
—— Falſe as the Tears of Crocodiles,
Or what is yet more feign'd. —— Suckl. Sad One.
Legends of Saints, who never yet had Being,
Or being, ne'er were Saints, are not ſo falſe. Rowe Fair Pen.
'Tis mountainous to Faith; I'll not believe it: (C. Bor.
For Hell it ſelf ne'er teem'd with ſuch a Falſehood. Lee
But Falſehood is a Cure for ſtrongeſt Paſſions: (Her. Love.
Contempt ſucceeds; and, to Contempt, Averſion. Lanſd.
Falſehood and Fraud grow up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes. —— Add. Cato.

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Complaints of FALSEHOOD.

Oh the bewitching Tongues of faithleſs Men!
'Tis thus the falſe Hyæna makes her Moan,
To draw the pitying Trav'ller to his Den:
Your Sex are ſo, ſuch falſe Diſſemblers all;
With Sighs and Plaints y'entice poor Women's Hearts,
And all, that pity you, are made your Prey. Otw. Orph.

Oh, I will ſooner truſt a Crocodile,
When he ſheds Tears; for he kills ſuddainly,
And ends our Cares at once; or any thing
That's evil to our Natures, than a Man:
I find there is no End of his Deceivings,
Nor no avoiding them, if we give Way. Beaum. Capt.

Ye ſacred Pow'rs, whoſe gracious Providence
Is watchful for our Good, guard me from Men,
From their deceitful Tongues, their Vows and Flatteries;
Still let me paſs neglected by their Eyes:
Let my Bloom wither, and my Form decay,
That none may think it worth his while to ruin me,
And fatal Love may never be my Bane. Rowe Fair Pen.

Let Ignominy brand thy hated Name:
Let modeſt Matrons at thy Mention ſtart;
And bluſhing Virgins, when they read our Annals,
Skip o'er the guilty Page, that holds thy Legend,
And blots the noble Work. Shak. Troil. & Creſ.

Falſe, as thou art, and, more than falſe, forſworn;
Not ſprung from noble Blood; nor Goddeſs-born;
But hewn from harden'd Entrails of a Rock;
And rough Hyrcanian Tigers gave thee Suck:
Why ſhould I fawn? What worſe have I to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a liſt'ning Ear?
Sigh'd when I ſobb'd, or ſhed one kindly Tear?
All Symptoms of a baſe degen'rate Mind;
So foul, that, which is worſe, 'tis hard to find:
Of Man's Injuſtice why ſhould I complain?
The Gods and Jove himſelf behold in vain
Triumphant Treaſon; yet no Thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my Wrongs with equal Eyes:
Faithleſs is Earth, and faithleſs are the Skies.
Juſtice is fled; and Truth is now no more. Dryd. Virg.

——— Tho' he has
Undone me ever; but to hear his Name,
Awakes my dying Spirit from the Grave,
Diſpels my Grief, and charms me into Joy:
O then ſpeak on; ———

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)elude me from my Miſeries a while:
'ell me ſome Story of my perjur'd Dear,
'ell me he lives; is happy, while I ſigh (Bro.
ly Spirits out in Thanks, and die in Peace. South. Loy.
O lead me to that dear proteſting Creature,
That perfect Image of betraying Man:
'or he will ſwear, and talk ſuch melting Things,
ligh ſuch a trembling Story of his Love,
ook ſuch a Soul of Paſſion from his Eyes,
ind all with ſuch unpractis'd Innocence,
That ſhould the Sex of Womankind ſtand by,
As Witneſſes of my injurious Uſage,
And but to hear him talk, as I have done, (Bro.
The coldeſt ſure would venture her undoing. South. Loy.
Compar'd to him that does refuſe,
A Tiger's kind; for he purſues:
To be forſaken's worſe than torn,
And Death a leſſer Ill than Scorn.
No Foreſt, Cave, or ſavage Den,
Holds more pernicious Beaſts than Men:
Vows, Oaths and Contracts, they deviſe,
And tell us, they are ſacred Ties:
And ſo they are in our Eſteem;
But empty Names, deſpis'd by them.
Women with ſtudy'd Arts they vex:
Ye Gods! deſtroy that impious Sex;
And, if there muſt be ſome t'invoke
Your Pow'rs, and make your Altars ſmoke,
Come down your ſelves, and, in their Place,
Get a more juſt and nobler Race;
Such as the old World did adorn,
When Heroes, like your ſelves, were born.
Wall. Maids Tragedy.

She's loſt! ſhe's gone! The Beauty of the Earth,
All that in Woman could be Virtue call'd
Is loſt; corrupted are our noble Faculties;
The Temper of her Soul is quite infected:
Inconſtancy — — — —
Has ſpotted all her white, her Virgin Beauties. Lee Mithr.
Would you believe it? Scarce can I my ſelf:
O Heav'ns! And, O ye ever burning Lamps,
Who from your Orbs at Midnight have beheld
Our Flames, that kindled bright and chaſte as yours,
Which of you all, which moſt malignant Star,
Shew me that envious Fire, that croſs'd our Loves,
That I may curſe him from his fatal Sphere! Lee Mithr.

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Semandra, my moſt fair, dear, gentle Miſtreſs;
That ſweet proteſting Creature, that pure Whiteneſs,
Where I ſo deep had writ my Vows in Blood,
Is falſe to me; and that eternal Bond of Oaths,
Committed to her keeping, now is cancell'd:
Ev'n her fair Hand, the Seal of all my Love,
Her Hand has giv'n her faithleſs Heart away. Lee Mithr.

Falſe, falſe as Waters, Winds, or wand'ring Fires:
She is more falſe than Woman can believe:
Me ſhe receiv'd, as if ſhe ne'er had ſeen me;
Quite alter'd, quite eſtrang'd, reſerv'd and cold,
With all the Coyneſs of a baſe-born Beauty:
Nought elſe could ſpeak her to my Senſe the ſame,
Oh! Nothing, but the Face of my Semandra. Lee. Mithr.

If ſhe be falſe, ſhe is no longer fair. Lee. Mithr.

Hear this, ye Pow'rs; mark how the fair Deceiver
Sadly complains of violated Truth:
She calls me falſe; ev'n ſhe, the faithleſs ſhe,
Whom Day and Night, whom Heav'n and Earth have heard,
Sighing, to weep and tenderly proteſt,
Ten thouſand Times, ſhe would be only mine:
And yet, behold, ſhe as giv'n her ſelf away,
Fled from my Arms, and wedded to another. Rowe Fair Pen.

——— ——— Some far Place:
Where never Womankind durſt ſet her Foot,
For burſting with her Poiſons, muſt I ſeek,
And live to curſe you ——— ———
There dig a Grave, and preach to Birds and Beaſts,
What Woman is, and help to ſave them from you.
How Heav'n is in your Eyes, but in your Hearts
More Hell than Hell has: How your Tongues, like Scorpions,
Both heal and poiſon: how your Thoughts are woven
With thouſand Changes in one ſubtle Web,
And worn ſo by you: how that fooliſh Man
That reads the Story of a Woman's Face,
And dies believing it, is loſt for ever:
How all the Good you have, is but a Shadow,
In th' Morning with you, and at Night behind you,
Paſt and forgotten: How your Vows are Froſts,
Faſt for a Night, and with the next Sun gone. Beau. Philaſ.

Is this Armida! the gentle kind Armida?
Soft as the Breezes of a vernal Morn;
And mild as Infants newly rock'd to ſleep:
Such, ſuch I left her: Oh, but now how chang'd!
I ſeem ſome poor Knight-Errant in Romance,
Who, Battels won, and monſtrous Giants ſlain,
Returns to lay his Trophies at her Feet,

Whoſe

Whoſe Smiles can only recompence his Toil:
When vile Inchanters the bright Virgin ſteal,
And, in her ſtead, ſome Fairy Elf convey. Hig. Gen. Conq.
Had ſhe been true,
If Heav'n would make me ſuch another World
Of one intire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it. Shak. Othel.
I'll never ſee him more, but to upbraid him:
Not, tho' he ſhould repent, and ſtrait return;
Nay, proffer me his Crown. —— No more of that.
Honour too cries, Revenge, revenge thy Wrongs,
For 'tis Revenge ſo wiſe, ſo glorious too,
As all the World ſhall praiſe. —— This is the Courſe
Which Honour bids me take. But oh! permit me,
For I am yet all Tenderneſs; the Woman,
The weak, the fond, the mild, the coward, Woman,
Dares not look forth, but runs about my Breaſt,
And viſits all the warmer Manſions there,
Where ſhe ſo oft has harbour'd falſe Varanes:
Cruel Varanes! falſe, forſworn Varanes!
Therefore, alas! allow me ——
A little Time for Love to make his Way:
Hardly he won the Place, and many Sighs,
And many Tears, and thouſand Oaths it coſt him:
And Oh! I find he will not be diſlodg'd
Without a Groan at parting hence for ever:
No! no! He vows, he will not yet be rav'd
Without whole Floods of Grief at his Farewel;
Which thus I ſacrifice; —— And, Oh! I ſwear,
Had he prov'd true, I would as eaſily
Have empty'd all my Blood, and dy'd to ſerve him,
As now I ſhed theſe Drops, or vent theſe Sighs,
To ſhew how well, how perfectly I lov'd him! Lee Theod.
—— —— Falſe as thou art,
Thou once were Empreſs of my Soul; and I
Still drag thy Chains: Speak then, Semandra, ſpeak:
For I am doz'd, ſo weary with complaining;
That I could ſtand, and liſten to the Winds,
And think that Woman talk'd: obſerve the Rain,
And think that Woman wept: or, in the Clouds,
Behold Semandra's Form, ſtill fleeting from me. Lee Mithr.
Yes, thou perfidious Maid, thou wretched Beauty,
Ziphares loves thee ſtill: ſo well he loves thee,
That he will die to rid thee of a Torment.
Where are thy Vows? What! Harden'd! O my Stars!
So quickly perfect in the curſed Trade?
I ſhall go mad with the Imagination.

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O Heart! tho' Heav'n had op'd the pregnant Clouds,
And teem'd with all the never-erring Gods,
To swear on Earth, Semandra had been falſe,
I would not have believ'd. ——— ———
Thou haſt undone me: like a ſilver Froſt,
Thou com'ſt upon the Flow'r of all my Youth,
To nip the tender Bud, and blaſt my Glory:
Yet, wicked as thou art, with Grief I feel,
My Soul looks after thee, and ſeeks thy Safety. Lee Mith.

FAME.

High as the Head of Fame; Fame, whoſe exalted Size
From the deep Vale extends, up to the vaulted Skies:
A thouſand talking Tongues the Monſter bears,
A thouſand waking Eyes, and ever open Ears:
Hourly ſhe ſtalks, with huge gigantick Pace,
Meaſuring the Globe, like Time, with conſtant Race. Cong.
What ſhall I do to be for ever known,
And make the Age to come my own?
I ſhall, like Beaſts, or common People, die,
Unleſs you write my Elegy.
Whilſt others great by being born are grown,
Their Mother's Labour, not their own:
In this Scale Gold, in th'other Fame does lie;
The Weight of that mounts this ſo high.
Yet I muſt on: What Sound is't ſtrikes my Ear?
Sure 'tis Fame's Trumpet I hear?
It ſounds like the laſt Trumpet: for it can
Raiſe up the bury'd Man. Cowl.
What art thou, Fame, for which ſo eagerly we ſtrive?
What art thou but an empty Shade,
By the Reflexion of our Actions made?
Thou, unlike others, never follow'ſt its alive;—
But, like a Ghoſt, walk'ſt only after we are dead.
Poſthumous Toy! Vain After-Legacy,
Which only ours can be,
When we our ſelves no more are We.
Fickle as vain! thou do'ſt on vulgar Breath depend,
Which we by dear Experience find (Oldh.
More changeable, more veering than th'inconſtant Wind.
Thus I complain'd, and ſtrait the Muſe reply'd,
That ſhe had giv'n me Fame:
Bounty immenſe! and that too muſt be try'd,
When I my ſelf am nothing but a Name. Cowl.
Fame, due to vaſt Deſerts, is kept in Store,
Unpaid, till the Deſerver is no more. Cong.

Nor

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Nor shall our Names or Memories survive:
Alas! no Part of Man can live:
The empty Blasts of Fame shall die,
And ev'n those Nothings taste Mortality:
In vain, to future Ages we transmit
Heroick Acts, and Monuments of Wit:
In vain we dear-bought Honours leave,
To make our Ashes gay, and furnish our a Grave.
Ah treach'rous Immortality!
For thee, our Stock of Youth we waste,
And urge on Life, that ebbs too fast:
To purchase thee with Blood the Valiant fly,
And to survive in Fame the Great and Glorious die:
Lavish of Life, they squander this Estate,
And for a poor Reversion wait:
Bankrupts and Misers to themselves they grow,
Imbitter wretched Life with Toils and Woe, (Yald.
To hoard up endless Fame they know not where or how.
Will future Fame my present Ills relieve?
And what is Fame, that flatt'ring, noisy Sound,
But the bold Lie of universal Vogue?
Thousands of Men fall in the Field of Honour,
Whose glorious Deeds die in inglorious Silence;
Whilst vaunting Cowards, favour'd by blind Fortune,
Reap all the Fruit of their successful Toils, (Par.
And build their Fame upon their noble Ruins. Smith P. of
A gen'rous Ardour boils within my Breast,
Eager of Action, Enemy to Rest;
This urges me to fight, and fires my Mind
To leave a memorable Name behind:
The Thing call'd Life, with Ease I can disclaim,
And think it over-sold to purchase Fame. Dryd. Virg.
Why are we honour'd, Glaucus, by the Lycians,
With Seats superior, and with larger Bowls?
Why do they worship us like awful Gods,
And consecrate to us peculiar Grounds,
Where wanton Xanthus feeds the fruitful Plains?
Is it not, Glaucus, that, above the rest,
We should shine forth conspicuous in the War,
The first in Danger, as the first in Honour?
Then shall the gen'rous Lycians speak aloud
Our Fame and Worths, and thus applauding say:
It is with Reason that our Godlike Kings
Feed on the choicest of our fatten'd Flocks,
And ever drink our most delicious Wines;
Since thus unterrify'd they rush to Arms,
To meet the Dangers of the bloody Day.

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Should we, O Glaucus, when this Storm is paſs'd,
For ever bloom in the gay Flow'r of Youth;
Nor feel the various Miſeries of Age;
I would not tempt the Fury of the Fight,
Nor prompt my Friend to ſuch a Train of Dangers,
To purchaſe Glory at the Price of Life.
But ſince the Fates diſcloſe a thouſand Ways,
All leading to Varieties of Death,
Thro' which we all, or ſoon, or late, muſt paſs,
Let us the nobleſt tread; and by our Deeds,
Lengthen the narrow Span, with deathleſs Fame.
Broome Hom. Spoken by Sarpedon.

Fame, like a little Miſtreſs of the Town,
Is gain'd with eaſe; but then ſhe's loſt as ſoon:
For, as thoſe tawdry Miſſes, ſoon or late,
Jilt ſuch as keep them at the higheſt Rate.
So Fame is falſe to all that keep her long,
And turns up to the Fop, that's brisk and young.
Some wiſer Poet now would leave Fame firſt;
But elder Wits are, like old Lovers, curſt:
Who, when the Vigour of their Youth is ſpent,
Still grow more fond, as they grow impotent. Dryd:

Fame ſeldom is acquainted with the Young,
And weary grows of thoſe who live too long. D'Aven.

Be thou the firſt true Merit to befriend:
His Praiſe is loſt, who ſtays till all commend:
Short is the Date, alas! of modern Rhymes;
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes:
No longer now that golden Age appears,
When Patriarch-Wits ſurviv'd a thouſand Years:
Now Length of Fame, our ſecond Life, is loſt;
And bare Threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt. Pope.

Common Fame.

There's not a Thing on Earth, that I can name,
So fooliſh, or ſo falſe, as common Fame:
It calls the Courtier Knave; the plain Man rude;
Haughty the Grave, and the Delightful lewd;
Impertinent the brisk; moroſe the ſad;
Mean the familiar; the reſerv'd one mad:
Poor helpleſs Woman is not favour'd more;
She's a ſly Hypocrite, or publick Whore. Rooh.

As Whimſies guide the Goſſip-parties,
Of Wits, of Beauties, and of Barrels,
To Day the Warriour's Brow ſhe crowns,
For naval Spoils, and taken Towns:

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To Morrow all her Spite she rallies,
And sends the Victor to the Gallies
Then who'd on common Fame rely,
Whose chief Employment's to decry. ——

FAMINE.

Now ling'ring Famine wastes our Strength,
And tires afflicted Life with Length. D'Av. Siege of Rhodes.
Famish'd with Want, we Wilds and Desarts tread,
And, fainting, wander for our needful Bread,
Where Wolves and Tigers round in Ambush lie,
And Hosts, with naked Swords, stand threat'ning by;
But keener Hunger, more a Beast of Prey,
More sharp than these, more rav'nous than they,
Thro' Swords, and Wolves, and Tigers breaks our bitter Way.
Look on our Cheeks, and in each Furrow trace
Pale Famine, staring in the meagre Face:
The driving Tempest lets its Fury go,
And pours upon us in a Burst of Woe. Southcote.
Now Hunger keen, an equal Plague, is found;
Famine and meagre Want besiege him round!
The Fields, as yet, no Hopes of Harvest wear,
Nor yellow Stems disclose the bearded Ear:
The scatter'd Vulgar search around the Fields,
And pluck whate'er the doubtful Herbage yields:
Some strip the Trees in ev'ry neighb'ring Wood,
And with the Cattle share their grassy Food:
Whate'er the soft'ning Flame can pliant make,
Whate'er the Teeth, or lab'ring Jaws can break;
What Flesh, what Roots, what Herbs soe'er they get,
Tho' new and strange to human Taste as yet,
At once the greedy Soldiers seize and eat. Rowe. Lucan.

FANATICK.

Gospel is in my Face and outward Garb,
And Treason on my Tongue: ——
Saintship and Zeal are stillour best Disguise:
We mix and join with the hot thoughtless Crowd,
And, quoting Scriptures, which we well we know,
With impious Gloffes ban the Holy Text;
And make it speak Rebellion, Schism, and Murder;
So turn the Arms of Heav'n against itself, (Guilt.
To talk the Crowd to Madness and Rebellion. Dryd. Oed.
—— —— A stiff-neck'd, stubborn Crew,
Who give not Cæsar, no, nor God, his Due.

Regu-

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Reprobate Traitors, Tyrants of their own,
Yet grudge to see their Monarch in his Throne:
Their stubborn Souls, with brass Rebellion barr'd,
Desert the Laws, and Crimes with Treason guard. Lee.
They with short Hair, large Ears, and small blue Band;
True Rogues! their own, not God's, Elect, command:
Let Pigs then be profane; but Broth's allow'd,
Posset and Christian Caudles may be good;
Meet helps, to reinforce a Brother's Blood:
Therefore each Female Saint he does advise,
With Groans, and Hums, and Ha's, and goggling Eyes,
To rub him down, and make the Spirit rise:
While, with his Zeal transported, from the Ground
He mounts, and sanctifies the Sisters round. Lee.

FASTING.

Fasting shall be abolish'd:
None ever serv'd Heav'n well with a starv'd Face:
Preach Abstinence no more. I tell thee, Mufti,
Good Feasting is devout; and thou, our Head,
Hast a Religious, ruddy Countenance:
We will have learned Luxury; our lean Faith
Gives Scandal to the Christians; they feed high:
Then look for Shoals of Converts, when thou hast
Reform'd us into Feasting. ——— Dryd. Don Seb.
Fasting is but the Letter of the Law;
Yet it shews well to preach it to the Vulgar.
Wine is against our Law, that's literal too,
But not deny'd to Kings and to their Guides:
Wine is a holy Liquor, for the Great. Dryd. D. Seb.

FATE.

Is Fate a blind Contingence of Events?
Or sure Necessity of Causes link'd,
That must produce Effects? Or is's a Pow'r,
That orders all Things by superior Will,
Foresees his Work, and works in that Foresight? Dr. Amph.
——— Forceful Destiny. (Pal. & Arc.
Which forms in Causes first whate'er shall be. Dryd. Chaur.
The Course, which Fate allows us, all must run. Lau. Virg.
——— The Fates will find their Way. Dryd. Virg.
There's a Divinity that shapes our Ends,
Rough hew them how we will. Shak. Haml.
——— I am no longer free
To shun my Death, if Heav'n my Death decree. Dryd. Virg.

For

For who can paſs the Bounds preſcrib'd by Fate? Dr. Virg.
——— The Fates have vanquiſh'd; let us go (Virg.
The Way which Heav'n and my hard Fortune ſhow. Dryd.
There's no Defenſe againſt the Will of Jove:
No Force can turn, or Policy evade
What Deſtiny decrees immutable: (Love.
Nothing ſhall be, that Fate has doom'd ſhall not. Lanſd. H.
Yield to the Force of unreſiſted Fate:
And bear unmov'd the Wrongs of baſe Mankind:
The laſt and hardeſt Conqueſt of the Mind. Pope Hom.
Alas! what Stay is here in humane State, (and the For.
Or who can ſhun inevitable Fate? Dryd. Chauc. The Cock
Blind to our Fate, let us both hope and fear: (& Cleop.
What we can't ſhun, 'twere better not to know. Sedl. Ant.
Seek not to know what muſt not be reveal'd:
Joys only flow where Fate is moſt conceal'd:
Too buſy Man would find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortunes he ſhould know before:
For, by that Knowledge of his Deſtiny;
He would not live at all, but always die.
All muſt ſubmit to their appointed Doom:
Fate and Misfortune will too quickly come. How. Ind. Qu.
——— ——— But brave Minds
At worſt can dare their Fate. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.
O Man, ſtill blind in Fate, who never know
To bear high Fortune, or endure the low! Laud. Virg.
Inexorable Fate is deaf to Prayer. Dryd. D. Seb.
Fate, and the dooming Gods, are deaf to Tears. Dr. Virg.
——— ——— My Soul forebodes
Some dire Event involv'd in thoſe dark Words,
And juſt diſcloſing into Birth of Fate. Dryd. D. Seb.
But now the Hand of Fate is on the Curtain,
And draws the Scene to Sight. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.
Why muſt the Acts of Fate be Crimes of Men? Suck. Gobl.

FAVOURITE.

You are his Fav'rite; you alone can find
The dark Receſſes of his inmoſt Mind:
In all his truſted Secrets you have Part;
And know the ſoft Approaches to his Heart. Dryd. Virg.
Ah! what a lamentable Wretch is he,
Who, urg'd by Fear or Sloth, yields up his Pow'r,
To hope Protection from his Favourite?
Wallowing in Baſe and Vice, feels no Contempt;
But wears the empty Name of Prince with Scorn,
And lives a poor led Pageant to his Slave? Roth. Valent.

Still

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Still let the Great of Fav'rites beware:
They moſt deceive us who moſt truſted are. Lee. Sophon.
Not two Days ſince neglected as the Grave,
That holds dead Inmates; now, I grow more warm,
The Flies begin to buz, and ſwarm about me:
What an attractive Force has a King's Favour!
The Dogs now fawn upon me, that before
Started away, and bark'd, like little Curs,
At ſome unuſual Traveller: I was grown
Uſeleſs, like a dull Piece of Iron, of no Virtue,
Till by a Loadſtone touch'd, and then it gathers:
Such a magnetick Pow'r is in a King,
Where he but coldly touches, others cling. How. Veſt. Virg.
But Fav'rites, once declining, ſink apace. Dryd. Maid. Qu.
——— O Fortune, Fortune!
Thou laughing Empreſs of this buſy World;
Marcian defies thee now ———
Why what a Thing is a diſcarded Favourite?
He, who, but now, tho' longing to retire,
Could not for buſy Waiters be alone,
Throng'd in his Chamber, haunted to his Cloſet,
With a full Crowd, and an eternal Court;
When once the Favour of his Prince is turn'd,
Shun'd as a Ghoſt, the clouded Man appears;
And all the gawdy Worſhipers forſake him:
So fares it now with me: where-e'er I come,
As if I were another Catiline,
The Courtiers riſe, and no Man will ſit near me:
As if the Plague were on me, all Men fly me. Lee Theod.
What, will the Fav'rite prop my ſinking Fortune?
O Prodigy of Courts! ——— Dryd. Di Sch.

FEAR.

I have a faint, cold Fear thrills thro' my Veins,
That almoſt freezes up the Heat of Life. Shak. Rom. & Jul.
Glory, where art thou? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled? There's Ice upon my Nerves:
My Salt, my Mettle, and my Spirits gone, (Guiſe.
Pall'd as a Slave, that's Bed-rid with an Ague. Dryd. D. of
Speak what thou art: I charge thee ſpeak thy Being;
Thou that haſt made my curdled Blood run back,
My Heart heave up, my Hair to riſe in Briſtles,
And ſcarcely left a Voice to aſk thy Name. Dryd. Arth.
——— The Pillars of this Frame grow weak,
As if the Weight of many Years oppreſs'd them:
My Sinews ſlacken, and an icy Coldneſs
Benumbs my Blood. Denh. Sophy. Leave

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Leave Fear to guilty Minds: 'tis ſcarce a Virtue,
When it is paid to Heav'n. Dryd. Temp.
A Death-like Damp ſits cold upon my Brow,
And miſty Vapours ſwim before my Sight. Dr. Tyr. Love.
Now my cold Blood runs ſhiv'ring to my Heart,
As at ſome Phantom, that, in dead of Night,
With dreadful Action ſtalks around our Beds. Rowe Tamerl.
——— Feeble Nature now
Shrinks back in Danger, and forſakes my Mind. Dr. Auren.
Aghaſt, aſtoniſh'd, and ſtruck dumb with Fear,
I ſtood, like Briſtles roſe my ſtiffen'd Hair. Dryd. Virg.
Then, not before, I felt my cruddled Blood (Virg.
Congeal with Fear: my Hair with Terrour ſtood. Dryd.
Stood Theodore, ſurpriz'd in deadly Fright
With chatt'ring Teeth, and briſtling Hair upright.
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.
And Terrour, cold as Death, congeal'd his Blood. Lau. Virg.
——— ——— Amaz'd with Fear, (Virg.
Her comely Breaſt ſhe beat, and rent her flowing Hair. Dryd.
——— Th' imperious Queen ſate mute with Fear,
Nor farther durſt incenſe the gloomy Thunderer:
Silence was in the Court at this Rebuke;
Nor could the Gods, abaſh'd, ſuſtain their Sov'reign's Look.
Dryd. Hom.
Panting, and out of Breath, he trembling ſtood:
Teeth chatter'd; quak'd his Body, knock'd his Knees:
He ſeem'd the very Image of pale Fear. Broome Hom.
Aghaſt the Heroes ſtood, diſſolv'd in Fear;
And all in pale Confuſion left the Field. Garth.
——— ——— They all ſate mute,
Pond'ring the Danger with deep Thoughts; and each (Loſt.
In others Count'nance read his own Diſmay. Milt. Par.
For Fear, the laſt of Ills, remain'd behind; (& Hon.
And Horrour heavy ſate on ev'ry Mind. Dryd. Bocc. Theod.
A deadly Paleneſs ſpoke their inward Fear. Broome Hom.
Old Tiber roar'd, and, raiſing up his Head,
Call'd back the Waters to their oozy Bed. Dryd. Virg.
——— ——— To their Head
The frighted Waves in refluent Errours fled. Blac.
Fear never harbours in a noble Mind;
But Modeſty, with juſt Aſſurance, join'd. Dryd. Virg.
Who always fears, can never be at Eaſe. Dr. State of Inn.
Fears are moſt hurtful, when Attempts are high. D'Av.
And when we little hope, we nothing fear. D'Aven.
Fear's a large Promiſer; who ſubject live
To that baſe Paſſion, know not what they give. Dr. Auren.

Our

Our Fears are oft propherick of th' Event. Dryd. Ovid.
It is the Villain's Curſe to live in Fear. South. Oroon.

F E A S T.

A Feaſt prepar'd with riotous Expence,
Much Coſt, more Care, and moſt Magnificence.
The Tables in a proud Pavilion ſpread, (& Hon.
With Flow'rs below, and Tiſſue over-head. Dr. Bocc. Theod.
Strong, brawny Servants ſweat; and, panting, ſtrode,
O'erburden'd with the Meats unweildy Load:
Th' ivory Tables groan beneath the Weight
Of high-pil'd Diſhes, all of maſſy Plate,
In decent Order ſet, and princely State.
All Things appear, which curious Search can find,
Or in the finny, or the feather'd Kind:
Which Hills or ranſack'd Foreſts can impart,
Profuſely heap'd, ſet off with coſtly Art:
Of poliſh'd Gold capacious Goblets ſhine,
With ſparkling Stones enrich'd, and ſparkling Wine:
Delicious Fruit, crown'd with freſh Laurel, ſtood
In lofty Pyramids, a golden Wood:
Great Lights, in ſilver Sconces plac'd on high, (Arth.
Shine round the Room, and more than Day ſupply. Blac. P.
The golden Bowls with ſparkling Wine are crown'd;
And thro' the Palace chearful Cries reſound:
From gilded Roofs depending Lamps diſplay
Nocturnal Beams, and emulate the Day. Dryd. Virg.
And all the while harmonious Airs were heard
Of chiming Strings, or charming Pipes; and Winds
Of gentleſt Gale Arabian Odours fann'd (Reg.
From their ſoft Wings, and Flora's earlieſt Smells. Milt. Par.
——He quitted not th' Expence
Of frequent Treats, and proud Magnificence:
He liv'd as Kings retire; tho' more at large,
From publick Buſineſs, yet with equal Charge:
With Houſe and Heart, ſtill open to receive:
As well content as Love would give him Leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a Gueſt,
Who could forſake the Friend, purſu'd the Feaſt.
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.

F I G H T I N G.

I now will ſing of Battels, Blood and Rage,
Which Princes and their People oft engage;
And haughty Souls; that, mov'd with mutual Hate,
In fighting Fields purſu'd and found their Fate:

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A larger Scene of Action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater Work is weigh'd. Dryd. Virg.
But hark, the Voice of War! Behold, the Storm begins!
The Trumpets Clangour speak in loud Alarms,
Mingling shrill Notes with dreadful Din
Of Cannons burst, and rattling Clash of Arms:
Clamours from Earth to Heav'n, from Heav'n to Earth
Distinctions in promiscuous Noise is drown'd, (rebound;
And Echo lost in one continu'd Sound. Cong.
And see, the Clouds of dusty Battel rise!
Hark, how the Shout runs rattling thro' the Skies!
The distant Legions catch the Sound from far;
And Cæsar listens to the thund'ring War. Rowe Luc.
The dreadful Plains an Iron Harvest yield;
And polish'd Steel glares fiercely thro' the Field. Laud. Virg.
Strait with their Swords to the fierce Shock they came;
Their Swords, their Armour, and their Eyes, shot Flame.
Blows, strong as Thunder, thick as Rain, they dealt:
Some few at first with vain Resistance fall;
The rest is Slaughter and vast Conquest all:
Victorious Arms thro' Ammon's Land we bore;
Ruin behind, and Terrour march'd before. Cowl. David.
Both Armies thus perform what Courage can;
Foot set to Foot, and crowded Man to Man:
Each bent to conquer, neither Side to yield,
They long suspend the Fortune of the Field. Dryd. Virg.
The Battel kindled into tenfold Rage;
The Darts flew adverse, and the sounding Arms
Bray'd horrible, and rent the suff'ring Air. Broome Hom.
The Plains of Latium run with Blood around:
So many valiant Hero's bite the Ground! Dryd. Virg.
Alternate Vengeance traverses the Field;
The same mad Fury in each Bosom burns,
To seize another's Life, or lose his own;
Fearless the close confronting Squadrons stood,
Eager of Death, and prodigal of Blood:
With adverse Wounds eternal Fame they buy;
And smile in Ruin, and with Pleasure die.
Bright as the radiant Harbinger of Day,
The splendid Arthur shone, and led the Way:
His Squadrons follow'd, and along the Banks
The Britons swarm'd, and stretch'd their warlike Ranks:
Elsa amaz'd at this strange Sight appears,
Believing all her Reeds transform'd to Spears:
Th' affrighted Stream, with unaccustom'd Haste;
By its arm'd Banks and iron Margin past:

Amidst

Amidſt the num'rous Hoſts the River flow'd,
Like a vaſt Serpent, gliding thro' a Wood:
The valiant Briton wav'd his flaming Sword,
And plung'd amidſt the Waves, ———
And made his Way acroſs th'impetuous Tide:
Thro' Show'rs of Arrows, which around him flew,
And Storms of Darts, that Gallick Warriors threw;
The mighty King advanc'd, and, from the Stream
Bright as the Morning Sun, in Triumph came:
Had thoſe, who liv'd in antient Times, deſcry'd
This Warrior, riſing from the foaming Tide,
They would have thought that Mars himſelf had come,
As well as Venus, from the Water's Womb:
Fir'd with th'Example of th'intrepid King,
The Britiſh Youth all ſhouting onward ſpring:
All to the Banks advanc'd; and, with their Swords
High lifted up, they leap'd to croſs the Fords:
The Gallick Troops, rang'd on the other Side,
Caſt Clouds of Darts from near, and from afar,
To beat off from the Banks the wading War:
A rattling Storm down on the River pours,
And bearded Deaths deſcend in feather'd Show'rs:
Some, rocky Fragments hurl againſt the Foe;
Some maſſy Spears; ſome glitt'ring Jav'lins throw:
Many brave Britons by their Weapons fell;
Who mingled with the Waves their flowing Blood,
And turn'd the Criſtal to a Purple Flood:
Courſers, diſmounted Riders, Jav'lins, Helms,
And maſſy Shields, the ſwelling Tide o'erwhelms:
Spears, Arrows, Bows, and Plumes of various Dye,
Upon the rapid Waters floating lie; (Bl. K. Arth.
And Darts, their Fury ſpent, ſtill on the Current fly.

——— As when
Two lowring Tempeſts in th'Horizon riſe,
And with their Fronts oppos'd aſcend the Skies;
The angry Clouds, extended in the Air,
Defiance frown, and menace horrid War:
With Claps of Thunder they declare the Fight,
And flouriſh Flames the Conflict to invite:
Ev'n thus the Hoſts, ſtreteh'd to a vaſt Extent,
A dreadful Front on either Side preſent;
A hundred brazen Mouths, in Smoke and Flame,
Eject loud Deaths, and growing War proclaim:
As Vere advanc'd, his Thunder led the Van;
Black Clouds, and Storms of Fire, before him ran;
From Hoſt to Hoſt deſtructive Bullets paſs,
Shot from their bell'wing Cylinders of Braſs.

Artful

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ırtful Volcanos, which, with dreadful Rear,
ıom their deep Wombs diſcharge the fatal Ore:
ulphur and Nitre, fir'd, diſtract the Skies,
ınd to and fro Veſuvian Terrour flies:
n Cloud and ruddy Flame, from Side to Side
Deſtruction did in horrid Triumph ride.
Britannia's Gen'ral in the Centre ſtands,
To guide the Fight, and give out high Commands:
He, as a Maſter, did his Troops diſpoſe,
And bad the Battel move to diſpoſſeſs the Foes:
The Spaniſh Chief beheld the frowning Air,
And wrathful Aſpect of th' advancing War:
Dreadful in Arms, the King of Terrours ſtood,
Threat'ning his Mien, his Garments roul'd in Blood;
Shot from his Eyes, a red deſtructive Glare
Of kindled Sulphur flaſh'd along the Air;
Ruddy Eruptions from his Noſtrils came; (Flame.
And from his num'rous Mouths thick Smoke and baleful
His countleſs Hands, uplifted in the Field,
Ten thouſand Spears, and Swords ten thouſand wield:
Wild Ruin, ſad Diſtreſs, untimely Fate,
And weeping Woe, around the Monarch wait.
Death ne'er in more tremendous Forms appear'd,
Ne'er ſhew'd more Pomp, yet ne'er was leſs rever'd:
No Threats of Death the Britons could arreſt;
Combat they forc'd, and bold on Danger preſs'd:
To Hazard they advanc'd, neglecting Care,
And dauntleſs ruſh'd on the ſharp Edge of War:
Thro' flying Deaths, and Storms of hoſtile Shot,
Boldly advanc'd, and a cloſe Combat fought:
The Foe, beat down by Show'rs of leaden Ball,
Like Rows of Trees before a Tempeſt, fall:
Now Albert's Horſe forſake the bloody Field;
And to the raging Foe the Battel yield:
Th' advancing Conqu'ror's Fury to elude,
They ſpur their Steeds, and plunge amidſt the Flood:
To Fate's Embraces they for Safety fly;
Rather than ſtand the Britons, chuſe to die:
Their Faces from the dreadful Foe to hide,
They leap among the Waves, and dive beneath the Tide:
A certain Death to Danger they prefer:
For Man no Paſſion feels, ſo bold as Fear.
Unnumber'd Troops, who thro' the Waters preſs'd,
Swell the ſwift River, and its Tide arreſt:
Legia's encumber'd Billows ſcarce, with Pain,
The pond'rous Loads of confluent War ſuſtain:

So

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So thick the Cuiraſſiers on Legia rode,
They ſeem'd an iron Bridge acroſs the Flood:
No flying Warriour's Looks did ever wear
Such various Shapes of Horrour and Deſpair:
No wond'ring Stream ſuch floating Ruin bore,
Such Spoils, ſuch ignominious Rout, before:
The hindmoſt Courſers on the foremoſt rode,
And paw'd and preſs'd them with their fatal Load:
Riſing and flouncing, they their Vigour ſpend,
And for the Shore with fruitleſs Toil contend:
Here on the Waves diſmounted Horſemen ride;
Appear a while, then ſink beneath the Tide:
Their lab'ring Courſers, there, at Diſtance, groan,
Whit'ning the Billows with a Foam unknown:
Their eager Eyes and lab'ring Sinews ſtrain,
And ſtrive to gain the Shore with fruitleſs Pain:
Triumphant Fate now on the Billows rides;
And o'er the Spaniard whelms the fatal Tides:
Horrour, attended with his Train of Fears,
In all his ghaſtly Shapes and all his Pomp appears:
Tempeſts of Death thick on the Spaniards flew,
And Wounds from Land the ſwimming Troops purſue.
Againſt them diff'rent Elements conſpire;
Thoſe, who eſcape the Water, die by Fire. Blac. Eliza.

The rouling Flood was warm with human Gore.
(Dryd. Virg.

The Floods were fill'd with Bodies of the Slain:
The crimſon Xanthus, doubtful of his Way,
Stood up in Ridges to behold the Sea: (Virg.
New Heaps came tumbling in, and choak'd his Way. Dr.

With Roman Blood the ſwelling Tyber's dy'd;
And Helms and Shields ſwim down the crimſon Tide:
Spears, broken Armour, Men and Courſers ſlain,
The Stream incumber, and the Flood detain. Blac. P. Arth.

Thy Streams, Caicus, roul'd a crimſon Flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own Natives Blood. Dr. Ovid.

As Storms the Air, and Torrents rend the Ground;
Inrag'd Æneas ſcatter'd Deaths around. Laud. Virg.

He whirls his Sword around without Delay;
And hews thro' adverſe Foes an ample Way. Dryd. Virg.

He, like a Tempeſt that outſtrides the Wind,
Made a juſt Battel, e'er the Bodies join'd:
But, as when Winds and Rain together crowd,
They ſwell, till they have burſt the bladder'd Cloud;
And firſt, the Light'ning, flaſhing deadly clear,
Flies, falls, conſumes, before it does appear;

So,

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So, from his ſhrinking Troops, Almanzor flew,
Each Blow gave Wounds, and with each Wound he ſlew.
(Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 2.

On ſtill o'er panting Corps great Jonathan led:
Hundreds before him fell, and Thouſands fled.
In vain ſome few ſtrive the wild Flight to ſtay,
In vain they threaten, and in vain they pray:
Unheard, unheeded, trodden down they lie,
Beneath the wretched Feet of Crowds that fly.
O'er their own Foot trampled the vi'lent Horſe,
The guideleſs Chariots with impetuous Courſe,
Cut wide thro' both; and all their bloody Way
Horſes, and Men, torn, bruis'd and mangled lay:
Diſcord, Deſpair, Confuſion, Fear, Miſtake,
And all th' Ingredients that ſwift Ruin make,
Rag'd in the Hoſt. ——— ———
Still did the Prince 'midſt all this Storm, appear,
Still ſcatter'd Deaths and Terrours ev'ry where:
Still did he break, ſtill blunt his weary'd Swords;
Still Slaughter new Supplies t' his Hands affords:
Where Troops yet ſtood, there ſtill he hotly flew,
And, 'till at laſt all fled, ſcorn'd to purſue. Cowl. Dav. d.

Scœva reſiſts alone, repels the Force,
And ſtops the rapid Victor in his Courſe,
High on the tott'ring Wall he rears his Head,
With ſlaughter'd Carcaſſes around him ſpread;
With nervous Arms uplifting theſe he throws,
Theſe rouls, oppreſſive, on aſcending Foes:
Each, where Materials for his Fury lie;
And all the ready Ruins Arms ſupply:
Ev'n his fierce ſelf he ſeems to aim below,
Headlong to ſhoot, and, dying, dart a Blow:
Now his tough Staff repels the fierce Attack,
And tumbling drives the bold Aſſailants back:
Now Heads, now Hands he lops; the Carcaſs falls,
Whilſt the clinch'd Fingers gripe the topmoſt Walls:
Here Stones he heaves, the Maſs, deſcending full,
Cruſhes the Brain, and ſhivers the frail Skull.
Here burning pitchy Brands he whirls around;
Infix'd, the Flames hiſs in the liquid Wound;
Deep drench'd in Death, in flowing Crimſon drown'd.
And now the ſwelling Heaps of ſlaughter'd Foes
Level, and equal to the Fortreſs roſe:
Then forward; with a Leap, at once he ſprung,
And ſhot himſelf amidſt the hoſtile Throng.
So, daring, fierce with Rage, ſo, void of Fear, (Spear.
Bounds forth the ſpotted Pard, and ſcorns the Huntſman's

The

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The closing Ranks the Warriour strait infold,
And compass'd in their steely Circle hold:
Undaunted still around the Ring he roams,
Fights here and there; and ev'ry where o'ercomes;
'Till clog'd with Blood, his Sword obeys but ill
The Dictates of its vengeful Master's Will:
Edgeless it falls; and, tho' it pierce no more,
Still breaks the batter'd Bones, and bruises sore.
Mean time on him the crowding War is bent,
And Darts from ev'ry Hand to him are sent:
It look'd as Fortune did in Odds delight,
And had in cruel Sport ordain'd the Fight:
A wond'rous Match of War she seem'd to make,
Her Thousands there, and here her One to stake:
As if on Knightly Terms in Lists they ran,
And Armies were but equal to the Man.
A thousand Darts upon his Buckler ring,
A thousand Jav'lins round his Temples sing.
The missive Arms fixt all around he wears,
And ev'n his Safety in his Wounds he bears,
Fenc'd with a fatal Wood, a deadly Grove of Spears.
At length, his Fate disdaining to delay,
He hurls his Shield's neglected Aid away:
Resolves no Part whate'er from Death to hide,
But stands unguarded now on ev'ry Side:
Encumber'd sore with many a painful Wound,
Tardy and stiff, he treads the hostile Ground:
Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Crowd survey,
Mark where to fix, and single out the Prey.
Not all the Wounds a thousand Darts can make,
Tho' all find Place, a single Life can take.
——— At length a Shaft
Beneath the Warriour's Brow was seen to light,
And sunk, deep piercing the left Orb of Sight.
But he, so Rage inspir'd and mad Disdain,
Remorseless fell, and senseless of the Pain;
Tore forth the bearded Arrow from the Wound,
With stringy Nerves besmear'd, and wrapt around,
And stampt the gory Jelly on the Ground.
Down from his eyeless Hollow ran the Blood,
And hideous o'er his mangled Visage flow'd;
Deform'd each awful, each severer Grace,
And veil'd the manly Terrours of his Face.
His manly Mind supply'd the Want of Blood.
It seem'd as Rage had kindled Life anew,
And Courage to oppose from Opposition grew.

And

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nd now, when none were left him to repel,
inting for want of Foes, the Victor fell. Rowe. Luc.
(Spoken of Sceva.

——— Him loud-tongu'd Fame
mongſt her chiefeſt Heroes joys to name,
'er ſince the wond'rous Deeds at Seneh done,
Where he, himſelf an Hoſt, o'ercame a War alone:
he trembling En'mies fled, they try'd to fly,
ut fixt Amazement ſtopt, and made them die. Oldh.
(Spoken of Jonathan.

He ſpurs with headlong Rage among the Foes;
s if he only had his Life to loſe:
he Troops, that ſhrunk, with Emulation preſs, (Virg.
o reach his Danger now, to reach at his Succeſs. Staff.
With mighty Strength the Trojan Hero ſtood:
And ſoon the Fields with fall'n Corps were ſtrow'd,
When once his Fauchion found the Taſte of Blood:
With Fury ſcarce to be conceiv'd he flew:
As Storms the Skies, and Torrents tear the Ground; (Virg.
Thus rag'd the Prince, and ſcatter'd Deaths around. Dryd.
Such was the Conqu'ror's rapid Courſe, that Fate
Could ſcarce attend, and almoſt came too late:
Whilſt Victory, almoſt ſpent and out of Wind, (P. Arth.
Flew heavily along, and, panting, lagg'd behind. Blac.
The Argive Chiefs, and Agamemnon's Train,
When his refulgent Sword flaſh'd thro' the ſhady Plain,
Fled from his well known Face with wonted Fear,
As when the thund'ring Sword and pointed Spear,
Drove headlong to their Ships, and gleam'd the routed
(Reer. Dr. Virg.
With ſuch ſwift Force his Arms our Troops aſſail,
As Hurricanes toſs Show'rs, and ſcatter Hail:
They, ſcouring thro' the Field, avoid the Stroke,
And fly, like Flocks of Doves, before a Hawk. Lee. Soph.
What Words can paint the Royal Warriour's Face?
What Colours can the Figure boldly raiſe?
When, cover'd o'er with comely Duſt and Smoke,
He pierc'd the Foe, and thickeſt Squadrons broke:
Whom, cleaving thro' the Troops a glorious Way,
Not the united Force of France and Hell could ſtay.
Oh! Dorſet, I am rais'd, I'm all on Fire!
And, if my Strength could anſwer my Deſire,
In ſpeaking Paint this Figure ſhould be ſeen,
Like Jove his Grandeur, and like Mars his Mien,
And Gods, deſcending, ſhould adorn the Scene. Hal.
See! See! upon the Banks of Boyne he ſtands,
By his own View adjuſting his Commands;

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Calm and ſerene the armed Hoſt ſurveys,
And, in cool Thoughts, the diff'rent Chances weighs:
Then, fir'd with Fame, and eager of Renown,
Reſolves to end the War, and fix the Throne.
From Wing to Wing the Squadrons bending ſtand,
And cloſe their Ranks to meet the King's Command:
The Drums and Trumpets ſleep; the ſprightly Noiſe
Of neighing Steeds, and Cannons louder Voice,
Suſpended in Attention, baniſh far,
All hoſtile Sounds, and huſh the Din of War:
The ſilent Troops ſtretch forth an eager Look,
Liſt'ning with Joy, while thus their Gen'ral ſpoke.
Precipitate they plunge into the Flood,
In vain the Waves, the Banks, the Men, withſtood.
As, when the ſwelling Ocean burſts its Bounds,
And, foaming, overwhelms the neighb'ring Grounds,
The roaring Deluge, ruſhing headlong on,
Sweeps Cities in its Courſe, and bears whole Foreſts down:
So, on the Foe the firm Battalions preſt,
And he, like the tenth Wave, drove on the reſt:
Fierce, gallant, young, he ſhot thro' ev'ry Place,
Urging their Flight, and hurrying on the Chace,
He hung upon their Rear, or lighten'd in their Face. Hal.
Thus, on the wond'ring Bank the Hero ſtood,
Laviſhly bold, and deſp'rately good. Stepn.
His flaming Sword never in vain deſcends,
But ſure Deſtruction ſtill its Sway attends:
The reeking Conquerour in Triumph reign'd;
Glutted with Slaughter, and with Blood diſtain'd:
Th' unnumber'd Dead, that round the Briton lay,
More than the living Troops obſtruct his Way:
To reach their Men, that from his Fury fled,
He climbs their ſlaughter'd Piles, and ſcales the Dead.
Sometimes the Saxons with new Fury burn;
And rallying Squadrons to the War return:
They pour around the Prince their num'rous Swarms;
And ſtrive to cruſh him with unequal Arms:
But Arthur's flaming Sword cuts thro' the Cloud,
Around him ſpread, and rends th' oppoſing Crowd:
With dazling Arms he flies upon the Foe,
Flaſhes amidſt the Throng, and terribly thunders thro:
As when the Summer's ſultry Heats draw forth
Th' exhaling Moiſture from the thirſty Earth;
When ſcorching Rays the gaping Plains have fry'd;
And from their Banks contracted Streams ſubſide;
If then a Fire invade a ſpacious Wood,
Where antient Oaks have long ſecurely ſtood;

The

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The conqu'ring Flames advance with lawleſs Pow'r,
And with contagious Heat the Trees devour;
The ſpreading Burning lays the Foreſt waſte;
And ſooty Spoils lie ſmoking where it paſs'd:
So Arthur, with reſiſtleſs Rage, around (P. Arth.
Deſtroys; and loads with ſlaughter'd Heaps the Ground. Bl.

As when a furious Torrent overturns,
And puſhes down, from ſome proud Mountain's Height,
A Rock enormous; in its Fall it bounds,
And rouls impetuous down, and tumbles to the Plain:
The trembling Wood reſounds, while, in its Courſe,
It overbears whatever meets its Sway;
But when it reaches the ſubjected Plains,
No more it rouls, but ceaſes from its Fury:
Thus Hector breath'd Deſtruction to the Greeks:
Thus forc'd his Way, and mark'd the Field with Slaughter.
(Broome. Hom.

——— He ſaw the Chief approach
With Looks that ſpoke Defiance: firm he ſtood,
Nor fled the Combat. As the ſavage Boar,
That from a Mountain ſees the furious Hounds,
And Hunters ready to aſſault his Hold,
Collects his Strength, and meditates the War:
His ſtiffen'd Briſtles, like a Wood of Spears,
Erected ſtand, his firy Eye-balls roul,
And flaſh with Flame: he whets his dreadful Tuſks;
And ſtands prepar'd to diſſipate the War: Broome. Hom.

Spears, cloſ'd with Spears, a dreadful Wood diſplay'd;
Shield throng'd on Shield; to Target Target join'd;
Man ſuſtain'd Man; and Helmet bore on Helmet.
The waving Plumes, with dreadful Pride, on high
Play'd in the Wind, and nodded in the Air:
As the proud Branches of ſome Grove of Trees,
Bend to the Breezes, and unite their Boughs. Broome. Hom.

——— Now Storms of Jav'lins fly
Thro' the vex'd Air, and darken all the Sky. Laud. Virg.

And now their thick Brigades were cloſe engag'd;
And thro' the bloody Field Deſtruction rag'd;
Now Man to Man ſtood cloſe, and Spear to Spear;
Helms mix with Helms, and Shields with Shields appear:
A dreadful Noiſe, diſtracting all the Air,
Came from the hoarſe Cerberean Throat of War:
While Arms on Arms, Bucklers on Bucklers ring;
Swords claſh with Swords, and flying Jav'lins ſing:
Some threaten loud, while ſome for Quarter cry;
And ſome inſult, while ſome in Torment die.

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Ev'n thus, ——
When high Veſuvius, ſtow'd with wealth Stores,
Preluding to ſome dire Irruption, roars;
While horrible Convulſions ſhake its Womb;
And hab'ring Sides, which hidden War entomb;
Th' impriſon'd Thunder bellows under Ground;
And the loud Noiſe fills all the Heav'ns around:
Such was the loud diſtracting Din of War;
Such horrid Clamours tore th' afflicted Air:
The neighing Steeds, and wounded Warriours Cries,
And riſing Clouds of Duſt confound the Skies. Blac. P. Arth.
Their Leaders, brave alike, alike enrag'd,
The Britons and the Saxons, cloſe engag'd,
An obſtinate and bloody Fight maintain,
And Heaps of Dead lie thick upon the Plain.
Dark Clouds of Duſt thro' th' airy Region fly,
And warlike Noiſe bounds from the vaulted Sky:
Helms mix with Helms, and Arms with Arms unite
Their bright Reflection, to oppreſs the Sight:
Now Man at Man, Squadrons at Squadrons ruſh,
And Files at Files with Spears protended puſh:
Swords claſh with Swords, Bucklers on Bucklers bray,
And thro' the Field a horrid Din convey:
Slaughter and Death in dreadful Pomp appear,
And Brains and Gore the ſlipp'ry Plains beſmear:
So when two adverſe Tides their Waves advance,
With equal Fury, and with equal Chance,
The foaming Forces doubtful Fight maintain,
Where both by Turns loſe what by Turns they gain:
On this ſide now retreats the vanquiſh'd Tide,
And on its Back th' inſulting Billows ride:
Rallying its roaring Troops with fierce Career,
It ſoon returns, and reaſſumes the War:
The Conqu'ror before is forc'd to yield,
And, rowling back its Waves, deſerts the Field:
Alternate Conqueſt and alternate Flight,
Between the Foes prolong a doubtful Fight:
So thick the Troops, ſo cloſe and faſt mere preſt,
The wedg'd Battalions ſtanding Breaſt to Breaſt,
They ſcarce have ſpace their Hands or Arms to move;
But, like contending Waves, each other ſhove. Blac. P. Arth.
The more they kill, the greater Numbers grow, (Virg.
And iron Harveſt mounts, and ſtill remains to mow. Dn
Who foremoſt, and who laſt, heroick Maid,
On the cold Earth, were by thy Courage laid?
Of all her deadly Darts, not one the loſt;
Each was attended with a Trojan Ghoſt.

Orſilo-

rſilochus and ſhe their Courſers ply;
e ſeems to follow, and ſhe ſeems to fly:
it in a narr'wer Ring ſhe makes the Race;
nd then he flies, and ſhe purſues the Chaſe:
ath'ring at length on her deluded Foe,
e ſwings her Ax, and riſes to the Blow:
ll on the Helm behind, with ſuch a ſway,
he Weapon falls, the riven Steel gives way:
e groans; he roars; he ſues in vain for Grace:
rains, mingled with his Blood, beſmear his Face.
ſtoniſh'd Aunus juſt arrives by Chance,
o ſee his Fall; nor farther dares advance:
ut, fixing on the horrid Maid his Eye,
e ſtares, and ſhakes; and finds it vain to fly:
ries out aloud: What Courage have you ſhown,
Vho truſt your Courſers Strength, and not your own?
orego the Vantage of your Horſe; alight,
nd then on equal Terms begin the Fight.
e ſaid: ſhe glows with Anger and Diſdain,
Diſmounts with ſpeed to dare him on the Plain,
nd leaves her Horſe at large among her Train.
With her drawn Sword defies him to the Field;
nd, marching, lifts aloft her maiden Shield.
The Youth, who thought his Cunning did ſucceed,
Reins round his Horſe, and urges all his ſpeed:
At this, ſo faſt her flying Feet ſhe ſped;
That ſoon ſhe ſtrain'd beyond his Horſes Head:
Then turning ſhort, at once ſhe ſeiz'd the Rein,
And laid the Boaſter grov'ling on the Plain. Dryd. Virg.
So, from a Rock, a Hawk ſoars high above,
And, in a Cloud, with Eaſe o'ertakes a Dove:
His Pounces ſo the grappled Foe aſſail;
And Blood and Feathers mingle in a Hail. Staff. Vir.
Then Arums, doom'd to Death, his Arts eſſay'd,
To murther, uneſpy'd, the Volſcian Maid:
This Way, and that, his winding Courſe he bends;
And, whereſoe'er ſhe turns, her Steps attends:
When ſhe retires, victorious from the Chaſe;
He wheels about with Care, and ſhifts his Place:
When, ruſhing on, ſhe ſeeks her Foes in Fight,
He keeps aloof; but keeps her ſtill in Sight:
He threats, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,
Unſeen to kill, and ſafely to betray:
Chloreus, the Prieſt of Cybele, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian Arms amidſt the War,
Was by the Virgin view'd: The Steed he preſs'd,
Was proud with Trappings; and his brawny Cheſt

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With Scales of gilded Braſs was cover'd o'er:
A Robe of Tyrian Dye the Rider wore:
With deadly Wounds he gaul'd the diſtant Foe;
Gnoſſian his Shafts, and Lycian was his Bow:
A golden Helm his Front and Head ſurrounds;
A gilded Quiver from his Shoulders ſounds:
Gold, weav'd with Linnen, on his Thighs he wore;
With Flow'rs of Needlework diſtinguiſh'd o'er;
With golden Buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him, the fierce Maid beheld with ardent Eyes;
Fond and ambitious of ſo rich a Prize:
Blind in her Haſte, ſhe chaſes him alone;
And ſeeks his Life, regardleſs of her own:
The lucky Moment, the ſly Traitor choſe,
Then, ſtarting from his Ambuſh, up he roſe,
And threw: the Jav'lin whizz'd along the Skies:
'Till in her Pap the winged Weapon ſtood,
Infix'd; and deeply drunk her purple Blood:
Far from the fight the trembling Aruns ſtood
With beating Heart, and Fear confus'd with Joys:
Nor dares he farther to purſue his Blow;
Or ev'n to bear the Sight of his expiring Foe. Dryd. Virg.

——— We have diſlodg'd their Troops;
They look on us at Diſtance; and, like Curs,
'Scap'd from the Lion's Paw, they bay far off, (All for Love.
And lick their Wounds, and faintly threaten War. Dryd.

Gaining a Paſs.

Like Hills, th' aſpiring Ramparts riſe on high,
Like Valleys, at their Feet the Trenches lie:
Batt'ries on Batt'ries guard each fatal Paſs:
Threat'ning Deſtruction, Rows of hollow Braſs,
Tube behind Tube, the dreadful Entrance keep;
Whilſt in their Womb ten thouſand Thunders ſleep;
Thick'ning their Ranks, and wedg'd in firm Array,
The cloſe compacted Britons win their Way:
In vain the Cannon their throng'd War defac'd
With Tracts of Death; and laid the Battel waſte:
Still preſſing forward to the Fight, they broke
Thro' Flames of Sulphur, and a Night of Smoke;
'Till ſlaughter'd Legions fill the Trench below,
And bore their fierce Avengers on the Foe.
High on the Works the mingling Hoſt engage;
The Battel kindled into tenfold Rage,
With Show'rs of Bullets, and with Storms of Fire,
Burns in full Fury; Heaps on Heaps expire:
Nations with Nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And loſt in one promiſcuous Carnage lie.

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At length the long-diſputed Paſs they gain,
By crowded Armies fortified in vain:
The War breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
And ſee their Camp with Britiſh Legions fill'd:
So Belgian Mounds bear on their ſhatter'd Sides
The Sea's whole Weight, encreas'd with ſwelling Tides:
But if the ruſhing Wave a Paſſage finds,
Enrag'd by wat'ry Moons and warring Winds,
The trembling Peaſant ſees his Country round
Cover'd with Tempeſts, and in Oceans drown'd.
The few ſurviving Foes, diſpers'd in Flight,
Refuſe of Swords and Gleanings of a Fight,
In ev'ry ruſhing Wind the Victor hear,
'Till the dark Cope of Night, with kind Embrace,
Befriends the Rout and covers their Diſgrace. Add.

Storming a Fort.

The Troops purſue their Leaders with Delight,
Ruſh to the Foe, and claim the promis'd Fight:
——— The Din of Helms and Shields
Rings to the Skies, and echoes thro' the Fields:
The Gates reſound, the brazen Hinges fly,
While each is bent to conquer, or to die:
High on the Walls appear'd the Lycian Pow'rs,
Like ſome black Tempeſt, gath'ring round the Tow'rs;
The Greeks, oppreſs'd, their utmoſt Force unite,
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal Fight.
The War begins: mix'd Shouts and Groans ariſe,
Tumultous Clamour mounts, and thickens in the Skies.
——— Acroſs the Warriour's Way,
Rent from the Walls, a rocky Fragment lay:
In modern Ages not the ſtrongeſt Swain
Could heave th' unweildy Burthen from the Plain:
He pois'd, and ſwung it round; then, toſt on high,
It flew with Force, and labour'd up the Sky;
Full on the Lycian's Helmet, thund'ring down,
The pond'rous Ruin cruſh'd his batter'd Crown.
As skilful Divers from ſome airy Steep
Headlong deſcend, and ſhoot into the Deep,
So falls Epicles; then in Groans expires,
And murm'ring from the Corps th' unwilling Soul retires.
Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies,
Tugs with full Force, and ev'ry Nerve applies;
It ſhakes; the pond'rous Stones, disjointed, yield;
The rowling Ruins ſmoke along the Field:

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A mighty Breach appears, the Walls lie bare,
And, like a Deluge, ruſhes in the War.
Then rais'd with Hope, and fir'd with Glories Charms,
His fainting Squadrons to new Fury warms:
They join, they thicken, and th' Aſſault renew.
Unmov'd, th'embody'd Greeks their Fury dare,
And, fixt, ſupport the Weight of all the War:
Nor could the Greeks repel the Lycian Pow'rs,
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian Tow'rs.
As, on the Confines of adjoining Grounds,
Two ſtubborn Swains with Blows diſpute their Bounds;
They tug, they ſweat, but neither gain, nor yield
One Foot, one Inch, of the contended Field:
Thus, obſtinate to Death, they fight, they fall,
Nor theſe can keep, nor thoſe can win, the Wall:
Their manly Breaſts are pierc'd with many a Wound;
Loud Strokes are heard, and rattling Arms reſound:
The copious Slaughter covers all the Shore;
And the high Ramparts drop with human Gore.
Now Hector came, ———
Fierce as a Whirlwind up the Walls he flies,
And fires his Hoſt with loud repeated Cries.
They hear, they run; and, gath'ring at his Call,
Raiſe ſcaling Engines, and aſcend the Wall:
Around the Works a Wood of glitt'ring Spears
Shoots up, and all the riſing Hoſt appears.
A pond'rous Stone bold Hector heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below:
Not two ſtrong Men th' enormous Weight could raiſe,
Such Men as live in theſe degen'rate Days:
Yet this, as eaſie as a Swain would bear
The ſnowy Fleece, he toſs'd, and ſhook in Air:
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its Load,
Th' unwieldy Rock: The Labour of a God!
Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came,
Of maſſy Subſtance, and ſtupendous Frame,
With Iron Bars and brazen Hinges ſtrong,
On lofty Beams of ſolid Timber hung:
Then, thund'ring thro' the Planks, with forceful Sway,
Drives the ſharp Rock; the ſolid Beams give Way,
The Folds are ſhatter'd; from the crackling Door
Leap the reſounding Bars, the flying Hinges roar.
He ruſhes in. ———
Then, pouring after thro' the gaping Space,
A Tide of Trojans flows, and fills the Place:
The Greeks behold; they tremble, and they fly, (Pope. Hom.
The Shore is heap'd with Deaths, and Tumult rends the Sky.

FIRE.

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FIRE.

——— He with repeated Strokes
Of clashing Flints, their hidden Fire provokes;
Short Flame succeeds; a Bed of wither'd Leaves
The dying Sparkles in their Fall receives:
Caught into Life, in smoaking Flames they rise,
And, fed with stronger Food, invade the Skies. Dr. Virg.

——— She rakes the Load
Of Ashes from the Hearth, and spreads abroad
The living Coals; and, lest they should expire,
With Leaves and Barks she feeds her Infant Fire:
It smoaks; and then with trembling Breath she blows,
'Till in a chearful Blaze the Flames arose. Dryd. Ovid.

Quickly the lighted Trees began to choak
The Heav'ns around with tow'ring Flame and Smoke;
Fast to the Gate th' incumbent Plague adher'd,
Which soon but one vast glowing Coal appear'd:
The ruddy Conqu'ror, with refulgent Arms,
Climbs up the Tow'rs, and all the Town alarms:
From the high Gate the melted Iron flow'd;
And on the Ground a pond'rous Deluge glow'd:
The lofty Tow'rs, the Gate and shatter'd Wall,
In mingled Ruin, now began to fall:
The stately Buildings thus the Flames obey,
And on the Ground in smoking Rubbish lay. Blac. K. Arth.

The Brands are tost'd on high: the Winds conspire
To drive along the Deluge of the Fire. Dryd. Virg.

The red-wing'd Fire must to the Moon arise,
Hover in Air, and lick contiguous Skies. Blac.

Thick smoaky Vapours from the Burnings broke,
And Clouds of Ashes hover'd in the Smoke. Add. Virg.

——— The Flame will still remain,
And the bright Blaze enlighten all the Plain:
Nor, till the Fuel perish, can decay,
By Nature form'd on Things combustible to prey.
Dryd. Chauc. Wife of Bath's Tale.

Doubtful and hov'ring, like expiring Flame,
That mounts, and falls by Turns, and trembles o'er the Brand. Dryd.

Thus when fierce Fires, press'd on by Winds, do seize
Our Laurel Groves, and waste the virgin Trees,
The Leaves all crackle: She, that fled the Chase
Of Phœbus' Love, still flies the Flame's Embrace.
Creech Lucr.

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So when Apulian Hines with Art renew
The wint'ry Paſtures to their verdant Hue,
That Flow'rs may riſe, and ſpringing Graſs return,
With ſpreading Flames the wither'd Fields they burn:
Gargarus then and lofty Vultur blaze,
And draw the diſtant wond'ring Swains to gaze;
Far are the glitt'ring Fires deſcry'd by Night,
And gild the dusky Skies around with Light. Rowe. Luc

Lambent Fire.

A Lambent Fire aroſe, which gently ſpread
Around his Brows, and on his Temples fed. Dryd. Virg.

Strange to relate! the Flames, involv'd in Smoke
Of Incenſe, from the ſacred Altar broke;
Caught her diſhevel'd Hair, and rich Attire;
Her Crown and Jewels crackled in the Fire:
From thence the fuming Trail began to ſpread,
And Lambent Glories danc'd about her Head. Dr. Virg.

Bonfire.

And now the Britons all their Hands imploy
To fetch Materials in for Fires of Joy:
All to the Mountains and the Woods repair,
And with loud Labour fill the echoing Air:
They raiſe their Axes; and with toilſome Strokes,
Fell the tall Elms, and lop the ſpreading Oaks:
They bear the nodding Trees to ev'ry Town,
And from the Mountains draw the Foreſts down:
In ev'ry City, with the ſhady Spoils,
The joyful Youth erected lofty Piles:
Nearer the Skies they raiſe th' aſpiring Wood,
Than when before upon the Hills it ſtood,
Soon as the Sun his beamy Light withdrew,
And the brown Air grew moiſt with ev'ning Dew;
The ſhouting Britons ſet the Piles on fire;
The tow'ring Flames to Heav'ns high Roof aſpire:
Up the ſteep Air their ruddy Columns play;
And to the Stars their ruddy Light convey. Blac. P. Arth.

Bright Rockets, Serpents, Stars of Nitre riſe,
And, mingling Fires, enlighten all the Skies:
Proud Pyramids aloft to Heav'n aſpire (Blac. K. Arth.
Adorn'd with wreathing Flames, and Laurels all of Fire.

FLATTERY.

Smooth Flatt'ry in her ſofter Hours he try'd:
The ſureſt Charm to bind the Force of Pride. Gay.

Flat-

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Flatt'ry, ſuch Alms the Prieſthood gives the Poor;
They bleſs, and ſend 'em empty from the Door. Dr. Cleom.
Groſs Flatt'ry can by Fools alone be borne:
For it implies at once Deſign and Scorn.
Well-manag'd Praiſe may ſtill expect Succeſs;
Praiſe ſhews Eſteem, whene'er it ſhews Addreſs:
But only Fools groſs Flatt'ry can brook;
They love the Bait, and can't ſuſpect the Hook. Denn.
Falſe Flatt'rers, that with royal Goodneſs ſport,
Thoſe ſtinking Weeds, that over-run a Court. Otw. D. Carl.
——— O that Mens Ears ſhould be
To Counſel deaf, but not to Flattery. Shak. Tim. of Ath.
Who caſts out Threats and Frowns, no Man deceives,
Time for Reſiſtance and Defence he gives:
But Flatt'ry ſtill in ſugar'd Words betrays,
And Poyſon in high-taſted Meats conveys:
So Fortune's Smiles unguarded Man ſurprize;
But, when ſhe frowns, he arms, and her defies. Denh.
Ev'n Jove muſt flatter with an empty Hand; (Guiſe.
'Tis time to thunder when he gripes the Brand. Dryd. D. of
Then learn, oh learn of Flatt'rers to beware,
Then moſt pernicious when they ſpeak too fair. Dryd.
Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

FLOOD.

So when a Flood from th' Hyperborean Hills
Comes thund'ring down, and all the Valley fills;
Where the high Snows, diſſolv'd by Summer's Beams,
In one vaſt Deluge join their various Streams;
The roaring Tide, with its impetuous Courſe,
O'erflows the Banks; and, with reſiſtleſs Force,
Sweeps Houſes, Harveſt, Herds and Flocks away;
Nor can the loftieſt Mounds its Progreſs ſtay. Blac. P. Arth.
——— From the Mountains Heights
The rapid Streams now ruſh impetuous down;
Roar in their Fall, and dart along the Plains. Broome Hom.
Below, the ſev'ral Rills and Currents join,
And diff'rent Streams in one great Flood combine:
The raging Deluge rears its foaming Head;
O'erflows the Banks; and, o'er the Meadows ſpread,
No lofty Mounds arreſt th'inſulting Tide; (P. Arth.
But, o'er the flow'ry Vale, the Waves, triumphant, ride. Blac.
Ev'n thus o'er all the Land a Deluge flows,
That from the Sea, the Banks borne down, is row'd;
And o'er the Field advances uncontrol'd. Blac. P. Arth.

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With Cries th'affrighted Countrey flies, before,
Behind, the foll'wing Waters loudly roar. Cowl. David.

FLOWER.

The fragrant Flow'rs, with diff'rent Colours dy'd,
On smiling Meads unfold their gawdy Pride. Blac.
Th'ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
The Ground with Grass of chearful Green bespread,
Thro' which the springing Flow'r uprears its Head:
See here the Kingcup of a golden Hue,
Medley'd with Daisies white and Endive blue. Pope.
Come to my longing Arms, my lovely Care,
And take the Presents, which the Nymphs prepare:
White Lillies in full Canisters they bring,
With all the Glories of the purple Spring:
The Daughters of the Flood have search'd the Mead
For Vi'lets pale, and cropp'd the Poppies Head:
The short Narcissus, and fair Daffodil,
Fansies to please the Sight, and Cassia sweet to smell:
And set soft Hyacinths with Iron blue,
To shade Marsh-Marigolds of shining Hue:
The Laurel and the Myrtle Sweets agree:
And both in Nosegays shall be bound for thee. Dr. Virg.
Ev'n thus the Lilly in the shady Vale,
Does o'er each Flow'r with beauteous Pride prevail;
And stands with Dews and kindest Sun-shine blest,
In fair Pre-eminence above the rest. ——
—— You languish like a drooping Flow'r,
Crush'd by the Weight of some unfriendly Show'r. Gar.
Why does that lovely Head, like a fair Flow'r,
Oppress'd with Drops of a hard-falling Show'r,
Bend with its Weight of Grief, and seem to grow
Downward to Earth, and kiss the Root of Woe. Cong.
Help to support this feeble drooping Flow'r;
This tender Sweet, so shaken by the Storm. Dryd. D. Seb.
So Corn in Fields, and, in the Garden, Flow'rs
Revive, and raise themselves with mod'rate Show'rs;
But, overcharg'd with never-ceasing Rain,
Become too moist, and bend their Heads again. Wall.
Sees not my Love, how Time resumes
The Glory, which he lent these Flow'rs?
Tho' none should taste of their Perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few Hours:
Time, what we forbear, devours. Wall.

Say

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Say, lovely Offspring of the May,
So sweetly fair, so nicely gay:
Say, where a Flow'r so beauteous grows,
Or whence thy balmy Odour flows:
Such balmy Odour is not found
On Indian, nor Arabian Ground:
A Store of such a rich Perfume
Must from Belinda's Bosom come;
Thence, thence such Sweets are spread abroad,
As might be Incense for a God:
But while, sweet Gift, thy Glories last;
Which, oh! tho' great, must quickly waste,
Shew, by thy Beauties and Perfumes,
Shew fair Belinda how she blooms:
Then by a suddain swift Decay,
Let all thy Beauties fade away:
And lo! it droops, and fades, and dies,
And with faint Sweets perfumes the Skies:
It folds its Leaves, and sheds its Hue:
The fragrant Flow'rs of Eden so
In Paradise would only grow.
So the sweet-smelling Indian Flow'rs,
Griev'd when they leave those happy Shores,
Sicken and pine away in ours. Broome. On a Flower given him from a Lady's Bosom.

The Florist thus, when Winter's Rage is o'er,
When Frosts and Snows and Tempests are no more;
To the kind Soil commits the future Flow'r:
Now genial Heats unbind the teeming Root,
Swell it with Life, and make the Fibres shoot:
He sees the rising Vegetable rear
The tender Stalk, and trust it self in Air:
Now Western Gales breathe thro' the vernal Sky,
Unfold the Bud, and shew its various Die:
Secure, he views his Labour with Delight;
When, unexpected, in one piercing Night, Virg.
His promis'd Joys are curs'd by a disastrous Blight. Johns.

FLYING.

With Wings, expanded wide, our selves we'll rear;
And fly incumbent on the dusky Air. Dryd. State of Inn.

Swift as a Thought, and secret as the Night,
He, on his noiseless Pinions, takes his Flight:
His fleeting Wings their silent Course pursue,
Soft as the liquid Air they travel'd thro'. Hopk. Ovid.

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——— He from th'Ecliptic down (Loſt.
Throws his ſteep Flight in many an airy Wheel. Milt. Par.
Swift as a Ray of Light he ſhot away. Blac. P. Arth.
——— And, without longer Pauſe,
Downright into the World's firſt Region throws
His Flight precipitant; and winds with Eaſe
Thro' the pure Marble Air his oblique Way. Milt. P. Loſt.
——— He deſcends from high
With rapid Flight, and cuts the ſounding Sky: (Virg.
Black Clouds and ſtormy Winds around his Body fly. Dryd.

FOND.

——— I had ſo fix'd my Heart upon her,
That whereſoe'er I fram'd a Scheme of Life
For Time to come, ſhe was my only Joy,
With which I wiſh'd to ſweeten future Cares;
I fanſy'd Pleaſures, none, but one that loves
And doats as I did, can imagine like them. Otw. Ven. Pref.
Thou art the only Comfort of my Age:
Like an old Tree I ſtand among the Storms;
Thou art the only Limb that I have left me:
My dear green Branch, and how I prize thee, Child,
Heav'n only knows! ——— Lee Theod.
Thou waſt the very Darling of my Age:
I thought the Day too ſhort to gaze upon thee:
That all the Bleſſings I could gather for thee,
By Cares on Earth, and by my Pray'rs to Heav'n,
Were little for my Fondneſs to beſtow. Rowe. Fair Pen.
——— What Pleaſure I took in thee!
What Joys thou gav'ſt me in thy prattling Infancy!
Thy ſprightly Wit, and early blooming Beauty!
How have I ſtood, and fed my Eyes upon thee! (Fair Pen.
Then lifted up my Hands, and, wond'ring, bleſs'd thee! Rowe.
Once ſhe was dear indeed: the Drops, that fell
From my ſad Heart, ——— (Pref.
The Fountain of my Life, were not ſo precious. Otw. Ven.
——— Oh! that Form!
That Angel Face, on which my Dotage hung!
How have I gaz'd upon her, till my Soul
With very Eagerneſs went forth to meet her,
And iſſu'd at my Eyes! Was there a Gem
Which the Sun ripens in the Indian Mines,
Or the rich Boſom of the Ocean yields;
What was there Art could make, or Wealth could buy,
Which I have left unſought to deck her Beauty? Rowe. J. (Shore.

His

His fond Heart
Diſſolves with Tenderneſs, and breaks with Woe.
Not Jove was fonder of his own Creation, (Virg.
When it appear'd ſo wondrous good and fair. Den. Ap. &
O I have ſeen him hang with greedy Eyes,
And languiſh o'er her Beauties. Smith Phæd. & Hip.
O ſhe is fonder than a Woman's Longing Lee Theod.
Not new-made Mothers greater Love expreſs,
Than he, when with firſt Looks their Babes they bleſs:
Nor Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs kind; (of Gran. p. 2.
Nor Guardian Angels to their Charge aſſign'd. Dryd. Conq.
He lov'd me much, tho' twas a guilty Flame,
And fatal to my Peace, yet ſtill he lov'd me:
With Fondneſs and with Tenderneſs he doated. (Shore.
Dwelt in my Eyes, and liv'd but in my Smiles. Rowe. J.
O ſhe dotes,
She dotes, Serapion, on this vanquiſh'd Man,
And winds her ſelf about his mighty Ruins. Dryd. All for Love. Spoken of Anthony and Cleopatra.

FOOD.

——— ——— Our Bodies ask for Meat;
And Nature prompts an Animal to eat:
The waſting Body asks a new Supply,
To fill the Places of the Parts that die;
Recruit the Strength; allay the furious Pain;
And ſtop each gaping Nerve, each hungry Vein:
The cooling Drink to ev'ry Part retreats,
That wants the Moiſture, and the num'rous Heats,
That burn and fire the Stomach, fly before
The coming Cold; and we are ſcorch'd no more:
Thus Drinks deſcend; and thus they waſh away
Fierce Thirſt; thus Meats ſharp Hunger's Force allay.
Creech Lucr.
Stretch'd on the graſſy Turf at Eaſe they dine, (Wine.
Reſtore their Strength with Meat, and chear their Souls with
Dryd. Virg.

FOOL.

He was a Fool, as groſs
As Ignorance made drunk. Shak. Othell. (Acti.
Fools are more hard to conquer, than perſuade. Dr. Abſ. &
Fools only are the Knaves, and live by Tricks: (Oroo.
Wiſe Men may thrive without them, and be honeſt. South.
How vain a Creature were the plotting Knave,
But for the credulous Fool! Tate Loy. Gen.

Fou

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For Fools are made for Jests to Men of Senſe. Farq.
——— A Fool's the fav'rite Plant of Nature;
A Weed, that has to twenty Summers ran;
Shoots up to Stalk, and vegetates to Man. Farq.
——— ——— ——— Nothing gulls
Theſe open, unſuſpecting Fools, like Friendſhip:
Dull heavy Things! whom Nature has left honeſt
In meer Frugality, to ſave the Charge
She's at, in ſetting out a thinking Soul:
Who, ſince their own ſhort Underſtandings reach
No farther than the preſent, think ev'n the Wiſe,
Like them, diſcloſe the Secrets of their Breaſts,
Speak what they think, and tell Tales of themſelves.
Rowe. Amb. Stepi

O Fate of Fools, officious in contriving,
In executing puzzled, lame, and loſt. Cong. M. Bride.
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill:
A wiſe Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will. Cong. Juv.
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is ſuch, (Guiſe.
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much. Dryd. D. of
Moſt modern Wits ſuch monſtrous Fools have ſhewn,
They ſeem'd not of Heav'ns Making, but their own:
Thoſe nauſeous Harlequins in Farce may paſs,
But there goes more to a ſubſtantial Aſs:
True Fops help Nature's Work, and go to School,
To file and finiſh God-a-mighty's Fool.
From each he meets, he culls whate'er he can,
Legion's his Name, a People in a Man:
His bulky Folly gathers as it goes,
And, rouling o'er you, like a Snow-ball grows. Dryd.
For ſeldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a Dearth of Fools. Oldh.

FORCE.

Force is the Law of Brutes: the dumb Creation,
Where Words and Reaſon want, apply to Might. Ds. Cleom.
Love with Submiſſion firſt begins in Courſe,
But when that fails, a ſure Reſerve is Force:
The niceſt Dames, who our Embraces ſhun,
Wait only a Pretence, and Force is one:
She, who thro' Frailty yields, Diſhonour gains;
But ſhe, that's forc'd, her Innocence retains:
Debtors and Slaves for Favours they beſtow;
Invading, we are free, and nothing owe
No Ties of Love or Gratitude conſtrain;
But, as we like, we leave, or come again. Landſ. Br. Ench.
Thus

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Thus while he ſpoke, he ſeiz'd the willing Prey,
Paris bore the Spartan Spouſe away:
arly ſhe ſcream'd, and ev'n her Eyes confeſs'd, (& Iph.
rather would be thought, than was, diſtreſs'd. Dr. Cym.
Yielding, but coy; as ſeemingly ſhe ſtrove,
give Compulſion what ſhe gave to love. ——
The Sex ne'er gives, but ſuffers ours to take. ——
The Sex is cunning to conceal their Fires;
ey would be forc'd, ev'n to their own Deſires:
ho might be forc'd, and yet untouch'd depart,
ank with their Tongues; but curſe you with their Heart.
Dryd. Ovid.
'Tis Woman's Leehery to ſeem conſtrain'd. Dryd.
Then impotent of Mind, with alter'd Senſe,
e hugg'd th' Offender, and forgave th' Offence:
ix to the laſt! —— —— Dryd. Cym. & Iph.
Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the Way,
y Force to raviſh, or by Fraud betray:
or, when Succeſs a Lover's Toil attends;
ew ask if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends. Pope.
What, tho' the King by Force poſſeſs'd her Perſon;
er unconſenting Heart ſtill dwelt with you. Rowe. J. Shore.

FOREST.

In a fair Foreſt near Verona's Plain,
Freſh as if Nature's Youth choſe there a Shade. D'Aven.
So ſtands a Foreſt tall of Mountain Oaks,
Advanc'd to mighty Growth: The Traveller
Hears from the humble Valley, where he rides,
The hollow Murmurs of the Winds, that blow
Amidſt the Boughs, and at a Diſtance ſees
The ſhady Tops of Trees unnumber'd riſe,
A ſtately Proſpect, waving in the Clouds. Add. Virg.
O'er the wide Plains there grew a ſhady Wood
Of aged Trees, where in the Midſt there ſtood
A buſhy Thicket, pathleſs and unworn,
O'er-run with Brambles, and perplex'd with Thorn. Add. Ov.
Black was the Brake, and thick with Oak it ſtood;
With Fern all horrid, and perplexing Thorn, (Virg.
Where Tracks of Bears had ſcarce a Paſſage worn. Laud.
The Trojan, from the Main, beheld a Wood, (Virg.
Which, thick with Shades, and a brown Horrour ſhood. Dryd.
A pathleſs Deſart, dusk with horrid Shades. Mile.
Thy Foreſts, Windſor, and thy green Retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muſes Seats,
Invite my Lays: Be preſent, Sylvan Maids;
Unlock your Springs, and open all your Shades. Th

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The Groves of Eden, vaniſh'd now ſo long,
Live in Deſcription, and look green in Song:
Theſe, were my Breaſt inſpir'd with equal Flame,
Like them in Beauty, ſhould be like in Fame.
Here Hills and Vales, the Woodland and the Plain,
Here Earth and Water ſeem to ſtrive again:
Not, Chaos-like, together cruſh'd and bruis'd,
But, as the World, harmoniouſly confus'd;
Where Order in Variety we ſee;
And where, tho' all Things differ, all agree.
Here waving Groves a chequer'd Scene diſplay;
And part admit, and part exclude, the Day:
As ſome coy Nymph her Lover's warm Addreſs,
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repreſs.
There, interſpers'd in Lawns and op'ning Glades,
Thin Trees ariſe, that ſhun each other's Shades:
Here, in full Light, the ruſſet Plains extend:
There, wrapp'd in Clouds, the bluiſh Hills aſcend:
Ev'n the wild Heath diſplays her purple Dies;
And, 'midſt the Deſart, fruitful Fields ariſe,
That, crown'd with tufted Trees, and ſpringing Corn,
Like verdant Iſles, the ſable Waſte adorn.
Let India boaſt her Plants; nor envy we
The weeping Amber of the balmy Tree;
While by our Oaks the precious Loads are borne,
And Realms commanded, which thoſe Trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler Sight,
Tho' Gods, aſſembled, grace his tow'ring Height,
Than what more humble Mountains offer here,
Where, in their Bleſſings, all thoſe Gods appear:
See Pan with Flocks, with Fruits Pomona, crown'd:
Here bluſhing Flora paints th'enamel'd Ground:
Here Ceres' Gifts in waving Proſpect ſtand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand:
Rich Induſtry ſits ſmiling on the Plains;
And Peace and Plenty tell, a *STUART* reigns. Pope.

FORGIVENESS.

Th'uninjur'd at their Eaſe Forgiveneſs preach
At ſecond hand: But all, who ſmart alike,
Forgive alike: Vengeance is Nature's Debt:
Forgiveneſs is the Cunning of Revenge:
A wiſe Delay for want of Pow'r to hurt;
And but Diſſimulation at the beſt. Lanſd. Her. Love.
——— I have mark'd him,
To ſee if one forgiving Glance ſtole hither,

If.

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any Spark of Friendſhip were alive;
hat would, by Sympathy, at Meeting glow;
nd ſtrive to kindle up the Flame anew.
is loſt! 'tis gone! his Soul is quite eſtrang'd,
nd knows me for its Counterpart no more. Rowe. Fair Pen.
I am not apt to take a ſlight Offence;
ut patient of the Failings of my Friends;
nd willing to forgive; but when an Injury
rabs to the Heart, and rowzes my Reſentment,
cannot eaſily forget it. ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.
Forgive her? Never! Lightning firſt ſhall blaſt me:
tell thee, were ſhe proſtrate at my Feet,
ll of her Sexes beſt diſſembled Sorrows,
nd all that wond'rous Beauty of her own, (Orph.
y Heart might break, but it ſhould never ſoften. Otw.
Has not Statira ſaid I muſt forgive him?
Were I the God of the blue Firmament,
And the bold Titans ſhould again make War,
Tho' my reſiſtleſs Arrows were made ready,
y all the Gods, ſhe ſhould arreſt my Hand. Lee. Alex.
Be Witneſs for me, ye celeſtial Hoſt,
Such Mercy and ſuch Pardon as my Soul
Accords to thee, and begs of Heav'n to ſhew thee;
May ſuch befal me at my lateſt Hour,
And make my Portion bleſs'd or curs'd for ever. Rowe. J.Sh.
——— I'm charm'd with thy Forgiveneſs,
More than if Angels tun'd their golden Lyres,
And ſung a Requiem to my parting Soul. Rowe Fair Pen.
But oh! in Pity pardon not too ſoon:
Puniſh my Pride a while; ———
And make me linger for ſo great a Good:
Leſt Ecſtaſie of Joy prevent the Bleſſing;
And you, inſtead of Pardon, give me Death. Dr. Love Trium.

FORTITUDE.

Fortune ſubmits to Valour: never yield,
But dare her boldly; meet her in the Field:
Where leaſt you hope, you often Safety find. Laud. Virg.
No View of Labour can my Soul ſurprize:
——— ——— I have reſolv'd on all:
And ſtand prepar'd to meet whate'er befall. Laud. Virg.
The Load grows eaſy we reſolve to bear. South. Fat. Mar.
Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal
Tranſport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reaſon:
True Fortitude is ſeen in great Exploits,

That

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That Juſtice warrants, and that Wiſdom guides;
All elſe is tow'ring Frenſy and Diſtraction. Add. Cato.
By bearing bravely the worſt State,
Shew thou deſerv'ſt a better Fate:
But if the Wind comes fair about,
Why, then ſuſpect the flatt'ring Gale:
When it ſeems merrieſt, reef your Sail,
And for the Sands look ſharply out. Denn. Ho
For ſtill the Brave with equal Minds bear good
And evil Fortune. Dryd. Temp.
He only above Envy is and Fate, (of Lerm
Whoſe Mind in ſinking Fortunes keeps its Height. How. I
Some Pow'r inviſible ſupports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatneſs. Add. Cato.
Unmov'd and brave, he like himſelf appears,
And, meriting no Ill, no Danger fears. Dryd. Auren.
——— His brave, his manly Mind,
That, like a Rock, ſtands all the Storms of Fortune,
And beats them roaring back, they cannot reach him.
Beaum. Deub. Mar
——— ——— She then
Felt all the Pangs of Sorrow in her Breaſt:
And little wanted, but a Woman's Heart,
With Cries and Tears had teſtify'd her Smart:
But in-born Worth, that Fortune can controul,
New ſtrung and ſtiffer bent her ſtubborn Soul:
The Heroine aſſum'd the Woman's Place,
Confirm'd her Mind, and fortify'd her Face.
Then, with dry Eyes, and with an open Look,
She met his Glance mid way, and thus undaunted ſpoke.
Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guiſc.
I ſee my Doom; I read it with broad Eyes;
As plain as if I ſaw the Book of Fate:
Yet I will muſter all my Spirits up;
Digeſt my Griefs; ſwallow the riſing Paſſions:
Yes: I will ſtand this Shock of all the Gods
Well as I can, and ſtruggle for my Life. Lee. Theod.
My Words to ſacred Truth ſhall be confin'd;
My Deeds ſhall ſhew the Greatneſs of my Mind.
Dryd. Bocc. Sig. & Guiſc.
Let then th'unequal Gods and partial Fortune
Diſpoſe of my uncertain Life and Empire,
As it ſeems good to them. ——— (Virg.
Th'immortal Greatneſs of my Mind's my own. Den. Ap. &
——— ——— Tho' Fortune
Has ſtript me of the Train and Pomp of Greatneſs,
That Outſide of a King, yet ſtill my Soul,
Fare

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ixt high, and of itſelf alone dependent,
ſever free and royal. —— Rowe. Tamerl.
—— My Soul reſolves to keep her State, (Tamerl.
ind ſcorns to take Acquaintance with ill Fortune. Rowe.
Thus Stars ſhine bright, and keep their Place above,
ho' ruffling Winds deform this lower World. Rowe. Tam.
——— Heroick Virtue
s wrought in Fire; and he muſt bravely bear
The Storms of Life, who works his Way to Glory. Johnſ. Vict.
Great Minds the Gods alone can overcome. Sed. Ant. & Cle.
—— Thou haſt ſeen Mount Atlas,
While Storms and Tempeſts thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet;
It ſtands unmov'd, and glories in its Height:
Such is that haughty Man; his tow'ring Soul,
'Midſt all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune, (of Cato.
Riſes ſuperior, and looks down on Cæſar. Add. Cato. Spoken
Thy Virtue, Prince, has ſtood the Teſt of Fortune,
Like pureſt Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace, (Cato.
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight. Add.
Where ſhall we find a Man that bears Affliction,
Great and majeſtick in his Griefs, like Cato?
Heav'ns, with what Strength, what Steadineſs of Mind,
He triumphs in the Midſt of all his Suff'rings!
How does he riſe againſt a Load of Woes, (Cato.
And thanks the Gods that throw the Weight upon him! Add.
How does the Luſtre of our Father's Actions,
Thro' the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightneſs!
His Suff'rings ſhine, and add a Glory round him.
By Heav'n, ſuch Virtues, join'd with ſuch Succeſs,
Diſtract my very Soul: our Father's Fortune
Would almoſt tempt us to renounce his Precepts. Add. Cato.
Spoken of Cato by his Son Marcus.
Be chearfull, fight it well, and all the reſt
Leave to the Gods and Fortune: If they fail us,
Theirs be the Fault: for Fate is theirs alone:
My Virtue, Fame, and Honour, are my own. Dryd. Cleom.
I can ſtand the Shock,
Like a young Plant, that faſtens in a Storm,
And deeper drives the Root. Dryd. Cleom.
——— I will ſhew thee
How a Man ſhould, and how a King dares, die;
So even, that my Soul ſhall walk with Eaſe
Out of its Fleſh, and ſhut out Life as calmly
As it does Words; without a Sigh to note
One Struggle in the ſmooth diſſolving Frame. Dryd. D. Seb.
Mourn-

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Mourn they, who think Repining can remove
The firm Decrees of thoſe who rule above:
The Brave are ſafe within, who ſtill dare die:
Whene'er I fall, I'll ſcorn my Deſtiny. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
We with unſhaken Souls our Doom will wait,
And periſh bravely, tho' unfortunate. Lee. Sophon.
——— ——— I have ſtood
Naked, alone, the Shock of many Fortunes;
I have ſeen Miſchiefs numberleſs, and mighty;
Grow like a Sea upon me: I have taken
Danger, as ſtern as Death, into my Boſom,
And laugh'd upon it, made it but a Mirth,
And flung it by ——— Beau. Phil.
——— I have a Heart, that could have borne
The rougheſt Wrong my Fortune could have done me;
But when I think what Belvidera feels,
The Bitterneſs her tender Spirit taſtes of,
I own my ſelf a Coward. ——— Otw. Ven. Preſ.
——— Where is now your wonted Courage?
You have been us'd to ſay, Extremities
Were the Diſtinguiſhers of noble Spirits:
That common Changes, common Men could bear;
That, when the Sea was calm, the ſlighteſt Boats
Could with the proudeſt cut the ſmooth-fac'd Flood:
That Strength and Management were for the Storm:
Thus you were wont to arm me with ſuch Precepts,
As made invincible the Heart that learnt them. Shak. &
(Tate. Coriol.

How eaſy 'tis, when Deſtiny proves kind,
With full-ſpread Sails to run before the Wind!
But thoſe, that 'gainſt ſtiff Gales laveering go,
Muſt be at once reſolv'd and skilful too. Dryd.
Tho' plung'd in Ills, and exercis'd in Care,
Yet never let the noble Mind deſpair:
When preſs'd by Dangers, and beſet with Foes,
The Gods their timely Succour interpoſe;
And, when our Virtue ſinks, o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
By unforeſeen Expedients bring Relief. Phil. Diſ. Moth.

FORTUNE.

Fortune, the mighty Queen of Good and Ill. Dr. W. Gall.
To Fortune give immortal Praiſe;
Fortune depoſes, and can raiſe:
Fortune the Captives Chains can break,
And bring deſpairing Exiles back:

How.

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However low this Hour we fall,
One lucky Moment may mend all.
The Statesman's Wiles, the Gamester's Throw,
The Soldier's Fame, the Merchant's Gains,
The Lover's Joy, the Pris'ner's Chains,
Are but as Fortune shall bestow:
'Tis Fortune governs all below. Lansd. Brit. Ench.
For Fortune holds the Scale for all Events;
ght is the Balance where Desert is weigh'd,
but a Grain of better Luck's against it. Lans. Her. Lov.
Capricious Fortune plays a scornful Game,
ith human Things: uncertain as the Wind:
metimes to thee, sometimes to me is kind;
Throws about Honours, Wealth, and Fame,
: random, heedless, humorous, and blind.
e's wise, who, when she smiles, the Good enjoys;
nd's unallay'd with Fears of future Ill,
ut if she frown, e'en let her have her Will.
I can with Ease resign the Toys,
nd lie wrap'd up in my own Virtue still. Temp. Hor.
Let us, said he, the Steps of Fate pursue:
ielding to Fortune, Fortune we subdue. Laud. Virg.
With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end:
No Matter, Cowley; let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee:
Let all her Gifts the Portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion, and Hypocrisie:
Do thou not grieve nor blush to be
As all th' inspired tuneful Men, (Ben. Cowl.
And all thy great Forefathers were from Homer down to
Thus Merit's useless, Fortune holds the Scale,
And still throws in the Weight, that must prevail. Lansd.
(Brit. Ench.
Hence, let the Tides of Plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various Gale unheeded blow:
If at my Feet the suppliant Goddess stands,
And sheds her Treasures with unweary'd Hands,
Her present Favour cautious I'll embrace;
And not unthankful use the proffer'd Grace:
If she reclaims the temporary Boon,
And tries her Pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of Mind I'll obviate her Intent,
And unconcern'd return the Good she lent:

Nor

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Nor Happineſs can I, nor Miſ'ry feel,
From any Turn of her fantaſtick Wheel. Prior.
The happy all Men judge for Empire fit, (Dav
And none withſtands, where Fortune does ſubmit. Cow
Fortune's unjuſt, ſhe ruins oft the brave, (En
And him, who ſhould be Victor, makes the Slave. Dr. In
On what ſmall Accidents depends our Fate, (in a Tu
While Chance, not Prudence, make us fortunate. Eth. Lo
The braveſt muſt ſubmit when Fortune frowns. Lee. Mit
Fortune, a various Pow'r, may ceaſe to frown,
And, by ſome ways unknown, thy Wiſhes crown. Dry
(Chauc. Pal. & Ar
Fortune no faſter ebbs, than it can flow. D'Aven. La
(againſt Lover
Fortune, that Changling Deity of Fools! Rowe. Tamer
Againſt Ill-luck all cunning Foreſight fails:
Whether we ſleep or wake it nought avails. Phil.
Fortune, alas! ne'er ſmiles, but to deceive:
She ſoon deſtroys the Bleſſings ſhe imparts,
By mixing with our Joy ſucceeding Woe. Smith. P. of Parm
I, wretched I, have other Fortune ſeen:
'Till, Thanks to giddy Chance, which never bears
That mortal Bliſs ſhould laſt for length of Years. (& Arc.
She caſt me headlong from my high Eſtate. Dryd. Pal.
What worſe to Cymon could his Fortune deal,
Roul'd to the loweſt Spoke of all her Wheel?
It reſted to diſmiſs the downward Weight,
Or raiſe him upward to his former Height. Dryd. Bocc.
(Cym. & Iphig.
His only Solace was, that now
His Dog-bolt Fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again and mend. Hud.
To thoſe, who never did ill Fortune know,
The good does nauſeous or inſipid grow:
Conſider Man's whole Life, and you'll confeſs,
The ſharp Ingredient of ſome bad Succeſs
Is that which gives the Taſte to all his Happineſs. Cowl.
Who proſp'rous Chance too eagerly embrace,
Find double Pangs in her averted Face. Staff. Hor.
It is the greateſt Part of human Skill,
To uſe good Fortune, and to bear our Ill. ——
Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too ſevere!
Thou rul'ſt Mankind, but art a Tyrant there:
Thy wideſt Empire's in a Lover's Breaſt:
Like open Seas, we ſeldom are at Reſt:

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pon thy Coaſt our Wealth is daily caſt, (of Gran. p. 2.
id thou, like Pirates, mak'ſt no Peace at laſt. Dr. Conq.
Beauty it ſelf owes many Slaves to Fortune. Lanſd.
(Her. Love.
'Twas then falſe Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
bout to leave a Bankrupt Prodigal,
ith a diſſembling Smile would kiſs at parting,
nd flatter to the laſt. Dryd. All for Love.
Fortune's an eaſy Miſtreſs of the young,
it to her antient Servants coy and hard. Dryd.
Each to his Charge: with Care and Caution move;
nd nothing leave to Fortune. ———
'ho never truſts, can never be deceiv'd:
ir Fortune ſtill in our own Power lies;
ie governs Fools; is govern'd by the Wiſe. Hig. Gen. Conf.

FOUNTAIN.

Near, where his purple Head Hymettus ſhows,
nd flow'ring Hills, a ſacred Fountain flows:
ith ſoft and verdant Turf the Soil is ſpread,
nd ſweetly ſmelling Shrubs the Ground o'erſhade:
here Roſemary and Bays their Odours join,
nd with the fragrant Myrtle's Scent combine:
here Tamariſks with thick-leav'd Box are found,
nd Cytiſſus and Garden Pines abound:
/hile, thro' the Boughs, ſoft Winds of Zephyr paſs,
remble the Leaves, and tender Tops of Graſs. Cong. Ov.

A Spring there is, whoſe ſilver Waters ſhow
lear as a Glaſs, the ſhining Sands below:
flow'ry Lotos ſpreads its Arms above,
hades all the Banks, and ſeems it ſelf a Grove:
ternal Greens the moſſy Margins grace,
Vatch'd by the Sylvan Genius of the Place. Pope. Ovid.

An inward Square by well rang'd Trees was made,
nd 'midſt the friendly Cover of their Shade,
pure, well-taſted. wholſome Fountain roſe,
Which no vain Coſt of Marble did encloſe;
lor thro carv'd Shapes did the forc'd Waters paſs,
hapes gazing on themſelves i'th' liquid Glaſs:
'et the chaſte Stream, that 'mong looſe Pebbles fell,
or Cleanneſs, Thirſt, Religion, ſerv'd as well. Cowl. Dav.

There, ſtands a Fountain in a darkſome Wood,
lot ſtain'd with falling Leaves, nor riſing Mud:
ntroubled by the Breath of Winds, it reſts.
nſully'd by the Touch of Men or Beaſts:

High

High Bow'rs of ſhady Trees above it grow,
And riſing Graſs, and chearful Greens, below. Add. Ovid
Ye moſſy Springs, inviting eaſy Sleep. Dryd. Virg.

Looking in a Fountain.

Behold another Firmament below,
Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow!
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With ſmiling Looks, as pleas'd to ſee me here:
As I advance, ſo that advances too,
And ſeems to imitate whate'et I do:
When I begin to ſpeak, the Lips it moves;
Screams drown the Voice, as it would ſay, it loves:
Which when I would embrace, it will not ſtay;
Loſt, e'er 'tis held; when neareſt, far away:
Ah! fair, yet falſe! Ah! Being form'd to cheat,
By ſeeming Kindneſs, mix'd with deep Deceit. Dryd. Scar
(of Inn. ſpoken by Eve

FOWLER.

With ſlaught'ring Guns th' unweary'd Fowler roves,
When Froſts have whiten'd all the naked Groves;
Where Doves in Flocks the leafleſs Trees o'erſhade,
And lonely Woodcocks haunt the wat'ry Glade:
He lifts his Tube, and levels with his Eye:
Strait a ſhort Thunder breaks the frozen Sky:
Oft, as in airy Rings they ſkim the Heath,
The clam'rous Plovers feel the leaden Death:
Oft, as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,
They fall; and leave their little Lives in Air. Pope.

FOX.

Juſt as a Fox with hot purſuit
Chas'd thro' a Warren, caſt about
To ſave his Credit, and among
Dead Vermin on a Gallows hung:
And, while the Dogs ran underneath,
Eſcap'd by counterfeiting Death:
Not out of Cunning, but a Train
Of Atoms juſtling in his Brain,
As wiſe Philoſophers give out. Hud.

—— A murd'rous Beaſt;
His Colour was betwixt a red and yellow:
Tipp'd was his Tail, and both his pricking Ears,
With black, and much unlike his other Hairs:

The

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he reſt, in Shape a Beagle's Whelp throughout,
Vith broader Forehead, and a ſharper Snout:
eep in his Front were ſunk his glowing Eyes. Dryd.

(Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

A Fox, full fraught with ſeeming Sanctity,
hat fear'd an Oath, but, like the Devil, would lie;
Vho look'd like Lent, and had the holy Leer,
nd durſt not ſin, before he ſaid his Pray'r:
his pious Cheat, that never ſuck'd the Blood,
lor chaw'd the Fleſh of Lambs, but when he cou'd,
lad paſs'd three Summers in a neighb'ring Wood:
nd, muſing long, whom next to circumvent,
)n Chanticleer his wicked Fanſy bent:
nd in his high Imagination caſt,
ly Stratagem to gratify his Taſte.
The Plot contriv'd, before the Break of Day,
r. Reynard through the Hedge had made his Way:
The Pale was next; but proudly, with a Bound,
le leapt the Fence of the forbidden Ground:
Yet, fearing to be ſeen, within a Bed
)f Coleworts he conceal'd his wily Head:
There skulk'd till Afternoon, and watch'd his Time,
ts Murd'rers uſe, to perpetrate his Crime.
Lay Madam Partlet basking in the Sun,
Breaſt-high in Sand; her Siſters, in a Row,
Enjoy'd the Beams above, the Warmth below:
The Cock, that of his Fleſh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the Mermaid in the Sea:
And ſo befel, that as he caſt his Eye,
Among the Coleworts on a Butterfly,
He ſaw falſe Reynard, where he lay full low:
I need not ſwear he had no Liſt to crow:
But cry'd, Cock, Cock, and gave a ſudden ſtart,
As ſore diſmay'd, and frighted at his Heart:
For Birds and Beaſts, inform'd by Nature, know
Kinds oppoſite to theirs, and fly their Foe:
So Chanticleer, who never ſaw a Fox,
Yet ſhun'd him as a Sailor ſhuns the Rocks.
But the falſe Loon, who could not work his Will
By open Force, imploy'd his flatt'ring Skill:
I hope, my Lord, ſaid he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me, that am your Friend?
I come no Spy, nor as a Traytor preſs
To learn the Secrets of your ſoft Receſs:
Far be from Reynard ſo prophane a Thought;
But by the Sweetneſs of your Voice was brought:

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For, as I bid my Beads, by chance I heard
The Song as of an Angel in the Yard:
But ſince I ſpeak of ſinging, let me ſay,
As with an upright Heart I ſafely may,
That, ſave your ſelf, there breathes not on the Ground,
One like your Father for a ſilver Sound:
So ſweetly would he wake the Winter-Day,
That Matrons to the Church miſtook their Way.
And thought they heard the merry Organ play.
And he, to raiſe his Voice with artful Care,
(What will not Beaux attempt to pleaſe the Fair?)
On Tiptoe ſtood to ſing with greater Streng'h,
And ſtretch'd his comely Neck at all the length:
And, while he pain'd his Voice to pierce the Skies,
As Saints in Raptures uſe, would ſhut his Eyes;
That, the Sound ſtriving thro' the narrow Throat,
His winking might avail, to mend the Note:
By this, in Song, he never had his Peer,
From ſweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's Muſe, who ſung the mighty Man,
Nor Pindar's heav'nly Lyre, nor Horace when a Swan.
Now ſing, my Lord, if not for Love of me,
Yet for the ſake of ſweet St. Charity;
Make Hills, and Dales, and Earth, and Heav'n rejoice,
And emulate your Father's Angel-Voice.
The Cock was pleas'd to hear him ſpeak ſo fair,
And proud beſide, as ſolar People are:
Nor could the Treaſon from the Truth deſcry;
So was he raviſh'd with his Flat'ery!
So much the more, as from a little Elf,
He had a high Opinion of himſelf;
Tho' ſickly, ſlender, and not large of Limb,
Concluding all the World was made for him:
Ye Princes, rais'd by Poets to the Gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying Odes:
Believe not ev'ry flatt'ring Knave's Report;
There's many a Reynard lurking in the Court;
And he ſhall be receiv'd with more Regard,
And liſten'd to, than modeſt Truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the Story ſings,
Stood high upon his Toes, and clapp'd his Wings:
Then ſtretch'd his Neck, and wink'd with both his Eyes,
Ambitious, as he ſought th' Olympick Prize:

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ut, while he pain'd himſelf to raiſe his Note,
alſe Reynard ruſh'd, and caught him by the Throat:
hen on his Back he laid the precious Load,
nd ſought his wonted ſhelter of the Wood:
wiftly he made his Way, the Miſchief done.
n Friday this befel. ———
h bliſsful Venus! Goddeſs of Delight!
low could'ſt thou ſuffer thy devoted Knight,
n thy own Day to fall by Foe oppreſs'd,
he Wight of all the World who lov'd thee beſt?
Who, true to Love, was all for Recreation,
nd minded not the Work of Propagation.
aufride, who could'ſt ſo well in Rhyme complain
he Death of Richard, with an Arrow ſlain;
Why had not I thy Muſe, or thou my Heart,
o ſing this heavy Dirge with equal Art?
hat I like thee on Friday might complain;
or on that Day was Cœur-de-Lion ſlain.
Not louder Cries, when Ilium was in Flames,
Were ſent to Heav'n by woful Trojan Dames,
han for the Cock the widow'd Poultry made:
air Partlet firſt, when he was borne from Sight,
With ſov'reign Shrieks bewail'd her captive Knight.
The trembling Widow, and her Daughters twain,
This woful cackling Cry with Horrour heard
Of thoſe diſtracted Damſels in the Yard;
And, ſtarting up, beheld the heavy Sight,
How Reynard to the Foreſt took his flight,
And croſs his Back, as in triumphant Scorn,
The Hope and Pillar of the Houſe was borne.
The Fox, the wicked Fox, was all the Cry:
Out from his Houſe ran ev'ry Neighbour nigh:
The Vicar firſt, and after him the Crew,
With Forks and Staves the Felon to purſue:
Ran Coll our Dog, and Talbot with the Band,
And Malkin, with her Diſtaff in her Hand:
Ran Cow and Calf, and Family of Hogs,
In Panick Horrour of purſuing Dogs,
With many a dreadful Grunt, and groaning Squeak;
Poor Swine! as if their pretty Hearts would break.
The Shouts of Men, the Women in Diſmay,
With Shrieks augment the Terrour of the Day:
The Ducks, that heard the Proclamation cry'd,
And fear'd a Perſecution might betide,

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Full twenty Mile from Town their Voyage take,
Obſcure in Ruſhes of the liquid Lake:
The Geeſe fly o'er the Barn: the Bees, in Arms,
Drive headlong from their waxen Cells in Swarms.
With Might and Main they chace the murd'rous Fox;
With brazen Trumpets, and inflated Box;
To kindle Mars with military Sounds;
Nor wanted Horns t' inſpire ſagacious Hounds.
But ſee how Fortune can confound the Wiſe,
And, when they leaſt expect it, turn the Dice.
The captive Cock, who ſcarce could draw his Breath,
And lay within the very Jaws of Death;
Yet in this Agony his Fanſy wrought,
And Fear ſupply'd him with a happy Thought:
Yours is the Prize, victorious Prince, ſaid he,
The Vicar my Defeat, and all the Village ſee:
Enjoy your friendly Fortune while you may,
And bid the Churls, that envy you the Prey,
Call back their Mungril Curs, and ceaſe their Cry;
See, Fools, the ſhelter of the Wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your Deſpight ſhall die.
He ſhall be pluck'd, and eaten to the Bone.
'Tis well advis'd: in Faith it ſhall be done.
This Reynard ſaid: but, as the word he ſpoke,
The Pris'ner with a Spring from Priſon broke:
Then ſtretch'd his feather'd Fans with all his Might;
And to the neighb'ring Maple wing'd his Flight.
Whom when the Traitor on the Tree beheld,
He curs'd the Gods, with Shame and Sorrow fill'd:
Shame for his Folly; Sorrow out of Time,
For plotting an unprofitable Crime:
Yet, muſt'ring both, th' Artificer of Lies
Renews th' Aſſault, and his laſt Batt'ry tries.
Tho' I, ſaid he, did ne'er in Thought offend,
How juſtly may my Lord ſuſpect his Friend!
Th' appearance is againſt me, I confeſs,
Who ſeemingly have put you in Diſtreſs;
And put your noble Perſon in a Fright:
I practis'd it to make you taſte your Cheer
With double Pleaſure, firſt prepar'd by Fear:
So loyal Subjects often ſeize their Prince,
Forc'd, for his Good, to ſeeming Violence,
Yet mean his ſacred Perſon not the leaſt Offence.
Deſcend: ſo help me Jove, as you ſhall find,
That Reynard comes of no diſſembling Kind.
Nay, quoth the Cock, but I beſhrew us both,
If I believe a Saint upon his Oath.

Once

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Once warn'd is well bewar'd: Not flatt'ring Lies
Shall sooth me more to sing with winking Eyes,
And open Mouth, for fear of catching Flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a River's Brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
Better, Sir Cock, let all Contention cease,
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of Peace.
A Peace with all my Soul, said Chanticleer,
But, with your Favour, I will treat it here:
And, least the Truce with Treason should be mixt,
'Tis my Concern to have the Tree betwixt. Dryd. Chau.
(The Cock and the Fox.

F R A Y.

Now, at th' appointed Place and Hour assign'd,
With Souls resolv'd the Ravishers were join'd:
A peaceful Troop they seem with shining Vests;
But Coats of Mail beneath secure their Breasts:
Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their Head;
And find the Feast renew'd, the Tables spread:
Sweet Voices, mix'd with Instruments of Sounds,
Ascend the vaulted Roof; the vaulted Roof rebounds:
When, like the Harpyes, rushing thro' the Hall,
The sudden Troop appears, the Tables fall:
Their smoking Load is on the Pavement thrown.
Each Ravisher prepares to seize his own:
The Brides, invaded with a rude Embrace,
Shriek out for Aid: Confusion fills the Place:
Quick to redeem the Prey, their plighted Lords
Advance: the Palace gleams with shining Swords.
But late is all Defence, and Succour vain:
The Rape is made; the Ravishers remain:
The Troop retires; the Lovers close the Rear,
With forward Faces not confessing Fear:
Backward they move; but scorn their Pace to mend:
Then seek the Stairs, and with slow Haste descend:
Fierce Pasimond, their Passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's Back in his Descent:
The Blade return'd unbath'd, and to the Handle bent:
Stout Cymon soon remounts; and cleft in two
His Rival's Head with one descending Blow:
And, as the next in Rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the Point: the Sword, inur'd to Blood,
Bor'd his unguarded Breast, which pour'd a purple Flood.

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With vow'd Revenge the gath'ring Crowd purſues:
The Raviſhers turn Head: the Fight renew'd:
The Hall is heap'd with Corps; the ſprinkled Gore
Beſmears the Walls, and floats the Marble Floor.
Diſpers'd at length the drunken Squadron flies:
The Victors to the Veſſel bear the Prize;
And hear behind loud Groans, and lamentable Cries.
(Dryd. Bocc. Cym. & Iphig.

Heroick Fury all th' Aſſembly warms:
Each Combatant breathes nothing but Alarms:
At length, th' advent'rous Heroes all agree.
T' expect the Foe, and act defenſively:
Into the Shop their bold Battalions move,
And, what their Chief commands, the reſt approve:
Down from the Walls they tear the Shelves in haſte;
Which, on their Flanks, for Paliſades are plac'd;
And then, behind the Compter, rang'd they ſtand;
Their Front ſo well ſecur'd, t'obey command:
And now the Scouts the adverſe Hoſt deſcry:
Blue Aprons in the Air for Colours fly:
With unreſiſted Force they urge their way;
And find the Foe embattel'd in Array:
Then from their level'd Syringes they pour
The liquid Volley of a miſſive Show'r:
Nor Storms of Sleet, which o'er the Baltick drive,
Puſh'd on by Northern Guſts, ſuch Horrour give:
Like Spouts in ſouthern Seas, the Deluge broke;
And Numbers ſunk beneath th' impetuous Stroke:
And now the ſtagg'ring Braves, led by Deſpair,
Advance; and to return the Charge prepare:
Each ſiezes for his Shield an ample Scale;
And the braſs Weights fly thick as Show'rs of Hail:
Whole Heaps of Warriours welter on the Ground;
With Gally-pots and broken Phyals crown'd;
And th' empty Veſſels the Defeat reſound:
But now, all Order loſt, promiſcuous Blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the Battel grows:
From Stentor's ſinewy Arm an Opiat flies;
And ſtrait a deadly Sleep clos'd Carus' Eyes:
Chiron hit Siphilis with Calomel,
And ſcaly Cruſts from his maim'd Forehead fell:
At Colon great Japyx Rhubarb flung,
Who, with fierce Gripes, like thoſe of Death, was ſtung:
But, with a dauntleſs and diſdainful Mien,
Hurl'd back ſteel Pills, and hit him on the Spleen:
Scribonius a vaſt Eagle-ſtone let fly
At Pſylas, but Lucina put it by:

And

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And Querpo, warm'd with more than mortal Rage,
Sprung thro' the Battel, Stentor to engage:
Each Combatant his Adversary mauls
With batter'd Bedpans, and stav'd Urinals:
But whilst bold Stentor, as late Rumours tell,
Design'd a fatal Blow, the Hero fell
And now the Victor hov'ring o'er him stood
With Arms extended: ——
A while the Chief the deadly Stroke declin'd;
And found Compassion pleading in his Mind:
Then tow'rds the Skies he tos's'd his threat'ning Head,
And, fir'd with mortal Indignation, ——
—— Unsheathing an Incision-Knife,
He offer'd at the prostrate Stentor's Life:
But, while his Thoughts that fatal Act decree,
Apollo interpos'd in Form of Fee:
The Chief great Pæan's golden Tresses knew;
He own'd the God, and his rais'd Arm withdrew. Garth.

Fray betwixt the Lapythæ and Centaurs.

Now brave Perithous, bold Ixion's Son,
The Love of fair Hippodame had won:
The cloud-begotten Race, half Men, half Beast,
Invited came to grace the nuptial Feast.
And one, most brutal of the brutal Brood,
Or whether Wine or Beauty fir'd his Blood,
Or both; at once beheld with lustful Eyes
The Bride, at once resolv'd to make his Prize:
Down went the Board; and fast'ning on her Hair,
He siez'd with sudden Force the frighted Fair:
'Twas Eurytus began: his bestial Kind
His Crime pursu'd; and each, as pleas'd his Mind,
Or her; whom Chance presented, took: the Feast
An Image of a taken Town expres's'd.
The Cave resounds with semal Shrieks: we rise,
Mad with Revenge, to make a swift Reprize.
—— First Theseus thrusts aside
The Crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the Bride:
The Monster nought reply'd: for Words were vain:
And Deeds could only Deeds unjust maintain;
But answers with his Hand, and forward press'd,
With Blows redoubled, on his Face and Breast.
An ample Goblet stood, of antick Mold,
And rough with Figures of the rising Gold;
The Hero snatch'd it up, and tos's'd in Air,
Full at the Front of the foul Ravisher:

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He falls; and, falling, vomits forth a Flood,
Of Wine, and Foam, and Brains, and mingled Blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing thro' the Hall,
Arms, Arms, the double-form'd with Fury call,
To wreak their Brother's Death: a Medley-Flight
Of Bowls and Jars at firſt ſupply the Fight:
Once Inſtruments of Feaſts, but now of Fate:
Wine animates their Rage, and arms their Hate.
Bold Amycus from the robb'd Veſtry brings
The Chalices of Heav'n, and holy Things
Of precious Weight: a Sconce, that hung on high,
With Tapers fill'd, to light the Sacriſty,
Torn from the Cord, with his unhallow'd Hand
He threw amid the Lapythæan Band:
On Celadon the Ruin fell; and left
His Face of Feature and of Form bereft:
This, Belates, th' Avenger, could not brook;
But, by the Foot, a Maple Board he took:
And hurl'd at Amycus; his Chin it beat
Againſt his Cheſt, and down the Centaur ſent:
Whom, ſputt'ring bloody Teeth, the ſecond Blow
Of his drawn Sword diſpatch'd to Shades below.
Grineus was near, and cait a furious Look
On the Side-Altar, cens'd with ſacred Smoke,
And bright with flaming Fires; then from the Floor
An Altar-Stone he heav'd, with all the Load it bore:
Altar, and Altar's Freight together flew,
Where thickeſt throng'd the Lapythæan Crew;
And, at once, Broteas, and Oryus ſlew.
Exadius look'd about, where on a Pine was ſpread
The votive Horns of a Stag's branching Head:
At Grineus theſe he throws; ſo juſt they fly,
That the ſharp Antlers ſtuck in either Eye:
Breathleſs and blind he fell, with Blood beſmear'd;
His Eye-balls, beaten out, hung dangling on his Beard.
Fierce Rhœtus, from the Hearth, a burning Brand
Selects; and, whirling, waves; till, from his Hand,
The Fire took flame; then daſh'd it, from the right,
On fair Charaxus' Temples, near the Sight:
The whiſtling Peſt came on; and pierc'd the Bone;
And caught the yellow Hair, that ſhrivel'd while it ſhone;
Caught, like dry Stubble fir'd; or like Seer-wood:
Yet from the Wound enſu'd no purple Flood;
But look'd a bubbling Maſs of frying Blood:
His blazing Locks ſent forth a crackling Sound;
And hiſs'd like red-hot Iron within the Smithy drown'd:

The

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he wounded Warrior shook his flaming Hair;
hen, whara Team of Horse could hardly rear,
e heaves the Threshold Stone; but could not throw;
he Weight it self forbad the threaten'd Blow:
Which, dropping from his lifted Arm, came down
ull on Cometes' Head; and crush'd his Crown:
Vith Strokes redoubled, Rhoetus plies his Head:
he burning Lever nor deludes his Pains;
ut drives the batter'd Skull within the Brains.
hen Corythus, with downy Cheeks, he slew:
Within Evagrus' Mouth, then drove the firy Death,
Which enter'd hissing in, and choak'd his Breath:
t Dryas next he flew: but weary Chance
o longer would the same Success advance:
or, while he whirl'd in firy Circles round
he Brand, a sharpen'd Stake strong Dryas found;
nd in the Shoulder's Joint inflicts the Wound:
he Weapon stuck; which, roaring out with Pain,
le drew; nor longer durst the Fight maintain.
ast turn'd his Back, for fear, and fled amain.
nd Augur Astylos, whose Art is vain
rom Fight dissuaded the four-footed Train,
low beat the Hoof with Nessus on the Plain.
Grenæus fled, to fall with more Disgrace:
'or, fearful, while he look'd behind, he bore
Betwixt his Nose and Front, the Blow before.
Amid the Noise and Tumult of the Fray,
Snoring, and drunk with Wine, Aphidas lay:
Ev'n then the Bowl within his Hand he kept;
And on a Bear's rough Hide securely slept:
Him Phorbas, with his flying Dart transfix'd:
Take thy next Draught, with Stygian Waters mix'd,
And sleep thy Fill; th' insulting Victor cry'd:
Surpriz'd with Death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd;
The ruddy Vomit, as he breath'd his Soul,
Repass'd his Throat, and fill'd his empty Bowl.
I saw Petræus' Arms employ'd around
A well grown Oak, to root it from the Ground:
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous Bands:
The Trunk was like a Sapling in his Hands,
And still obey'd the Bent: while thus he stood,
Perithous' Dart drove on, and nail'd him to the Wood.
This Dictys saw; and, seiz'd with sudden Fright,
Leapt headlong from the Hill of steepy Height,
And crush'd an Ash beneath, that could not bear his Weight:
The shatter'd Tree receives his Fall; and strikes,
Within his full-blown Paunch, the sharpen'd Spikes.

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Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty Stone,
The Fragment of a Rock; and would have thrown:
But Theſeus, with a Club of harden'd Oak,
The Cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd; nor ſeconded the Stroke:
Then leapt on tall Bianor's Back; who bore
No mortal Burden but his own, before;
Preſs'd with his Knees his Sides: the double Man,
His ſpeed with Spurs increas'd, unwilling ran:
One Hand the Hero faſten'd on his Locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated Strokes:
The Club rung round his Ears, and batter'd Brows:
He falls; and, laſhing up his Heels, his Rider throws.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful Sight,
Or the long Fortune of th' Athenian Knight;
But pull'd, with all his Force, to diſengage
From Earth a Pine; the Product of an Age!
The Root ſtuck faſt: the broken Trunk he ſent
At Theſeus: Theſeus fruſtrates his Intent:
And leaps aſide, by Pallas warn'd, to ſhun the Blow:
Yet not in vain th' enormous Weight was caſt;
Which Crantor's Body ſunder'd at the Waſte:
Peleus, with grieving Eyes, beheld his Fate;
And threw his aſhen Spear, which quiver'd as it flew;
With all his Force, and all his Soul apply'd:
The ſharp Point enter'd in the Centaur's Side:
Both Hands, to wrench it out, the Monſter join'd;
And wrench'd it out, but left the Steel behind:
Stuck in his Lungs it ſtood; enrag'd, he rears
His Hoofs: and down to Ground brave Peleus bears:
Thus trampled under Foot, his Shield defends
His Head; his other Hand the Lance protends:
Ev'n while he lay extended on the Duſt,
He ſped the Centaur with one ſingle Thruſt.
Two more his Lance before tranſfix'd from far;
And two his Sword had ſlain in cloſer War:
To theſe was added Dorylas; who ſpread
A Bull's two goring Horns around his Head:
With theſe he puſh'd: In Blood already dy'd;
My Spear I threw: for want of other Ward,
He lifted up his Hand, his Front to guard:
His Hand it paſs'd, and fix'd it to his Brow:
Loud Shouts of ours attend the lucky Blow:
Him Peleus finiſh'd with a ſecret Wound,
Which thro' the Navel pierc'd, he reel'd around;
And drag'd his dangling Bowels on the Ground;

Trod.

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'rod what he drag'd; and what he trod he crush'd;
nd to his Mother Earth with empty Belly rush'd.
v'n still methinks I see Phæocomes:
trange was his Habit, and as odd his Dress:
ix Lion's Hides, with Thongs together fast,
lis upper Part defended to his Waist:
nd where Man ended, the contin'd Vest
pread, on his Back, the Houss and Trappings of a Beast:
. Stump, too heavy for a Team to draw,
le threw at Pholon: the descending Blow
Divides the Skull, and cleaves his Head in two:
The Brains, from Nose, and Mouth, and either Ear,
Came issuing out; as thro' a Colendar
The curdled Milk; or from the Press the Whey,
Driv'n down by Weights above, is drain'd away:
But him, while stooping down to spoil the slain,
Pierc'd thro' the Paunch, I tumbled on the Plain.
Already Cæneus, with his conq'ring Hand,
Had slaughter'd five, the boldest of their Band:
When Latreus, bulkiest of the double Race,
Betwixt th' embattel'd Ranks began to prance;
And rode the Ring around. ——
The fatal Spear of Cæneus reach'd his Side:
Just in the Mixture of the Kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether Beast, and upper Man:
The Monster, mad with Rage, and stung with Smart,
His Lance directed at the Hero's Heart.
It struck, but bounded from his harden'd Breast;
Like Hail from Tiles, which the safe House invest:
Nor seem'd the Stroke with more Effect to come,
Than a small Pebble falling on a Drum:
He next his Fauchion try'd in closer Fight;
But the keen Fauchion had no Pow'r to bite:
He thrust: the blunted Point return'd again:
Since downright Blows, he cry'd, and Thrusts are vain,
I'll prove his Side. In strong Embraces held,
He prov'd his Side; his Side the Sword repell'd:
His hollow Belly echo'd to the Stroke;
Untouch'd his Body, as a solid Rock;
Aim'd at his Neck at last, the Blade in Shivers broke.
Th' impassive Knight stood idle, to deride
His Rage; and offer'd oft his naked Side:
At length he thrust, and in his Shoulder plung'd the Sword.
Then writh'd his Hand; and, as he drove it down,
Deep in his Breast, made many Wounds in one.
The Centaurs saw, enrag'd, th' unhop'd Success,
And, rushing on, in Crowds together press:

At

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At him, and him alone: their Darts they threw:
Repuls'd, they from his fated Body flew:
Amaz'd they ſtood, till Monychus began;
O Shame! a Nation conquer'd by a Man!
Maſter'd by this Half-Man! whole Mountains throw,
With Woods at once, and bury him below:
This only Way remains: Nor need we doubt
To choak the Soul within, tho' not to force it out:
Heap Weights, inſtead of Wounds. He chanc'd to ſee,
Where Southern Storms had rooted up a Tree;
This, rais'd from Earth, againſt the Foe he threw:
Th' Example ſhewn, his Fellow-Brutes purſue:
With Foreſt-Loads the Warriour they invade:
Othrys and Pelion ſoon were void of Shade;
And ſpreading Groves were naked Mountains made.
Preſs'd with the Burden, Cenæus pants for Breath;
And on his Shoulders bears the wooden Death:
To heave th' intolerable Weight he tries:
At length it roſe above his Mouth and Eyes:
Yet ſtill he heaves; and, ſtruggling, with Deſpair,
Shakes all aſide; and gains a Gulp of Air:
A ſhort Relief; which but prolongs his Pain:
He faints by Fits; and then reſpires again:
At laſt the Burden only nods above,
As when an Earthquake ſtirs th' Idæan Grove
For us, our Courage was increas'd by Grief:
Aſham'd to ſee a ſingle Man purſu'd
With Odds, to ſink beneath a Multitude;
We puſh'd the Foe; and forc'd to ſhameful Flight: (Ovid.
Part fell; and Part eſcap'd by Favour of the Night. Dryd.

FREEDOM.

Freedom, without whoſe Charms ev'n Peace would be
But a dull quiet Slavery. Dryd.
I am as free, as Nature firſt made Man;
Ere the baſe Laws of Servitude began; (Gran.
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran. Dr. Conq. of
O get ſome bleſſed Hours of Liberty!
To thy bent Mind ſome Relaxation give,
And ſteal one Day out of thy Life to live.
Happy the Man, to whom kind Heav'n
Has ſuch a Freedom always giv'n!
Where Honour, or where Conſcience will not bind;
No other Law ſhall ſhackle me;
Slave to my ſelf I will not be;
Nor ſhall my future Actions be confind
By my own preſent Mind. Who

Who by Reſolves and Vows engag'd does ſtand
For Days that yet belong to Fate,
Does, like an Unthrift, mortgage his Eſtate
Before it falls into his Hand.
The Bondman of the Cloiſter ſo
All he receives does always owe;
And ſtill as Time comes in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but Debts to pay. Cowl.
The Men, who Poverty too much do fear,
T'avoid that Weight, a greater Burden bear:
To cruel Maſters they themſelves enſlave,
That they may Pow'r above their Equals have:
For Gold their Liberty exchang'd we ſee,
The faireſt Flow'r, which crowns Humanity. Cowl. Hor.
The Stag and Horſe in common Paſture fed,
Till Jars enſu'd, and Heels oppos'd to Head;
But Horns are lucky Things, and Palfry fled;
Foaming for Spite, (And Paſſion is a Wit)
He ſought for Man, and kindly took the Bit;
But when he fully had reveng'd the Cauſe,
The Spurs ſtill gaul'd his Sides, the Curb his Jaws:
Juſt ſo the Man, who has his Freedom ſold,
The nobler Riches, for inſulting Gold,
His Back beneath a jaunting Rider lays;
Hackney'd and ſpurr'd thro' all his ſlaviſh Days. Staff. Hor.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendſhip's an Abſtract of Love's noble Flame;
'Tis Love refin'd, and purg'd from all its Droſs:
'Tis next to Angels Love, if not the ſame:
As ſtrong as Paſſion is, tho' not ſo groſs:
Nobler than Kindred, or than Marriage-Band,
Becauſe more free: Wedlock-Felicity
It ſelf does only by this Union ſtand;
And turns to Friendſhip or to Miſery.
Force or Deſign Matches to paſs may bring,
But Friendſhip does from Love and Honour ſpring. Orinda.
Thick Waters ſhew no Images of Things:
Friends are each others Mirrours, and ſhould be
Clearer than Cryſtal, or the Mountain Springs,
And free from Clouds, Deſign, and Flattery:
For vulgar Souls no Part of Friendſhip ſhare:
Poets and Friends are born to what they are.
Friends ſhould obſerve and chide each other's Faults;
To be ſevere then is moſt juſt and kind:
Nothing can 'ſcape their Search, who know the Thoughts;

This

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This they ſhould give and take with equal Mind.
For Friendſhip, when this Freedom is deny'd,
Is like a Painter when his Hands are ty'd. Orinda.
O judge me not leſs kind becauſe I chide;
I am your Friend, ſo true,
So tender, that each Word I ſpeak, (for Love.
Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your Ear. Dryd. All
Pure is the Flame of Friendſhip and divine,
Like that, which in Heav'ns Sun does ſhine;
He in the upper Air and Sky,
Does no Effects of Heat beſtow,
But, as his Beams the farther fly,
He begets Warmth, Life, Beauty, here below:
Friendſhip is leſs apparent when too nigh,
Like Objects, if they touch the Eye;
Leſs meritorious than is Love.
For when we Friends together ſee,
So much, ſo much both one do prove,
That their Love then ſeems but Self-Love to be. Cowl.
Friendſhip to ſuch a noble Height ſhould riſe,
As their Devotion does in Sacrifice,
Who think they ſhew a Zeal remiſs and ſmall;
Except themſelves, as nobler Victims, fall. Otw. Alcibiad.
What vaſt and boundleſs Flights can Friendſhip take!
Beyond what Search can ſee, or Fanſy track!
It is th'Improvement of the Part divine,
When Souls in their ſeraphick Tranſports join;
In Souls united ſo we Friendſhip ſee,
As many Glories make one Deity. Otw. Alcibiad.
Eſſential Honour muſt be in a Friend;
Not ſuch as ev'ry Breath fans to and fro;
But, born within, is its own Judge and End,
And dares not ſin, tho' ſure that none ſhould know:
Where Friendſhip's nam'd, Honeſty's underſtood:
For none can be a Friend, who is not good. Orinda.
Tho' ev'ry Thing may love, yet 'tis a Rule.
He cannot be a Friend, that is a Fool. Orinda.
Friendſhip is Pow'r and Riches, all, to me:
Friendſhip's another Element of Life:
Water and Fire not of more gen'ral Uſe,
To the Support and Comfort of the World,
Than Friendſhip to the Being of my Joy: (Capua.
I would do ev'ry thing to ſerve a Friend. South. Fate of
—— Friendſhip is plain,
Artleſs, familiar, confident and free. Lanſd. Jew of Ven.
—— —— In their Nonage
A Sympathy unuſual join'd their Loves:

They.

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hey pair'd like Turtles; ſtill together drank,
ogether eat, nor quarrel'd for the Choice:
ike twining Streams, both from one Fountain fell, (Bor.
nd, as they ran, ſtill mingled Smiles and Tears. Lee. Cæſ.
Great Souls by Inſtinct to each other turn,
lemand Alliance, and in Friendſhip burn:
ſuddain Friendſhip; while, with outſtretch'd Rays,
hey meet each other, mingling Blaze with Blaze. Add.
My Soul ſeems pleas'd to take Acquaintance with thee,
s if ally'd to thine: Perhaps 'tis Sympathy
f honeſt Minds; like Strings wound up to Muſick, (Tam.
here, by one Touch, both utter the ſame Harmony. Rowe.
Still to one End they both ſo juſtly drew,
s courteous Doves, together yok'd, would do.
lever did Marriage ſuch true Union find,
r Men's Deſires with ſo glad Violence bind;
or there is ſtill ſome Tincture left of Sin,
nd ſtill the Sex will needs be ſtealing in:
hoſe Joys are full of Droſs, and thicker far;
heſe, without Matter, clear and liquid are:
uch ſacred Love does Heav'ns bright Spirits fill,
Whoſe Love is but to underſtand and will,
With ſwift and unſeen Motions; ſuch as we
omewhat expreſs in heighten'd Charity.
n this baſe World, alas! Friendſhip is made
A Bait for Sin, or elſe at beſt a Trade. Cowl. David:
To ſuch ſtrange Pitch their high Affections flew, (Dav.
That Nature's ſelf ſcarce look'd on them as two. Cowl.
With ſoothing Baths, and the ſmooth ſuppling Oil,
The Body is refreſh'd, o'ercharg'd with Toil:
And from a Friend's Advice Relief we find,
From Doubts and Terrours that torment the Mind. ——
A Friend ſhould find our each Neceſſity,
And then, unask'd, relieve at any Rate:
It is not Friendſhip, but Formality,
To be deſir'd: For Kindneſs keeps no State.
Of Friends he does the Benefactor prove,
Who gives his Friend the Means t'expreſs his Love.
Conſtant and ſolid, whom no Storms can ſhake,
Nor Death unfix, a right Friend ought to be:
If to ſurvive condemn'd, he ne'er will make
A ſecond Choice, but Grief and Memory.
But Friendſhip's beſt Fate is, when it can ſpend
A Life, a Fortune, all, to ſerve a Friend. Orinda.
So helpleſs Friends, when ſafe themſelves a-ſhore,
Behold a Veſſel driv'n againſt a Rock;
They ſigh, they weep, they counſel, and they pray;

They

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They ſtretch their unſilling Hands in vain,
But none will plunge into the raging Main,
To ſave the ſinking Paſſenger from Death. Dr. Love Trium.
And Friendſhip ſtill provides a double Strength
T'oppoſe th' Aſſaults of Fortune. Dryd. Temp.
With Eaſe the Gifts of Fortune I reſign;
But let my Love and Friend be ever mine. Dr. D. Seb.
——— ——— In Friendſhip, who receives,
Obliges, by Acceptance, him that gives. Lanſd. Jew of Ven.
But Friendſhip wrong'd ſtill into Hatred turns.
Otw. Tit. & Ber.
Nature, or what is nearer much than Nature,
The kind Conſent of our agreeing Minds,
Have made us dear to one another. —— Rowe. Fair Pen.
He was my Friend, the trueſt Friend on Earth:
A ſtrong and mighty Influence join'd our Birth;
Nor did we envy the moſt ſounding Name,
To Friendſhip given of old by Fame.
Say, for you ſaw us, ye immortal Lights,
How oft, unweary'd, have we ſpent the Nights,
'Till the Ledæan Stars, ſo fam'd for Love,
Wonder'd at us from above? Cowl.
——— ——— In that Friend I've loſt
All my Soul's Peace: for ev'ry Thought of him (Preſ.
Strikes my Senſe hard, and deads it in my Brain. Otw. Ven.
He lov'd me well; ſo well, he could but die,
To ſhew he lov'd me better than his Life:
He loſt it for me. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.
Oh! Dearer than my Soul, if I can call it mine;
For ſure we had the ſame: 'twas very thine!
Brother thou waſt, but waſt my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more:
Mine, more than Blood, Alliance, Nature's ſelf could make,
Than I, or Fame it ſelf can ſpeak.
Not yearning Mothers, when firſt Throes they feel,
To their young Babes in Looks a ſofter Paſſion tell;
Not artleſs undiſſembling Maids expreſs
In their laſt dying Sighs ſuch Tenderneſs;
None e'er could boaſt an Union ſo near,
Could boaſt a Love ſo firm, ſo laſting, ſo divine:
So pure is that, which we in Angels find
To Mortals here,
In Heav'n to their own Kind:
So pure, but not more great, muſt that bleſt Friendſhip prove,
Which ſhall for ever join our mingled Souls above. Oldh.
Conſider, how we from our earlieſt Years
Have liv'd, as if one Will, one Soul had acted us! Den. Iph.
Thou.

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Thou art my ſelf, my very ſelf, my Pylades;
View thy own Heart, and ſee Oreſtes there. Den. Iphig.
I could not bear a Rival in my Friendſhip,
am ſo much in Love, and fond of thee. Otw. Orph.
——— For ſure we are ſuch Friends,
So much one Man, that our Affections too
Muſt be united, and the ſame as we are. Otw. Orph.
It were impoſſible that two, ſo one,
Should not have lov'd the ſame. ——— Dr. All for Love.
——— ——— There's Virtue in thy Friendſhip,
Would make the ſaddeſt Tale of Sorrow pleaſing.
Strengthen my Conſtancy, and welcome Ruin. Otw. V. Preſ.
Live, live and reign for ever in my Boſom;
Safe and unrival'd there poſſeſs thy own:
And you, ye brighteſt of the Stars above,
Ye Saints, that once were Women here below,
Be Witneſs of the Truth, the holy Friendſhip,
Which here to this my other ſelf I vow:
If I not hold her nearer to my Soul,
Than ev'ry other Joy the World can give,
Let Poverty, Deformity and Shame,
Diſtraction and Deſpair, ſeize me on Earth:
Let not my faithleſs Ghoſt have Peace hereafter, (Short.
Nor taſte the Bliſs of your celeſtial Fellowſhip. Rowe. J.
Yes, thou art me; and only thou art me.
——— ——— My all is thine:
One common Hazard ſhall attend us both;
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched. Rowe. J. Sh.
O Pylades, what's Life without a Friend?
At Sight of thee my gloomy Soul chears up;
My Hopes revive; and Gladneſs dawns upon me.
——— May no blind Stroke of Fate (Moth.
Divide us more, and tear me from my ſelf. Phill. Diſt
Alex. Riſe all; and thou, my ſecond ſelf, my Love,
O my Hepheſtion, raiſe thee from the Earth
Up to my Breaſt, and hide thee in my Heart:
Art thou grown cold? Why hang thy Arms at diſtance?
Hug me, or by Heaven thou lov'ſt me not.
Heph. Not love my Lord! Break not the Heart you fram'd,
And moulded up to ſuch an Excellence!
Then ſtamp'd on it your own immortal Image:
Not love the King? Such is not Woman's Love!
So fond a Friendſhip, ſuch a ſacred Flame,
As I muſt doubt to find in Breaſts above.
Alex. Thou do'ſt, thou lov'ſt me, Crown of all my Wars;
Thou dearer to me, than my Groves of Laurel:
I know thou lov'ſt thy Alexander more

Than

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Than Clytus loves the King. No Tears, Hepheſtion!
I read thy Paſſion in thy manly Eyes;
And glory in thoſe Planets of my Life,
Above the Rival Lights that ſhine in Heaven.
I'll tell thee, Friend, and mark it, all ye Princes,
Tho' never mortal Man arriv'd to ſuch
A Height as I, yet I would forfeit all;
Caſt all my Purples, and my conquer'd Crowns,
And die to ſave this Darling of my Soul. Lee. Alex.
Why do'ſt thou drive me from my ſelf to ſearch
For foreign Aids? to hunt my Memory,
And range all o'er a waſte and barren Place;
To find a Friend? The Wretched have no Friends:
Yet I had one, ——
Whom Cæſar lov'd beyond the Love of Women:
He could reſolve his Mind, as Fire does Wax,
From that hard rugged Image melt him down, (Love.
And mould him in what ſofter Form he pleas'd. Dr. All for
Let me embrace thee but a little,
And weep upon thy Neck: I would repoſe
Within thy friendly Boſom all my Follies;
For thou wilt pardon them, becauſe they're mine:
Be not too credulous: conſider firſt,
Friends may be falſe: Is there no Friendſhip falſe?
Why do'ſt thou ask me that? Does this appear
Like a falſe Friendſhip, when, with open Arms,
And ſtreaming Eyes, I run upon thy Breaſt?
O 'tis in thee alone I muſt have Comfort. Otw. Orph.
Marcus, the Friendſhips of the World are oft
Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleaſure:
Ours has ſevereſt Virtue for its Baſis;
And ſuch a Friendſhip ends not but with Life. Add. Cato.
—— Friendſhip's the Privilege
Of private Men; for wretched Greatneſs knows
No Bleſſing ſo ſubſtantial. —— Tate. Loy. Gen.
Oh my lov'd Friend, till now I never knew
The Pangs of parting Friendſhip. ——
At Diſtance I have taſted of the Pain,
When the rude Morn has ſunder'd us away
To our Repoſe: But, by my Soul, I ſwear
Ev'n then my Eyes would drop a ſilent Tear, (of Ven.
Repugnant ſtill to cloſe, and ſhut out thee. Lanſd. Jew
Thou, my Lucaſia, art far more to me,
Than the bright Sun to all this World can be:
From thee I've Heat and Light;
Thy Abſence makes my Night,

But.

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ıur, ah! my Friend, it now goes very long;
The Sadneſs weighty, and the Darkneſs ſtrong:
My Tears, its Dew, dwell on my Cheeks;
And ſtill my Heart thy Dawning ſeeks:
And to thee mournfully it cries,
That, if too long I wait,
Ev'n thou may'ſt come too late
And not reſtore my Life, but cloſe my Eyes. Orinda.

When Chance, or cruel Buſ'neſs parts us two,
What do our Souls, I wonder, do?
Whilſt Sleep does our dull Bodies tie,
Methinks at home they ſhould not ſtay,
Content with Dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad; and meet each other half the Way.
Sure they do meet; enjoy each other there;
And mix, I know not how, nor where:
Their friendly Lights together twine,
Like loving Stars, that oft combine;
Yet not themſelves their own Conjunctions know.
'Twere an ill World for ev'ry Friend,
If Diſtance could their Union end:
But Love himſelf can far advance
Above the Pow'r of Time and Space;
His Time's for ever, ev'ry where his Place:
I'm there with thee; yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's Heart:
Miracles ceaſe not yet in Love;
When he his mighty Pow'r would try,
Abſence it ſelf will bounteous prove,
And ſtrangely ev'n our Preſence multiply. Cowl.

FROG.

Ev'n Slime begets the Frogs loquacious Race:
Short of their Feet at firſt; in little Space
With Arms and Legs endu'd, long Leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder Parts, and ſwim the Lake;
And Waves repel: For Nature gave their Kind,
To that Intent, a Length of Legs behind. Dryd. Ovid.

FROST.

The Winds oft bind the Globe in cryſtal Fetters:
To Glaſs they turn the Lakes on which they blow;
Benumb the Floods, and teach them not to flow. Blac. Job.
How is the Dew arreſted in its Flight,
Congeal'd and whiten'd in the Air by Night?

How

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How does it ſpread its Froſt-work o'er the Meads,
Opp.eſs the Trees, and bend their hoary Heads?
What is the Nature of the icy Chain,
Which can the fluid Element reſtrain;
Which oft compels a rouling Flood to ſtand,
Hardens the Stream, and makes the Water Land?
Grown ſtiff with Cold, the Billows roul no more, (Id
But with their criſtal Arms embrace the rocky Shore. Bla

FROWN.

Contempt contracts her Brow: her Paſſions riſe,
And proud Diſdain glares in her rouling Eyes. Gay. Ovi
Like a black Storm the Monarch frown'd;
And, louring, caſt his haughty Eyes around. Blac. Eliza.
——— ——— His parting Frowns
May well inſtruct me, Rage is in his Heart. Otw. Orph.
What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brows in Frowns
Add. Cat
Look not ſo dreadful on your kneeling Servant:
O do not frown, but clear that angry Brow:
Your Eyes will blaſt me, and your Words are Bolts,
That ſtrike me dead. ——— ——— Lee. Alex.

FRYAR.

I met a rev'rend, fat, old, gouty Fryar;
With a Paunch ſwoln ſo high, his double Chin
Might reſt upon't: a true Son of the Church;
Freſh-colour'd, and well thriven on his Trade;
Come puffing with his greazy bald-pate Quire;
And fumbling o'er his Beads in ſuch an Agony,
He told them falſe for Fear: About his Neck (Fry.
There hung a Wench; the Label of his Function. Dryd. Sp.

FUNERALS.

An ancient Wood, fit for the Work deſign'd,
The ſhady Covert of the ſavage Kind,
The Trojans found: the ſounding Ax is ply'd;
Firs, Pines, and Pitch-Trees, and the tow'ring Pride
Of Foreſt Aſhes feel the fatal Stroke;
And piercing Wedges cleave the ſtubborn Oak:
Huge Trunks of Trees, fell'd from the ſteepy Crown
Of the bare Mountains, roul with Ruin down. Dryd. Ovid.
Forth from the City all the People went,
And nine Days Space in felling Trees was ſpent:

The

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he tenth, a moſt ſtupendous Pile they made,
nd on the Top the manly Hector laid;
hen gave it Fire: while all, with weeping Eyes,
eheld the rolling Flame and Smoke ariſe.
ll Night they wept, and all the Night it burn'd:
ut when the roſy Morn with Day return'd,
bout the Pile the thronging People came,
nd with black Wine quench'd the remaining Flame.
is Brothers then, and Friends ſearch'd ev'ry where,
nd, gath'ring up his ſnowy Bones with Care,
Vept o'er them: when an Urn of Gold was brought,
Vrapt in ſoft purple Palls, and richly wrought,
n which the ſacred Aſhes were interr'd:
hen o'er his Grave a Monument they rear'd. Cong. Hom.
hrice in his Body clean by Bathing made;
And, when with Victor's Oil anointed o'er,
'is in the Palace Gate devoutly laid,
Clad in that Veſt which he in Battel wore.
Whilſt ſev'n ſucceeding Suns paſs ſadly by,
The Palace ſeems all hid in Cypreſs Boughs;
rom antient Lore, of Man's Mortality
The Type: for, where 'tis lopt, it never grows.
he publick fun'ral Voice, till theſe expire,
Cries out: Here Greatneſs, tir'd with Honour, reſts!
ome ſee what Bodies are when Souls retire,
And viſit Death, ere you become his Gueſts.
Now on a purple Bed the Corps they lay;
Whilſt Trumpets ſummon all the common Quire
n Tune to mourn him, and diſperſe his Praiſe:
And then move ſlowly tow'rds the fun'ral Fire.
They bear before him Spoils they'ad gain'd in War,
And his great Anceſtors, in Sculpture wrought:
And now arrive ——————
Where, in an Altar's Form, a Pile is made
Of unctuous Fir, and Sleeper's fatal Ough;
On which the Body is by Mourners laid,
Who there ſweet Gums, their laſt kind Tribute, threw.
Hubert, his Arm, weſtward, averſely ſtretch'd,
Whilſt to the hopeful Eaſt his Eyes were turn'd;
And with a hallow'd Torch the Pile he reach'd,
Which ſeen, they all with utmoſt Clamour mourn'd.
Whilſt the ſad Flame aſpires, Oſwald! they cry,
Farewel! we follow ſwiftly as the Hours!
For, with Time's Wings, tow'rds Death ev'n Cripples fly!
This ſaid the hungry Flame its Food devours.
Then Prieſts with Wine the Aſhes quench'd, and hide
The reverenc'd Reliques in a Marble Urn:

The

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The old diſmiſſive Ilicet is cry'd
By the Town-Voice, and all to Feaſts return. D'Av. Gond
——— We then his fun'ral Rites prepare,
And, to his Ghoſt, a Tomb, and Altars rear:
In mournful Pomp the Matrons walk the Round;
With baleful Cypreſs, and blue Fillets crown'd;
With Eyes dejected, and with Hair unbound:
Then Bowls of tepid Milk and Blood we pour;
And thrice invoke the Soul of Polydore. Dryd. Virg.

G.

GAMESTER.

But then my Study was to cog the Dice;
And dextrouſly to throw the lucky Sice;
To ſhun Ames-Ace, that ſweeps my Stakes away;
And watch the Box, for fear they ſhould convey
Falſe Bones; and put upon me in the Play. Dryd. Juv.
If Gaming does an aged Sire entice,
Then my young Maſter ſwiftly learns the Vice;
And ſhakes, in hanging Sleeves, the little Box and Dice.
(Dryd. Juv.
——— Like loſing Gameſters,
Who fret and ſtorm, and ſwear at little Loſſes:
But, when they ſee all Hope of Fortune vaniſh'd,
Submit, and gain a Temper by their Ruin. Dryd. Riv, Lad

GANYMEDE.

From Troy, great Jove to azure Skies convey'd,
To live with Gods, the lovely Ganymede:
Where, by th' Immortals honour'd, (ſtrange to ſee!)
The Youth enjoys a bleſs'd Eternity:
Where all his Hours are paſs'd in circling Joy,
Which Age can ne'er decay, nor Death deſtroy:
In Bowls of Gold he ruddy Nectar pours;
And Jove regales in his unbended Hours. Cong. Hom.

Story of Ganymede in Needlework.

The royal Youth is wrought with lively Art,
Chaſing thro' Ida's Groves the panting Hart:
Eager and ſtraining, he their Speed outvies:
Jove's Eagle ſtoops, and bears him to the Skies:
His aged Keepers to the Heav'ns complain:
With imitated Cries his Dogs regard in vain. Laud. Virg.

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GARDEN.

And here, perhaps, were I not giving o'er,
And ſtriking Sail, and making to the Shore;
I'd ſhew what Art the Gard'ners Toils require:
Why roſy Pæſtum bluſhes twice a year;
What Streams the verdant Succory ſupply;
And how the thirſty Plant drinks Rivers dry:
What with a chearful Green does Parſley grace;
And writhes the bellying Cucumber along the twiſted Graſs.
Nor would I paſs the ſoft Acanthus o'er,
Ivy, nor Myrtle-trees, that love the Shore;
Nor Daffodils that late from Earths ſlow Womb
Unrumple their ſwoln Buds, and ſhew their yellow Bloom.
For once I ſaw, in the Tarentine Vale,
Where ſlow Galeſus drench'd the waſhy Soil,
An old Corycian Yeoman, who had got
A few neglected Acres to his Lot;
Where neither Corn nor Paſture grac'd the Field,
Nor would the Vine her purple Harveſt yield:
But ſav'ry Herbs among the Thorns were found,
Vervain and Poppy-Flow'rs his Garden crown'd,
And dropping Lillies whiten'd all the Ground:
Bleſs'd with theſe Riches he could Empire ſlight;
And, when he reſted from his Toils at Night,
The Earth unpurchas'd Dainties would afford,
And his own Garden furniſh out his Board:
The Spring did firſt his op'ning Roſes blow;
Firſt rip'ning Autumn bent his fruitful Bough:
When piercing Colds had burſt the brittle Stone,
And freezing Rivers ſtiffen'd as they run;
He then would prune the tender'ſt of his Trees,
Chide the late Spring, and ling'ring weſtern Breeze:
His Bees firſt ſwarm'd, and made his Veſſels foam
With the rich Squeezings of the juicy Comb:
Here Lindens and the happy Pine increas'd:
Here, when gay Flow'rs his ſmiling Orchard dreſs'd,
As many Bloſſoms as the Spring could ſhow,
So many dangling Apples mellow'd on the Bough:
In Rows his Elms and knotty Pear-trees bloom,
And Thorns, ennobled now to bear a Plumb:
And ſpreading Plane-trees, where, ſupinely lay'd,
He now enjoys the Cool, and quaffs beneath the Shade.
(Add. Virg.

Garden

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Garden of Alcinous.

Close by the Gates a spacious Garden lies,
From Storms defended and inclement Skies:
Four Acres was th'allotted Space of Ground;
Fenc'd with a green Inclosure all around:
Tall thriving Trees confess'd the fruitful Mold;
The redd'ning Apple ripens here to Gold:
Here the blue Fig with luscious Juice o'erflows;
With deeper Red the full Pomegranate glows:
The Branch here bends beneath the weighty Pear,
And verdant Olives flourish round the Year:
The balmy Spirit of the Western Gale,
Eternal breathes on Flow'rs untaught to fail:
Each dropping Pear a foll'wing Pear supplies;
On Apples Apples, Figs on Figs arise:
The same mild Season gives the Blooms to blow,
The Buds to harden, and the Fruits to grow:
Here order'd Vines in equal Ranks appear,
With all th'united Labours of the Year:
Some to unload the fertile Branches run,
Some dry the black'ning Clusters in the Sun:
Others to tread the liquid Harvest join:
The groaning Presses foam with Floods of Wine:
Here are the Vines in early Flow'rs descry'd;
Here, Grapes discolour'd, on the sunny Side:
And, there, in Autumn's richest Purple dy'd.
Beds of all various Herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous Order, terminate the Scene:
Two plenteous Fountains the whole Prospect crown'd,
This thro' the Garden leads its Streams around,
Visits each Plant, and waters all the Ground;
While that in Pipes beneath the Palace flows;
And thence its Current on the Town bestows:
To various Use their various Streams they bring;
The People one, and one supplies the King. *Eust. Hom.*

The Garden, thence he saw, a pleasing Sight;
In Springs new Liv'ry clad of White and Green;
Fresh Flow'rs in wide Parterres, and shady Walks between.
Dryd. Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

Their Gardens flourish, and the golden Fruit, *(Job.*
Bend down the laden Boughs, and kiss the Parent Root. *Blac.*

Such fragrant Fruits, as in Phœacian Gardens grew,
Where a perpetual Autumn ever smil'd,
And golden Apples loaded Branches fill'd:
By such swift Atalanta was betray'd;
The vegetable Gold soon stopt the flying Maid. *Bowles. Juv.*

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Hesperian Garden.

—— Near the Tritonian Lake,
ıere, by the wakeful Dragon kept of old,
ſperian Plants grew rich with living G[illegible]
ng ſince the Fruit was from the Branches torn,
d now the Gardens their loſt Honours mourn:
h was in antient Times the Tale receiv'd,
h by our good Forefathers was believ'd;
r let Inquirers the Tradition wrong,
dare to queſtion, now, the Poets ſacred Song:
en take it for a Truth; the wealthy Wood
re under golden Boughs low bending ſtood:
ſome large Tree his Folds the Serpent wound;
e fair Heſperian Virgins watch'd around,
d join'd to guard the rich forbidden Ground;
great Alcides came to end their Care,
ipt the gay Grove, and left the Branches bare;
ien, back returning, ſought the Argive Shore,
d the bright Spoil to proud Euryſtheus bore. Rowe. Luc.

GARLAND.

She thruſt among the Trees her Lilly Hand
draw the Roſe; and ev'ry Roſe ſhe drew,
e ſhook the Stalk, and bruſh'd away the Dew.
ie Party-colour'd Flowers of white and red
ie wove, to make a Garland for her Head.
Dryd. Chau. Pal. & Arc.

—— He wove
choiceſt Flow'rs a Garland to adorn
er Treſſes; and her rural Labours crown, (Loſt.
Reapers oft are wont their Harveſt Queen. Milt. Par.
A Garland deck'd with all the Pride of May,
veet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay. Phil.

GAUNTLET-FIGHT.

Once more the Prince beſpeaks th' attentive Crowd:
there be here, whoſe dauntleſs Courage dare
Gauntlet-fight, with Limbs and Body bare,
is Oppoſite ſuſtain in open View;
and forth the Champion, and the Games renew.
wo Prizes I propoſe, and thus divide;
Bull, with gilded Horns, and Fillets tyd,
all be the Portion of the conqu'ring Chief:
Sword and Helm ſhall chear the Loſer's Grief.

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Then haughty Dares in the Lists appears;
Stalking he ſtrides; his Head erected bears:
His nervous Arms the weighty Gauntlets wield;
And loud Applauſes echo thro' the Field.
Dares, alone, the Combate us'd to ſtand
The Match of mighty Paris Hand to Hand:
Dares, at Hector's Fun'rals undertook
Gigantick Butes, of th' Amician Stock;
And, by the Stroke of his reſiſtleſs Hand,
Stretch'd the vaſt Bulk upon the yellow Sand:
Such Dares was; and ſuch he ſtrode along;
And drew the Wonder of the gazing Throng.
His brawny Back and ample Breaſt he ſhows;
His lifted Arms around his Head he throws;
And deals, in whiſtling Air, his empty Blows:
His Match is ſought; but, thro' the trembling Band,
Not one dares anſwer to the proud Demand:
Preſuming of his Force, with ſparkling Eyes,
Already he devours the promis'd Prize.
He claims the Bull with aweleſs Inſolence;
And, having ſeiz'd his Horns, accoſts the Prince:
If none my matchleſs Valour dares oppoſe,
How long ſhall Dares wait his Daſtard Foes?
Permit me, Chief, permit, without Delay,
To lead this uncontended Gift away.
The Crowd aſſents; and, with redoubled Cries,
For the proud Challenger demands the Prize.
Aceſtes, fir'd with juſt Diſdain to ſee
The Palm uſurp'd without a Victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who ſate beſide,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the Trojan's Pride:
Once, but in vain, a Champion of Renown,
So tamely can you bear the raviſh'd Crown?
A Prize in Triumph borne before your Sight,
And ſhun, for Fear, the Danger of the Fight?
Where is our Eryx now, the boaſted Name,
The God, who taught your thund'ring Arm the Game?
Where now your baffled Honour? where the Spoil,
That fill'd your Houſe, and Fame that fill'd our Iſle?
Entellus thus: My Soul is ſtill the ſame,
Unmov'd with Fear, and mov'd with martial Fame:
Oh, could I turn to that fair Prime again,
That Prime, of which this Boaſter is ſo vain,
The Brave, who this decrepit Age defies,
Should feel my Force without the promis'd Prize.

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le ſaid, and, riſing at the Word, he threw Dr. Virg.
wo pond'rous Gauntlets on the liſted Field,
Which mighty Eryx us'd in Fight to wield;
nd which the Hides of ſeven ſtrong Bulls compoſe, (Virg.
eaded with leaden Knobs, that Iron Hoops incloſe. Laud.
ares himſelf was daunted at the Sight,
enounc'd his Challenge, and refus'd to fight:
ſtoniſh'd at their Weight the Hero ſtands,
nd pois'd the pond'rous Engines in his Hands.
What had your Wonder, ſaid Entellus, been,
Had you the Gauntlets of Alcides ſeen;
Or view'd the ſtern Debate on this unhappy Green?
Theſe, which I bear, your Brother Eryx bore.
till mark'd with batter'd Brains, and mingled Gore.
With theſe he long ſuſtain'd th' Herculean Arm;
And theſe I wielded while my Blood was warm:
This ſaid, Entellus for the Striſe prepares;
Stripp'd of his quilted Coat, his Body bares, Dryd. Virg.
And in the Liſts the bold Defier dares.
But then Æneas equal Arms ſupply'd,
Which to their Shoulders and their Wriſts they ty'd:
Stretch'd in their full Extent their Creſts they rear,
And fling their Steel-clinch'd Fingers in the Air:
To ward the Strokes their working Heads retire,
And claſhing Gauntlets ſtake their Fiſts with Fire:
His youthful Limbs more nimbly Dares plies;
This in his Strength exceeds, and Giant Size:
But, ſtiff with Age, his lab'ring Joints bend ſlow,
He ſhakes with Panting, and his Noſtrils blow:
Equal as yet they ſtrike, and equal wound;
Their Back-bones echo, and their Cheſts reſound:
And Show'rs of Thumps about their Temples fly,
And rattling Jaws their nervous Fiſts defie:
Entellus ſtands his Ground, and wards but with his Eye.
Laud. Virg.

While Dares traverſes, and ſhifts his Place:
And, like a Captain, who beſiegers round
Some ſtrong-built Caſtle on a riſing Ground,
Views all th' Approaches with obſerving Eyes,
This, and that other Part, in vain he tries,
And more on Induſtry, than Force, relies. Dryd. Virg.
Entellus, ſtretching out, diſcharg'd a Blow,
But Dares ſlip'd aſide, and ſhuns the Foe;
And down his Arms and he together go. Laud. Virg.
So falls a hollow Pine, that long had ſtood
On Ida's Height, or Erymanthus' Wood

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Torn from the Roots: The diff'ring Nations riſe;
And Shouts, and mingled Murmurs, rend the Skies.
Aceſtes runs, with eager Haſte, to raiſe
The fall'n Companion of his youthful Days:
Dauntleſs he roſe, and to the Fight return'd;
With Shame his glowing Cheeks, his Eyes with Fury burn'd:
Diſdain and conſcious Virtue fir'd his Breaſt;
And with redoubled Force his Foe he preſs'd. Dryd. Virg.
Undaunted he, nor ſlower, to engage,
Is warm'd back forty Winters by his Rage:
Shame and his conſcious Worth his Boſom fill'd,
And now he chaſes Dares thro' the Field:
Nor Reſt, nor Breath, he to his Foe allows,
But Storms of Strokes deſcend about his Brows,
A rattling Tempeſt and a Hail of Blows:
The fainting Dares ſpouts a clotter'd Flood, (Virg.
And pounded Teeth came guſhing with the Blood. Land.
But now the Prince, who ſaw the wild Increaſe
Of Wounds, commands the Combatants to ceaſe;
And bounds Entellus Wrath, and bids the Peace.
The Champion, then, before Æneas came,
Proud of his Prize; but prouder of his Fame:
O Goddeſs born, and you, Dardanian Hoſt,
Mark with Attention, and forgive my Boaſt:
Learn what I was by what remains; and know
From what impending Fate you ſav'd my Foe:
Sternly he ſpoke; and then confronts the Bull;
And, on his ample Forehead aiming full,
The deadly Stroke, deſcending, pierc'd the Skull.
Down drops the Beaſt; nor needs a ſecond Wound;
But ſprawls in Pangs of Death, and ſpurns the Ground:
Then thus: In Dares' Stead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler Sacrifice;
Take the laſt Gift my wither'd Arms can yield; (Virg.
Thy Gauntlets I reſign, and here renounce the Field. Dryd.

GENERAL.

How great's the Care, the Toil, and ling'ring Pain,
That racks a Gen'ral's Breaſt, and breaks his Brain!
Lee. Sophon.

——————— For Art,
And Conduct, are of War the better Part,
And more avail than Strength. ——— Dryd. Ovid.

Cool Senſe and Judgment, with a noble Fire,
To make a finiſh'd Leader muſt conſpire. Blac. K. Arth.

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It is a noble General's prudent Part,
To cherish Valour, and reward Desert. Dryd. Juv.

He charg'd his Soldiers, with preventing Care,
Their Flags to follow, and their Arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' ensuing Fight; and bade them hope the War.
Dryd. Virg.

Ere the mid Hour of Night, from Tent to Tent,
Unweary'd thro' the num'rous Host he past,
Viewing with careful Eyes each sev'ral Quarter;
Whilst, from his Looks, as from Divinity,
The Soldiers took Presage, and cry'd, Lead on
To Victory, and everlasting Fame. Rowe. Tamerl.

Fix'd on the glorious Action, he forgets
The Change of Seasons, and Increase of Heats;
No Toils are painful, that can Danger shew;
No Climes unlovely, that contain a Foe. Add.

Our Godlike Leader, ere the Stream he past;
The mighty Scheme of all his Labours cast;
Forming the wond'rous Year within his Thought,
His Bosom glow'd with Battels yet unfought.
The long laborious March he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese;
Between whose Floods such pathless Forests grow,
Such Mountains rise, so many Rivers flow:
The Toil looks lovely in the Heroes Eyes,
And Danger serves but to enhance the Prize. Add.

Foremost, on foot, he treads the burning Sand,
Bearing his Arms in his own patient Hand;
Scorning another's weary Neck to press;
Or in a lazy Chariot loll at Ease:
The panting Soldier to his Toil succeeds,
Where no Command, but great Example, leads:
Sparing of Sleep, still for the rest he wakes;
And at the Fountain last his Thirst he slakes:
Whene'er by Chance some living Stream is found,
He stands, and sees the cooling Draughts go round:
Stays till the last and meanest Drudge be past,
And, till his Slaves have drunk, disdains to taste:
If true good Men deserve immortal Fame;
If Virtue, tho' distress'd, be still the same,
Whate'er our Fathers greatly dar'd to do,
Whate'er they bravely bore, or wisely knew,
Their Virtues all are his, and all their Praise his Due.
Rowe. Luc. Spoken of Cato.

But most the Virtues of their matchless Chief
Inspire new Strength to bear with ev'ry Grief:

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All Night, with careful Thoughts and watchful Eyes,
On the bare Sands expos'd the Hero lies:
In ev'ry Place alike, in ev'ry Hour,
Dares his ill Fortune, and defies her Pow'r:
Unweary'd, still his common Care attends
On ev'ry Fate, and chears his dying Friends:
With ready Haste at each sad Call he flies;
And more than Health, or Life itself supplies:
With Virtue's noblest Precepts arms their Souls,
And ev'n their Sorrows, like his own, controuls:
Where-e'er he comes, no Signs of Grief are shewn,
Grief, an unmanly Weakness, they disown,
And scorn to sigh, or breathe one parting Groan:
Still urging on his pious Cares, he strove
The Sense of outward Evils to remove;
And, by his Presence, taught them to disdain
The feeble Rage and Impotence of Pain. Rowe. Lor.

(Spoken of Cato.

Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares?
Painful Pre-eminence?
Have you forgotten Lybia's burning Waste,
Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison?
Who was the first t'explore th'untrodden Path,
When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step?
Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd-for Stream,
You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted?
If some penurious Source by chance appear'd,
Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry,
And offer'd the full Helmet up to Cato,
Did he not dash th'unrasted Moisture from him?
Did he not lead you thro' the Mid-day Sun
And Clouds of Dust? Did not his Temples glow
In the same sultry Winds and scorching Heats? Add. Cato.

GHOST.

Hear, ye midnight Phantoms, hear,
You, who pale and wan appear,
And fill the Wretch, who wakes, with Fear.
You who wander, scream, and groan,
Around the Mansions, once your own:
You, whom still your Crimes upbraid,
You who rest not with the Dead:

From

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om the Coverts, where you ſtray,
here you lurk, and ſhun the Day,
om the Charnel, and the Tomb,
ither haſte ye, hither come. Rowe. Fair Peru.
Now Hector's Ghoſt before my Sight appears:
bloody Shrowd he ſeem'd, and bath'd in Tears:
uch as he was, when, by foul Treaſon ſlain,
he Italian Courſers drag'd him o'er the Plain:
wol'n were his Feet, as when the Thongs were thruſt
Thro' his bor'd Soles, his Body black with Duſt:
Unlike that Hector, who return'd from Toils
Of War, triumphant in Æacian Spoils:
Or him, who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And lanch'd againſt their Navy Phrygian Fire:
His Hair and Beard ſtood ſtiffen'd with his Gore;
And all the Wounds, he for his Country bore,
Now ſtream'd afreſh, and with new Purple ran:
I wept to ſee the viſionary Man. Dryd. Virg.
——— She gliding paſs'd unſeen in Air:
I ſtrove to ſpeak, but Horrour ty'd my Tongue:
And thrice about her Neck my Arms I flung;
And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain Embraces hung;
Light as an empty Dream at Break of Day,
Or as a Blaſt of Wind ſhe ruſh'd away. Dryd. Virg.
Then, as he ſtrove to claſp the fleeting Fair,
His empty Arms confeſs'd th' impaſſive Air;
From his Embrace th'unbodied Spectre flies. Garth.
He ſaid; and falling Tears his Face bedew:
Then thrice, around his Neck, his Arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting Shadow ſlipp'd away;
Like Winds, or empty Dreams, that fly the Day. Dr. Virg.
——— I vaniſh with the Night;
And feel the Blaſt of Heav'n's approaching Light:
He ſaid; and mix'd with Shades; and took his airy Flight.
Dryd. Virg.

GIANT.

——— He ſung,
How Earth's bold Sons, by wild Ambition fir'd,
Defy'd the Gods, and to celeſtial Thrones aſpir'd:
Typhœus firſt, with lifted Mountains arm'd,
Led on the furious Van, and Heav'n it ſelf alarm'd:
Now Prochyte among the Stars he threw,
And, from their Baſes torn, huge Iſlands flew,
And ſhook th'Etherial Orbs: The Pow'rs above
Then firſt knew Fear; not ſo Almighty Jove:

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He, with red Lightning arm'd, and winged Fire,
Replung'd the Rebels in their native Mire:
All Nature with the dreadful Rout resounds;
They fled, and bath'd in Baian Springs their burning Wounds
On the scorch'd Earth the Footsteps still remain,
And sulph'rous Springs a firy Taste retain. Bowles. Sanaz.

Then arm'd against the Skies the Sons of Earth:
With Mountains pil'd on Mountains thrice they strove
To scale the steepy Battlements of Jove:
And thrice his Lightning and red Thunder play'd;
And their demolish'd Works in Ruin laid. Dryd. Virg.

So when at Bathos all the Giants strove
T'invade the Skies, and wage a War with Jove,
Soon as the Ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling Rebels in Confusion fled. Garth.

The fam'd Gigantick War!
When those tall Sons of Earth did Heav'n aspire,
(A brave, but impious, Fire!)
Uprooting Hills, with most stupendous Hale,
To form the high and dreadful Scale.
The Gods with Horrour and Amaze look'd down,
Beholding Rocks from their firm Basis rent;
Mountain on Mountain thrown,
With threat'ning Hurl, that shook the Firmament!
Th' Attempt did Fear in Heav'n create,
Ev'n Jove desponding sate,
Till Mars, with all his Force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole WAR on the rebellious Brood;
Who, tumbling Headlong from th'Empyreal Skies,
O'erwhelm'd those Hills, by which they thought to rise.
Cong.

GIFT.

Of all the Joys that gen'rous Minds receive,
The noblest is, the Godlike Pow'r to give. Lansd. Jew of Ven.
The Gift resum'd, the Obligation dies. Hig. Gen. Cong.
We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize. Norm. Ovid.
With Flatt'ry now he seeks her Mind to move,
And now with Gifts, the pow'rful Bribes of Love. Dr. Ovid.
With Gifts, you gave me Words of so sweet Breath com-
As made the Things more rich: that Perfume lost, (pos'd,
Take these again; for to the noble Mind (Haml.
Rich Gifts wex poor, when Givers prove unkind. Shak.
—— —— Where they receive
Base Natures hate, and love but where they give.
Sedl. Ant. & Cleop.

GIFTED

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GIFTED-BROTHER.

Some call it Gifts, and ſome new Light:
A lib'ral Art, that coſts no Pains
Of Study, Induſtry, or Brains:
His Wits were ſent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crack'd and broken:
Like Commendation Nine-pence, crook'd
With to and from my Love, it look'd:
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a Gift-Horſe in the Mouth;
And very wiſely would lay forth
No more upon it, than 'twas worth.
But, as he got it freely, ſo,
He ſpent it frank and freely too:
For Saints themſelves will ſometimes be
Of Gifts, that coſt them nothing, free.
By Means of this, with Hem and Cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd Snuff,
He could deep Myſt'ries unriddle
As eaſily, as thread a Needle:
For, as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their Way,
Whate'er Men ſpeak by this new Light,
They ſtill are ſure to be i' th' Right.
'Tis a dark Lantern of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by, but thoſe that bear it:
A Light, that falls down from on high,
For Spiritual Trades to cozen by:
An Ignis-fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them dip themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom in dirty Pond;
To dive, like wild Fowl, for Salvation,
And fiſh to catch Regeneration.
This Light inſpires, and plays upon
The Noſe of Saint, like Bag-pipe Drone;
And ſpeaks thro' hollow empty Soul,
As thro' a Trunk, or whiſp'ring Hole,
Such Language, as no mortal Ear,
But Spiritual Eaves-droppers can bear.
So Phœbus, or ſome friendly Muſe,
Into ſmall Poets Song infuſe,
Which they at ſecond Hand rehearſe,
Thro' Reed or Bagpipe, Verſe for Verſe, Hud.

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He could foretel whatever was
By Consequence to come to pass;
As Death of Great Men, Alterations,
Diseases, Battels, Inundations:
All this, without th'Eclipse of Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he has done
By inward Light, a Way as good,
And easy to be understood. Hud.

GIPSY.

A frantick Gipsy now the House he haunts,
And in wild Phrases speaks dissembled Wants:
With the fond Maids in Palmistry he deals;
They tell the Secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What Groom shall get, and Squire maintain, the Child:
But when bright Emma would her Fortune know,
A softer Look unbends his op'ning Brow:
With trembling Awe he gazes on her Eye;
And in soft Accents forms the kind Reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest Gifts are all reserv'd for her. Prior.

GLORY.

O fatal Love of Fame! O glorious Heat,
Only destructive to the Brave and Great! Add.
How vainly Glory has our Youth misled!
The Wind which blows us from the happy Shore,
And drives us from the Living to the Dead. D'Aven. Gond.
And what is Glory, but the Blast of Fame,
The People's Praise? ——— Mils. Par. Reg.
Glory farewel: thou art the Soldier's Care; (Gond.
More lov'd than Woman, less than Woman true. D'Aven.

GLOW-WORM.

——— He upon the Ground
A Glow-Worm spy'd, and, thinking he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone,
For Life it had, and like those Jewels shone,
He held it dear, till by the springing Day
Inform'd, he threw the worthless Worm away. Wall.
The Glow-Worm shews the Matter to be near,
And 'gins to pale his unchectual Fire. Shak. Hamlet.

GOAT.

The Goats, that graze the Field, and burn it bare.
Dryd. Virg.

The hairy Goats of equal Profit are
With woolly Sheep, and ask an equal Care:
or the fallacious Goat encreaſes more,
nd twice as largely yields her milky Store:
he ſtill diſtended Udders never fail;
ut, when they ſeem exhauſted, ſwell the Pail;
dean time the Paſtor ſhears their hoary Beards;
nd eaſes of their Hair the loaded Herds:
heir Cam'lots, warm in Tents, the Soldier hold;
nd ſhield the wretched Mariner from Cold:
n Shrubs they browze; and, on the bleaky Top
f rugged Hills, the thorny Bramble crop:
Attended with their Family they come
At Night, unask'd, and mindful of their Home;
And ſcarce their ſwelling Bags the Threſhold overcome.
Dryd. Virg.

Farewel, my Goats! A happy Herd, while mine!
No more ſhall I, in the refreſhing Shade
Of verdant Grottos by kind Nature made,
Behold you climbing on the Mountain Top, (Virg.
The flow'ry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop. Caryl.

GOBLET.

A Goblet, rich with Gems, and rough with Gold. Dryd.
Bocc. Sig. & Guiſc.

Beſides, a brave large Goblet ſhall be thine;
New made, new turn'd, and ſmelling wond'rous fine:
Sweet wholeſome Wax the inner Hollow hides;
And two neat Handles grace the well wrought Sides:
About the Brim a creeping Ivy twines,
Thro' whoſe brown Leaves the brighter Grapes ſhines.
Within, a Woman's lovely Image ſtands:
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes;
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows:
By her, two blooming Youths by Turns complain;
Each ſtriving who ſhall the bleſt Conqueſt gain;
Both eagerly contend; but both in vain:
She now on this her wanton Glances throws;
And now on that a careleſs Smile beſtows;
While they their big ſwell'n Eyelids hardly rear,
And ſilently accuſe the cruel Fair.

Next,

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Next, on a Cliff, a Fiſherman you'll view,
Who eagerly does his lov'd Sport purſue:
His gather'd Net juſt hov'ring o'er the Sea,
He labours at the Caſt on his half-bended Knee:
You'd ſwear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is; ſo fitted for the Throw:
His Neck enlarg'd with ſwelling Veins appears;
Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
Not far from thence a ſeeming Vineyard grows;
The Vines all neatly ſet in graceful Rows;
Whoſe weighty Cluſters bend the yielding Boughs:
The Cup, beſides, a Woodbine does contain,
Which round the Bottom wreathes its leafy Train,
Admir'd and envy'd by each gazing Swain:
Unus'd it lies, unfully'd, neat and trim; (Theoc.
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the ſhining Brim. Dryd.

He fill'd the Goblet high with ſparkling Wine,
With Sculpture grac'd, and rough with riling Gold:
Here, to the Clouds victorious Perſeus flies;
Meduſa ſeems to move her languid Eyes,
And, ev'n in Gold, turns paler as ſhe dies.
There, from the Chace, Jove's tow'ring Eagle bears,
On golden Wings, the Phrygian to the Stars:
Still, as he riſes in th' Etherial Height,
His native Mountains leſſen to his Sight;
While all his ſad Companions upwards gaze,
Fix'd on the glorious Scene in wild Amaze:
And the ſwift Hounds, affrighted as he flies,
Run to the Shade, and bark againſt the Skies. Pope. Stat.

G O D.

Then from his bright Aerial Abode,
On Storms and Whirlwinds down th' Almighty rode;
And the loud Voice of Thunder ſpoke the God:
He ſtretch'd his dark Pavilion o'er the Floods,
Harneſs'd the Winds, and rein'd the duſky Clouds. Broome.

Involv'd in Darkneſs down the Skies he came:
Whirlwinds before him flew, and Storms of ruddy Flame:
The Heav'ns were with his Glory ſpread:
Torrents of Glory, dazling bright,
Broke from th' immenſe Abyſs of uncreated Light:
Ev'n from his Hands a bright Eruption came;
A pointed Efflux of immortal Flame;
His Being thus lay hidden either Way,
In too much Darkneſs, or in too much Day:

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Of thirſty panting Plagues a firy Train,
Pale Peſtilence and yelling Pain,
His dreadful Equipage before him ran;
And of his Terrours led the Van:
While Famine, Deſolation and Deſpair,
Wringing their Hands, and tearing off their Hair,
A formidable Troop, came howling in the Rear.
His ſwift-wing'd Whirlwinds onward flew,
And o'er the Hills his Chariot drew;
Whoſe awful Wheels roul'd on in Clouds and Smoke,
Whence Flakes of Fire, and flaſhing Lightnings broke:
Such Bolts were caſt, ſuch Thunderclaps did roar,
As ſhook the Rocks, which never ſhook before:
The ſhudd'ring Hills expreſs'd their Dread,
And everlaſting Mountains bow'd their aged Head. Blac.

Chariot of God.

—— Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind Sound
The Chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick Flames, Wheel within Wheel undrawn,
It ſelf inſtinct with Spirit, but convoy'd
By four cherubick Shapes, four Faces each
Had wondrous; as with Stars their Bodies all
And Wings were ſet with Eyes, with Eyes the Wheels
Of Beril, and carreering Fires between;
Over their Heads a criſtal Firmament,
Where on a Saphire Throne, inlaid with pure
Amber, and Colours of the ſhow'ry Arch,
He, in celeſtial Panoply all arm'd
Of radiant Urim, Work divinely wrought,
Aſcended; at his right Hand Victory
Sate Eagle-wing'd; beſide him hung his Bow
And Quiver, with three-bolted Thunder ſtor'd,
And from about him fierce Effuſion roul'd
Of Smoke, and bick'ring Flame; and Sparkles dire.
(Milt. Par. Loſt.

Propheſie of our Saviour.

Rapt into future Times the Bard begun:
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son:
The Saviour comes, by antient Bards foretold;
Hear him, ye Deaf; and all ye Blind, behold!
He from thick Films ſhall purge the viſual Ray;
And on the ſightleſs Eye-ball pour the Day,
'Tis he th' obſtructed Paths of Sound ſhall clear,
And bid new Muſick charm th' unfolding Ear:
The Dumb ſhall ſing; the Lame his Crutch forego;
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.

In

In adamantine Chains ſhall Death be bound;
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' Eternal Wound. ———

GOLD.

Gold's the great Art of Peace; the Engine 'tis of War:
And Fleets and Armies follow it afar:
The Enſign 'tis at Land, and 'tis the Seamen's Star.
Let all the World Slave to this Tyrant be,
Yet it ſhall never conquer me:
A Guard of Virtues will not let it paſs,
And Wiſdom is a Tow'r of ſtronger Braſs:
The Muſes Laurel, round my Temples ſpread,
Shall from this Light'ning's Force ſecure my Head;
Gold for its Pow'r we honour and adore: (Cowl. Hor.
Alas! the Things we hate, ill Fate, and Death, have more.
What art thou, Gold; that clear'ſt the Miſer's Eyes!
'Tis Uſe alone can all thy Value give.
Curſt Mineral, near neighb'ring Hell begot:
Thou Bawd to Murthers, Rapes, and Treachery,
And ev'ry greater Name of Villany:
From thee they all derive their Stock and Pedigree. Oldh.
In pow'rful Gold ſome ſecret Magick lies.
The wanton, mighty Jove in all his Glory,
With all the Art of Eloquence divine,
Found the Nymph coy, and blind to all his Charms;
'Till, chang'd at laſt into a golden Show'r, (of Parma.
The precious Drops diſſolv'd her into Love. Smith. Prin.
Gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more will its intrinſick Worth proclaim.
Will paſs the Combat of the ſearching Flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquiſh'd Heat;
For ever coming out the ſame,
And loſing nor its Luſtre, nor its Weight. Prior.
It ſerves, or rules, where-ever Gold you find;
But ſtill the Varlet is a Slave by Kind. Staff. Hor.
Balls of this Metal ſtack'd Atlanta's Pace,
And on the am'rous Youth beſtow'd the Race.
Nor leſs may Jupiter to Gold aſcribe;
For, when he turn'd himſelf into a Bribe.
Who can blame Danae, or the brazen Tow'r,
That they withſtood not that almighty Show'r?
Never, till then, did Love make Jove put on
A Form more bright, and nobler than his own:
'Twas not Revenge for Jove's & Apollo's Wrong,
Thoſe Aſſes Ears on Midas Temples hung;

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fond Repentance of his happy Wish,
ause his Meat grew Metal like his Dish.
uld Bacchus bless me so, I'd constant hold (a Miser.
to my Wish, and die creating Gold. Wall. Spoken by

The Good Old CAUSE.

Down in an obscure Vale,
Midst Bogs and Fens, where Mists and Vapours rise,
Where never Sun was seen,
Under a desart Wood,
Which no Man own'd, but all wild Beasts are bred,
nd kept their horrid Dens, by Prey far-forag'd, fed,
An ill-pil'd Cottage stood,
Built of Men's Bones, slaughter'd in Civil War,
By magick Art brought thither from afar;
There liv'd a widow'd Witch,
That us'd to mumble Curses Eve and Morn,
Like one, whom Wants and Cares had worn;
Meagre her Looks, and sunk her Eyes;
She Mischiefs study'd, Discords did devise:
She humble seem'd, but 'twas her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in Semblance sanctify'd:
Still when she spoke, she meant another way;
And when she curs'd, she seem'd to pray:
Her hellish Charms had all a holy Dress,
And bore the Name of Godliness.
All her Familiars seem'd the Sons of Peace;
Honest Habits they all wore;
In outward Shew most Lamb-like and divine;
But, inward, of all Vices they had store:
Greedy as Wolves, and sensual too as Swine.
Like her, the sacred Scriptures they had all by heart,
Most easily could quote, and turn to any Part,
Backward repeat it all, as Witches Pray'rs do,
And, for their Turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure.
Because, besides her Self, no Idol she'd endure:
Lewd whoring She defin'd a Mark of Grace,
Her late dead Pandar was of well-known Fame,
Old Presbyter Rebellion was his Name.
She a sworn Foe to King, his Peace, and Laws.
So will be ever, and was call'd, The Good Old Cause.
The Good Old Cause, which some believe,
To be the Devil, which tempted Eve
With Knowledge, and does still invite
The World to Mischief with new Light. Hud.

GOAT

GOTHS and VANDALS.

Now from the rugged North unnumber'd Swarms
Invade the Latian Coasts with barb'rous Arms:
A Race unpoliſh'd, but inur'd to Toil;
Rough as their Heav'n, and barren as their Soil. Fenton.

When Rome lay trembling like a hunted Prey,
And hungry Ruin had her in the Wind;
When barb'rous Nations, of a Race unknown,
From undiſcover'd Northern Regions came,
To lay her waſte, and ſweep her from the Earth;
——— Full three hundred thouſand Men,
All Sons of Fortune, born and bred in Fields,
Whoſe Trade was War, and Camps their Habitation,
Hung, like a Swarm of Miſchiefs, on the Hills
Of Italy, and threaten'd Fate to Europe:
They came in Tribes, as if to take Poſſeſſion,
And ſeem'd a People, whom the Hand of Fate
Had ſcourg'd by Famine from a barren Land:
Of Viſage foul and ugly, pinch'd and chapp'd
By bitter Froſts and winter Winds; yet fierce
As hungry Lions of the Deſart:
Their Wives, with Loads of Children at their Backs,
Bold manly Hags, whom Shame had long forſaken;
And vagrant Living had inur'd to Ill,
Follow'd in Troops like Furies. —— Otw. Cai. Mar.

GOUT.

Welcome thou friendly Earneſt of fourſcore!
Promiſe of Wealth! that haſt alone the Pow'r
T' attend the Rich, unenvy'd by the Poor.
Thou, that doſt Æſculapius deride,
And o'er his Gally-pots in triumph ride;
Thou, that art us'd t' attend the royal Throne,
And under-prop the Head, that bears the Crown;
Thou, that doſt oft in Privy Council wait,
And guard from drowzy Sleep the Eyes of State;
Thou, that upon the Bench art mounted high,
And warn'ſt the Judges how they tread awry;
Thou, that doſt oft, from pamper'd Prelates Toe,
Emphatically urge the Pains below;
Thou, that art ever half the Citica Grace,
And add'ſt to ſolemn Noddles, ſolemn Pace;
Thou, that art us'd to ſit on Ladies Knee,

To

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feed on Jellies, and to drink cold Tea;
ou, that art ne'er from velvet Slipper free,
hence comes this unsought Honour done to me?
Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's Top, 'tis said,
poor Philemon's Cot to take a Bed;
eas'd with the mean, but hospitable Feast,
ve bad him ask, and granted his Request:
do thou grant, for thou'rt of Race divine,
got on Venus by the God of Wine,
y humble Suit, and either give me Store
o entertain thee, or ne'er see me more. ——

GRAFFING.

'Tis usual now, an Inmate Graff to see,
With Insolence invade a foreign Tree:
Thus Pears and Quinces from the Crabtree come;
And thus the ruddy Cornel bears the Plumb. Dryd. Virg.
As Orpheus Musick wildest Beasts did tame,
From the sour Crab the sweetest Apple came. Denh.
Thus Trees, receiving Graffs of other kind,
—— Will change their salvage Mind;
Their Wildness lose, and, quitting Nature's Part,
Obey the Rules, and Discipline of Art. Dryd. Virg.
The thin-leaf'd Arbute, Hazle Graffs receives,
And Planes huge Apples bear, that bore but Leaves:
Thus mastful Beech the bristly Chesnut bears,
And the wild Ash is white with blooming Pears:
And greedy Swine from grafted Elms are fed,
With falling Acorns, that on Oaks were bred.
But various are the Ways to change the State
Of Plants; to bud; to graff; t'inoculate:
For where the tender Rinds of Trees disclose
Their shooting Gems, a swelling Knot there grows;
Just in that Space a narrow Slit we make;
Then other Buds from bearing Trees we take:
Inserted thus, the wounded Rind we close;
In whose moist Womb th' admitted Infant grows:
But when the smoother Bole from Knots is free,
We make a deep Incision in the Tree;
And in the solid Wood the Slip include;
The batt'ning Bastard shoots again, and grows:
And in short Space the laden Boughs arise,
With happy Fruit advancing to the Skies:
The Mother Plant admires the Leaves unknown
Of Alien Trees, and Apples, not her own. Dryd. Virg.

So

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So some weak Shoot, which else would poorly rise,
Jove's Tree adopts, and lifts him to the Skies:
Thro' the new Pupil soft'ring Juices flow,
Thrust forth the Gems, and give the Flow'rs to blow
Aloft; immortal reigns the Plant unknown,
With borrow'd Life, and Vigour not his own. ——

GRAVE.

Vain Men, how vanishing a Bliss we crave,
Now warm in Love, now with'ring in the Grave!
Never, O never more to see the Sun! (Pal. & Arc.
Still dark, in a damp Vault, and still alone! Dryd. Chau.

Nature provides for all a common Grave,
The last Retreat of the distress'd and brave. Bowles. Sanaz.

For in the Grave no Passions fill the Breast,
'Tis all we gain by Death to be at Rest. Dr. Ind. Emp.

The Grave's the Bed where I alone shall rest,
—— —— Where Nature weary,
And long oppress'd with Woes and bending Cares,
May lay the Burden down, and sink in Slumbers
Of Peace eternal. —— Cong. Mourn. Bride.

Yes, I saw him Dust. ——
I saw the mighty Thing a Nothing made;
Huddled with Worms, and swept to that cold Den,
Where Kings lie crumbled just like other Men. Lee. Mithr.

Sooner or later all Things pass away,
And are no more: The Beggar and the King,
With equal Steps, tread forward to one End;
Tho' they appear of diff'rent Natures now;
Not of the same Days Work of Providence,
They meet at last: the reconciling Grave
Swallows Distinction, that first made us Foes:
Then all alike lie down in Peace together. South. Fat. Mar.

The Grave unites: there ev'n the Great find Rest;
And blended lie th' Oppressor and th' Oppress'd. Pope.

GRIEF.

A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts. Add. Cat.

Give me your Drops, ye soft-descending Rains;
Give me your Streams, ye never-ceasing Springs;
That my sad Eyes may still supply my Duty;
And feed an everlasting Flood of Sorrow. Rowe. Jane Shore.

—— My Soul lies hid in Shades of Grief;
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half-shut Eyes,
She peeps; and sickens at the Sight of Day. Dr. Riv. Lad.

—— Her

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—— Her ſtiff'ning Grief,
o ſaw her Children ſlaughter'd all at once,
s dull to mine. —— Lee. OEdip.
y Grief has hurry'd me beyond all Thought. Con.M.B.
How does my conſtant Grief deface
The Pleaſures of this happy Place!
n vain the Spring my Senſes gluts,
n all her Colours, all her Sweets:
To me the Roſe
No longer glows:
And ev'ry Plant
Has loſt its Scent:
The vernal Blooms of various Hue,
The Bloſſoms, freſh with Morning Dew,
The Breeze that ſweeps theſe fragrant Bow'rs,
Fill'd with the Breath of op'ning Flow'rs,
Purple Scenes,
Winding Greens,
Glooms inviting,
Birds delighting,
Nature's ſweeteſt, ſoftest Store,
Charm my tortur'd Soul no more. Add. Rof.
—— This Sorrow
s the ſad Native of Caliſta's Breaſt,
And, once poſſeſs'd of, ne'er will quit, its Dwelling;
'Till Life, the Prop of all, ſhall leave the Building,
To tumble down, and moulder into Ruin. Rowe. Fair Pen.
—— O let us not ſuppoſe,
But ſink each other down; ——
Where, level'd low, no more we'll lift our Eyes
But, prone and dumb, rot the firm Face of Earth,
With Rivers of inceſſant ſcalding Rain. Cong. M. Brides.
Oh, that I could but weep to vent my Paſſion!
But this dry Sorrow burns up all my Tears. Dr. Span. Fry.
I'm ſtupify'd with Sorrow, paſt Relief
Of Tears; parch'd up, and wither'd with my Grief.
My Tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow. Dr. Auren.
—— My Heart ſinks with its Suff'rings,
And can but vent it ſelf in Sobs and Murmurs. Lee. OEdip.
Deep Silence told the Greatneſs of our Grief:
Our Grief, too great by Vent to find Relief. Old.
I cannot ſpeak; Grief flows ſo faſt upon me,
It choaks, and will not let me tell the Cauſe. Otw. Orph.
Why doſt thou heave, and ſtifle in thy Grief?
Thy Heart will burſt: Thy Eyes look red, and ſtart:
Give thy Soul way; and tell me thy dark Thought:
Thy ſecond ſelf ſhould feel each other Wound;

And

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And Woe ſhould be in equal Portions dealt. Cong. M. Bride
For Grief, conceal'd, like hidden Fire, conſumes,
Which, flaming out, would call in Help to quench it.
(Denh. Sophy.
Divided Griefs increaſe, and not grow leſs. How. Ind. Qu.
—— Yet Sorrow's like a Child.
That loves to be bemoan'd. How. Duke of Lerma.
Great Grief, when conceal'd, ſtill to Anger turns. D'Av
There is a kind of mournful Eloquence, (Lee. Theod
In thy dumb Grief, which ſhames all clam'rous Sorrow
She ſeem'd forlorn, and hopeleſs of Relief; (Eliza
Stupid with Woe, benumb'd and ſtiff with Grief. Blac.
Now, ſunk in Grief, and pining with Deſpair,
Her waining Form no longer ſhall incite
Envy in Woman, or Deſpair in Man:
She never ſees the Sun but thro' her Tears;
And wakes to ſigh the live-long Nights away. Rowe. J. Shor.
Her Grief gave ſpeaking Beauty to her Face. D'Aven.
A fatal Sorrow dims thy ſhaded Eyes,
And now, in ſpight of all thy Ornaments,
Thou ſeem'ſt to me the Ghoſt of Athenais. Lee. Theod.
As at the Stroke of Death, twice turn'd ſhe pale;
And twice a burning Crimſon bluſh'd all o'er her:
Then, with a Shriek, Heart-wounding, loud ſhe cry'd,
While down her Cheeks two guſhing Torrents ran, (Shore.
Faſt falling on her Hands, which thus ſhe wrung. Rowe. J.
'Twas then, that Amaryllis, Heav'nly fair,
Wounded with Grief, and wild with her Deſpair,
Forſook her myrtle Bow'r and roſy Bed,
To tell the Winds her Woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a Heart ſo hard, that heard her Cries,
And did not weep? who ſuch relentleſs Eyes?
Tigers and Wolves their wonted Rage forego,
And dumb Diſtreſs, and new Compaſſion ſhew,
As taught by her to taſte of human Woe.
Nature her ſelf attentive Silence kept,
And Motion ſeem'd ſuſpended while ſhe wept:
The riſing Sun reſtrain'd his firy Courſe,
And rapid Rivers liſten'd at their Source:
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying Sound,
Leſt Repetition ſhould her Accents drown:
The very Morning Wind with-held his Breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant Wings the noiſeleſs Trees:
No Voice, no whiſp'ring Sigh, no murm'ring Groan
Preſum'd to mingle with a Mother's Moan;
Her Cries alone her Anguiſh could expreſs;
All other Mourning would have made it leſs.

Ye

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; Winds, who on your Wings ſad Accents bear,
id catch the Sounds of Sorrow and Deſpair;
ll me, if e'er your tender Pinions bore
ch Weight of Woe, ſuch deadly Sighs before? Cong.
The Mother lovely, tho' with Grief oppreſs'd,
eclin'd her dying Head upon her Breaſt:
ie mournful Family ſtood all around,
ne Groan was heard, one univerſal Sound;
ll were in Floods of Tears and endleſs Sorrow drown'd.
dire a Sadneſs ſate on ev'ry Look,
v'n Death repented he had giv'n the Stroke. Dryd.
But in the Palace of the King appears
Scene more ſolemn, and a Pomp of Tears:
ſaids, Matrons, Widows, mix their common Moans;
rphans their Sires, and Sires lament their Sons. Dr. Virg.
Soon as the fatal News by Fame was blown;
he ſad Lavinia rends her yellow Hair,
nd roſy Cheeks: the reſt her Sorrow ſhare;
With Shrieks the Palace rings, and Madneſs of Deſpair.
atinus rends his Garments, as he goes,
oth for his publick and his private Woes;
With Filth his venerable Beard beſmears,
And ſordid Duſt deforms his ſilver Hairs. Dryd. Virg.
He wrings his Hands; and, in his mournful Rage,
Tears off the hoary Honours of his Age. Blac. P. Arth.
Penſive and ſlow, with ſudden Grief oppreſt,
The King aroſe, and beat his careful Breaſt:
Then with erected Eyes ſtood fixt in Woe;
And, as he ſpoke, the Tears began to flow. Pope. Hom.
Like ſome ſad Statue, ſpeechleſs, pale, I ſtood;
Grief chill'd my Breaſt, and ſtopt my freezing Blood:
No Sigh to riſe, no Tear had Pow'r to flow:
Fix'd in a ſtupid Lethargy of Woe.
But when its way th' impetuous Paſſion found,
I rend my Treſſes, and my Breaſt I wound;
I rave, then weep; I curſe, and then complain;
Now ſwell to Rage, now melt in Tears again. Pope. Ovid.
But I forlorn and deſolate was left,
Of ev'ry Help, of ev'ry Hope bereft:
To ev'ry Element expos'd I lay
And to my Griefs a more defenceleſs Prey.
For thee, Amyntas, all theſe Pains were borne;
For thee theſe Hands were wrung, theſe Hairs were torn:
For thee my Soul to ſigh ſhall never leave,
Theſe Eyes to weep, this throbbing Heart to heave:
To mourn thy Fall, I'll fly the hated Light,
And hide my Head in Shades of endleſs Night:

For

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For thou wert Light, and Life, and Health to me;
The Sun but idly shines, that shews not thee.
This said, her loud Complaint, of Force, she ceas'd,
Excess of Grief her fault'ring Speech suppress'd.
And now the Winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling Air with Sighs to fill:
The Water-Nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like Images of Ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their Streams; as when descending Rains
Roul the steep Torrents headlong o'er the Plains.
The prone Creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her Cries, and at her Grief amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid Yell,
Dismal to hear, and horrible to tell.
Nothing but Groans and Sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiply'd each mournful Sound. Cong.
For him the lofty Laurel stands in Tears;
And, hung with humid Pearl, the lowly Shrub appears:
Mænalian Pines the Godlike Swain bemoan,
And cold Lycæus wept from ev'ry dropping Stone. Dr. Virg.
For this I mourn, and will for ever mourn;
Nor will I change these black and dismal Robes,
Or ever dry these swoln and wat'ry Eyes,
Or ever taste Content, or Peace of Heart, (Bride.
While I have Life, and Thought of my Alphonso. Cong. M.
O Ventidius! ——————
What should I fight for now? My Queen is dead:
I was but Great for her: my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandize to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,
Let Cæsar rule the World, ——
An empty Trifle, since the Jewel's gone,
Which made it worth my Strife: my Being's nauseous,
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away. Dr. All for Love.
Th' afflicted Father with the Hero strove;
The firmest Courage with the tender'st Love:
But Love, with Grief united, won the Field;
And the soft Parent made the Warriour yield:
With Reason arm'd, he labour'd to arrest
And calm the Perturbations of his Breast:
But with unequal Arms for Conquest strove;
For Reason never was a Match for Love:
Reason and grave Discourse are spent in vain
To ease our Suff'rings and assuage our Pain.
Sick Minds must by degrees themselves restore:
'Tis Time alone can mighty Troubles cure. Blac. Eliza.

Abate thy Paſſion; nor too much complain:
rief ſhould be forc'd; and it becomes a Man,
o let it riſe no higher than his Pain. Creech. Juv.
——— Some Grief ſhews much of Love: (Rom. & Jul.
ut much of Grief ſhews ſtill ſome Want of Wit. Shak.
Could mournful Sighs, or Floods of Tears prevent
The Ills, unhappy Men lament;
Could all the Anguiſh of my Mind
Remove my Cares, or make but Fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful Tribute pay,
And weep my troubled Thoughts away:
To Wealth and Pleaſure ev'ry Sigh prefer,
And more than Gems eſteem each falling Tear.
But ſince inſulting Cares are moſt inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted Mind;
Since Sighs can yield us no Relief,
And Tears, like fruitful Show'rs, but nouriſh Grief;
O ceaſe, fair Mourner, to complain,
Nor laviſh ſuch bright Streams in vain:
But ſtill with chearful Thoughts thy Cares beguile,
And tempt thy better Fortunes with a Smile.
Wipe, O wipe thoſe Tears away,
And Cares, that urge thee to Decay:
Like rav'nous Age thy Charms they waſte,
Wrinkle thy youthful Brow, and blooming Beauties blaſt:
O keep thy Looks and Mind ſerene,
All gay without, and calm within:
For Fate is aw'd, and adverſe Fortunes fly
A chearful Look, and an unconquer'd Eye. Yald.
I felt no Sorrows then, but now my Grief,
Like feſt'ring Wounds grown cold, begins to ſmart;
The raging Anguiſh gnaws and tears my Heart. Roch. Val.

GROTTO.

Hail bleſs'd Retreat of Nature's happy Shade. Tate L. Geo.
Down in a Vale, with Pine and Cypreſs clad,
Refreſh'd with gentle Winds, and brown with Shade,
The chaſte Diana's private Haunt, there ſtood,
Full in the Middle of the darkſom Wood,
A ſpacious Grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary Moſs, and arch'd with Pumice-ſtone:
From out its rocky Clefts the Waters flow,
And, trickling, ſwell into a Lake below:
Nature had ev'ry where ſo play'd her Part,
That ev'ry where ſhe ſeem'd to vie with Art. Add. Ovid.

Beneath

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Beneath, a gloomy Grotto's cool Recess
Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring Seas;
Where Bowls and Urns were form'd of living Stone;
And massy Beams in native Marble shone:
On which the Labours of the Nymphs were rourl'd;
Their Work divine of Purple mix'd with Gold:
Within the Cave the cluft'ring Bees attend
Their waxen Works, or from the Roof depend:
Perpetual Waters o'er the Pavement glide;
Two Marble Doors unfold on either Side. Pope. Hom.
The rugged Stone is cloath'd with mantling Vines;
And round the Cave the creeping Woodbine twines. Gay.
The gloomy Grotto makes a doubtful Day. Dryd. Virg.

GROVE.

——— We wander'd thro' a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all Shade above:
Mild as our Friendship, springing as our Love:
Hundreds of chearful Birds fill'd ev'ry Tree,
And sung their joyful Songs of Liberty. Otw.
——— A pleasant Grove,
With Chaunt of tuneful Birds resounding loud.
——— The Shade
High roof'd, and Walks beneath, and Alleys brown,
That open'd in the Midst a woody Scene:
Nature's own Work! ——— Milt. Par. Reg.
He walk'd within a lonely Lawn, that stood
On ev'ry Side surrounded by a Wood:
Alone he walk'd to please his pensive Mind,
And sought the deepest Solitude to find.
'Twas in a Grove of spreading Pines he stray'd:
The Winds within the quiv'ring Branches play'd;
And dancing Trees a mournful Musick made.
The Place itself was suiting to his Care;
Uncouth, and savage, as the cruel Fair:
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the Wood, and all on Love intent. Dryd. Bocc.
(Theod. & Hon.
A Thicket close beside the Grove there stood,
With Briers and Brambles choak'd, and dwarfish Wood.
Dryd. Bocc. Theod. & Hon.
Now, in a secret Vale, the Trojan sees
A sep'rate Grove, thro' which a gentle Breeze
Plays with a passing Breath, and whispers thro' the Trees.
A Greenwood Shade, for long Religion known,
Stands by the Streams, that wash the Tuscan Town.
Incom-

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ncompaſs'd round with gloomy Hills above,
Which add a holy Horrour to the Grove. Dryd. Virg.
——— The ſacred Grove both gave Delight,
And claim'd a Rev'rence from Beholders Sight. Laud. Virg.
——— ——— The Druids Grove,
Where ſolemn Walks and awful Shades invite
Compos'd Devotion, and divine Delight;
Exclude the Sun's, to let in purer Light. Blac. P. Arth.
——— Amid the mazy Groves,
Sweet Solitude! where warbling Birds provoke
The ſilent Muſe: delicious rural Seat! Phil.
The Birds make Harmony on ev'ry Buſh:
The Snakes lie roul'd, basking 'i th' chearful Sun:
The green Leaves quiver with the cooling Wind,
And caſt a checker'd Shadow on the Ground:
The Flow'rs beneath all ſhed their Fragrancies,
And thro' the Air diffuſe their ſubtile Sweets. Shak. T. Andr.
——— When Winds the Groves do wound,
The vex'd and injur'd Boughs ſigh forth a mournful Sound.
Creech. Lucr.

GRUB.

The Grubs, from their ſexangular Abode,
Creep out, unfiniſh'd, like the Maggot's Brood:
Trunks without Limbs; 'till Time, at leiſure, brings
The Thighs they wanted, and their tardy Wings. Dr. Ovid.

GUILT.

Guilt, which ſhould blacken Moors themſelves but own,
Would make, thro' all their Night, new Bluſhes dawn. Oldh.
Guilt ſounds a rattling Peal to both their Conſciences.
Dryd. D. Seb.
There hangs a ſecret Shame on guilty Men. Dr. Auren.
To guilty Men, all that appears is Devil. Stick. Agl.
Behold her guilty Looks: for Guilt will ſpeak,
Tho' Tongues were out of Uſe. ——— Shak. Othello.
Cold and confus'd the guilty Lover ſtood:
The Light forſook his Eyes, his Cheeks the Blood:
An icy Horrour ſhiver'd in his Look. Garth.
The Horrour that attends on waking Guilt,
Now ſeizes on my Thoughts, and hurries them
Into the Wildneſs of a mad Deſpair. Southe. Diſapp.
Now, as I paſs, the crowded Way ſhall ſound
With hiſſing Scorn, and murm'ring Deteſtation:
The lateſt Annals ſhall record my Shame;
And when th' avenging Muſe, with pointed Rage,

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Would ſink ſome impious Woman down to Hell,
She'll ſay, ſhe's Falſe, ſhe's Baſe, ſhe's Foul as Phædra,
Sm. Phæd. & Hip.

And doſt thou bear me yet, thou patient Earth?
Doſt thou not labour with my murd'rous Weight?
And you, ye glitt'ring heav'nly Hoſt of Stars,
Hide your fair Heads in Clouds, or I ſhall blaſt you;
For I am all Contagion, Death, and Ruin,
And Nature ſickens at me. —— Rowe. Fair Pen.

Why doſt thou tremble when I look upon thee?
When thou would'ſt ſpeak, upon thy fault'ring Tongue
The Accents die: All Arguments of Guilt!
Thy Colour goes and comes upon thy Face,
And thy young Treaſon bluſhes to be ſeen:
The murder'd Body, at the Murd'rers Touch,
Will bleed afreſh: nor can Betrayers bear (Love
The Sight of one betray'd without Confuſion. Lanſd. Her.

Amazing Pow'r of Guilt! one great Offence
Benumbs the Mind, and ſtupifies the Senſe:
Binds faſt reluctant Conſcience with its Charms,
And of its Sting the Worm within diſarms. Blac. K. Arth.

—— —— The Guilty muſt
Submit to be the Slaves of thoſe they truſt. How. Surpriz.

And ill Men, conſcious of their inward Guilt,
Think the beſt Actions on By-ends are built. Dryd.

There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught:
Guilt gives them Courage to maintain their Fault. Dr. Juv.

H.

HABIT.

The Ladies dreſs'd in rich Symars were ſeen,
Of Florence Satten, flower'd with White and Green;
And, for a Shade betwixt, the bloomy Gridelin:
The Borders of their Petticoats below
Were guarded thick with Rubies on a Row:
And ev'ry Damſel wore upon her Head
Of Flow'rs a Garland, blended White and Red:
Attir'd in Mantles all the Knights were ſeen;
That gratify'd the View with chearful Green:
Their Chaplets of their Ladies Colours were
Compos'd of White and Red, to ſhade their ſhining Hair:
Before the merry Troop the Minſtrels play'd,
All in their Maſter's Liv'ries were array'd;

And

ıd clad in Green; and on their Temples wore
ıe Chaplets White and Red their Ladies bore. Dr. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

But their Attire, like Liv'ries of a Kind,
ll rich and rare, is freſh within my Mind:
ı Velvet, white as Snow, the Troop was gown'd,
he Seams with ſparkling Em'ralds ſet around:
heir Hoods and Sleeves the ſame; and purfled o'er
Vith Di'monds, Pearls, and all the ſhining Store
)f Eaſtern Pomp: their long deſcending Train,
Vith Rubies edg'd and Saphires, ſwept the Plain.
ligh on their Heads, with Jewels richly ſet,
Each Lady wore a radiant Coronet:
ſeneath the Circles all the Quire was grac'd
With Chaplets green, on their fair Foreheads plac'd:
Of Lau·el ſome; of Woodbine many more:
And Wreaths of Agnus-caſtus others bore. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

As ſhe in Beauty far ſurpaſs'd the Quire,
So nobler than the reſt was her Attire:
A Crown of ruddy Gold inclos'd her Brow;
Plain without Pomp, and rich without a Show:
A Branch of Agnus-caſtus in her Hand
She bore aloft; her Sceptre of Command. Dryd. Chauc.
(The Flower and the Leaf.

Fix'd he beheld her, and with Joy admir'd
To ſee a Nymph ſo bright, and ſo attir'd:
For, from her flowing Robe a Luſtre ſpread;
As if with radiant Flame ſhe were array'd;
Her Hair, in Part diſclos'd, in Part conceal'd,
In Ringlets fell, or was with Jewels held:
With various Gold and Gems her Neck was grac'd,
And orient Pearls heav'd on her panting Breaſt,
Bright as the Moon ſhe ſhone with ſilent Light; (Hom.
And charm'd his Senſe with Wonder and Delight. Cong.

Clad in Mourning.

You'll find her, all in ruful Sables clad; (Carl.
With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect Light. Otw. D.
Behold how Night ſits lovely on her Eye-brows,
While Day breaks from her Eyes! Dryd. Sec. Love.
——— What Child of Sorrow
Art thou, that com'ſt thus wrapt in Weeds of Sadneſs,
And mov'ſt as if thy Steps were tow'rds a Grave?
Otw. Ven. Pref.
When from black Clouds no Part of Sky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the Sun appear;

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Heav'n then would ſeem thy Image; and reflect
Thoſe noble Veſtments, and that bright Aſpect:
A Spark of Virtue by the deepeſt Shade
Of ſad Adverſity is fairer made:
No leſs Advantage does thy Beauty get;
A Venus riſing from a Sea of Jet!
Such was th' Appearance of new formed Light,
While yet it ſtruggled with eternal Night. Wall.
Deep Shades are, thus, to heighten Colours, ſet; (Lo
So Stars in Night, and Diamonds ſhine in Jet. (Dryd. Sco

Clad in White.

Faireſt Thing, that ſhines below,
Why in this Robe doſt thou appear?
Would'ſt thou a White moſt perfect ſhow,
Thou muſt at all no Garment wear:
'Tis not the Linnen ſhews ſo fair;
Her Skin ſhines thro', and makes it bright:
So Clouds themſelves like Suns appear,
When the Sun pierces them with Light:
So Lillies in a Glaſs incloſe,
The Glaſs will ſeem as white as thoſe. Cowl.

HAG.

One only Hag remain'd, but fouler far
Than Grandame Apes in Indian Foreſts are:
Againſt a wither'd Oak ſhe lean'd her Weight;
Prop'd on her truſty Staff, not half upright;
And drop'd an awkward Court'sy to the Knight.
Dryd. W. of Bath's Tale.

HAIR.

Her looſely flowing Hair, all radiant bright,
O'erſpread the dewy Graſs, like Streams of Light:
As if the Sun had of his Beams been ſhorn,
And caſt to Earth the Glories he had worn. Cong.
In a cloſe Knot his curling Locks were ty'd,
And, playing on his Shoulders, flew behind,
Danc'd in the Air, and ſported with the Wind. Bl. P. Arth
The curling Hair in tortur'd Ringlets flows,
Or round the Face in labour'd Order glows. Gay.
No longer ſhall thy comely Treſſes break
In flowing Ringlets on thy ſnowy Neck;
Or ſit behind thy Head, an ample Round,
In graceful Braids, with various Ribbon bound:

Th'am-

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h' ambrosial Plenty of thy shining Hair,
ropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy Ear,
all stand uncouth. ——— Prior.
Drag'd in the Dust, his frizzled Hair I'll foil; (Virg.
ot from the vexing Ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant Oil. Dr.
Her Amber Locks loose on her Shoulders lay,
Thither lascivious Zephyrs came to play:
Vith sporting Wings they rais'd them up; then all
lew off, and let the golden Burden fall. Blac. K. Arth.
This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind,
lourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
n equal Curls; and well conspir'd to deck
Vith shining Ringlets her smooth Iv'ry Neck:
love in those Labyrinths his Slaves detains,
And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains:
Vith hairy Springes we the Birds betray:
light Lines of Hair surprize the finny Prey:
air Tresses Man's imperial Race insnare;
And Beauty draws us with a single Hair. Pope.
——— Upon a radiant Throne reclin'd,
Venus her golden Tresses did unbind:
Proud to be thus imploy'd, on either Hand,
Th' Idalian Sisters, rang'd in Order, stand:
Ambrosial Essence one bestows in Show'rs;
And lavishly whole Streams of Nectar poure:
With Iv'ry Combs another's dextrous Care,
Or curls, or opens, the dishevel'd Hair:
A third, industrious, with a nicer Eye,
Instructs the Ringlets in what Form to lie:
Yet leaves some few, that, not so closely prest,
Sport in the Wind, and wanton from the rest:
Sweet Negligence! by artful Study wrought;
A graceful Error, and a lovely Fault. Eusst. Claud.

HAMPTON-COURT.

Close by those Meads, for ever crown'd with Flow'rs,
Where Thames with Pride surveys his rising Tow'rs;
There stands a Structure of majestick Fame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its Name.
Here Britain's Statesmen oft the Fall foredoom
Of Foreign Tyrants and of Nymphs at Home.
Here thou, great *ANNA*, whom three Realms obey,
Dost sometimes Counsel take, and sometimes Tea.
Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court:

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In various Talk th'inſtructive Hours they paſt,
Who gave a Ball, or paid the Viſit, laſt:
One ſpeaks the Glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian Skreen:
A third interprets Motions, Looks and Eyes;
At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies:
Snuff, or the Fan, ſupplies each Pauſe of Chat,
With Singing, Laughing, Ogling, and all that. Pope.

HAPPINESS.

Nature courts Happineſs, altho' it be
Unknown as was th' Athenian Deity.
It dwells not in Man's Senſe, yet he ſupplies
The Want, by growing fond of its Diſguiſe:
The falſe Appearances of Joy deceive;
And, ſeeking her, unto her Like we cleave.
For ſinking Man has ſcarce Senſe left to know,
Whether the Plank he graſps will hold or no:
And all the ſev'ral Paſſions Men expreſs,
Are but for Pleaſure in a diff'rent Dreſs.
They hope for Happineſs in being Great,
Or rich, or lov'd; then hug their own Conceit:
But the Good only find this Treaſure our;
For which in vain others ſtill dig and doubt. Orinda.
Who will be happy muſt be unconcern'd,
Muſt all their Comfort in their Boſom wear, Orinda.
And ſeek their Treaſure, and their Pow'r too there.
Let never Man believe he can be happy!
For when I thought my Fortune moſt ſecure,
One fatal Moment tears me from my Joys. Dryd. Span. Fry.
How difficult's the Path to Happineſs!
Whilſt up the Precipice we climb with Pain,
One little Slip throws us quite down again. Otw. D. Carl.
Let none, tho' e'er ſo virtuous, great and high,
Be judg'd intirely bleſs'd before they die. Lee OEdip.
If Happineſs in Self-Content be plac'd;
The Wiſe are wretched, and Fools only bleſs'd. Cong. D. Deal.
The Brave may by themſelves be happy made.
Otw. Don Carl.
No Happineſs is found, but what is ſought. King. Ovid.

HARBOUR.

Far ſtretch'd within the Coaſt there lies a Bay;
An Iſle defends it from the raging Sea,
And forms a Port: Here gentle Surges glide
In double Streams, puſh'd by the ſwelling Tide: On

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n either Hand upon the Entry rise
wo rocky Cliffs, which neighbour on the Skies:
Those tow'ring Tops the stormy Winds oppose;
nd sylvan Scenes the shaded Bay inclose:
nat'ral Grott, a Marble Seat surrounds
nd fronts the Entry: Here the murm'ring Sounds
)f Water, purling from a living Spring,
'o this Retreat the Nymphs and Nereids bring:
Jo Hawsers here tie beaten Ships to Land; (Virg.
Jo crooked Anchors moor their Sterns to Sand. Laud.
Far from the Town a spacious Port appears;
Two craggy Rocks, projecting to the Main,
The roaring Winds tempestuous Rage restrain:
Within, the Waves in softer Murmurs glide,
And Ships secure without their Hawsers ride. Pope. Hom.
The Port lies there to Eastern Seas oppos'd,
Bends like a Bow, by tow'ring Rocks inclos'd;
'Gainst which, on either Hand, the foaming Tide (Virg.
Dashes the briny Waves; the Rocks the Harbour hide. Laud.
Thither they bent, and haul'd their Ships to Land.
The crooked Keel divides the yellow Sand. Pope. Hom.

HARE.

So have I seen some fearful Hare maintain
A Course, till tir'd before the Dogs she lay:
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the Plain,
Past Pow'r to kill, as she to get away:
With his loll'd Tongue he faintly licks his Prey;
His warm Breath blows her Flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the Ground away,
And looks back on him with beseeching Eyes. Dryd.

HARMONY.

O Harmony, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful Tribute bring
Of sacred Verse, and sweet resounding Lays;
Thy Aid invoking while thy Pow'r we praise.
Wise Nature owns thy undisputed Sway,
Her wond'rous Works resigning to thy Care;
The planetary Orbs thy Rule obey,
And tuneful soul, unerring in their Way,
Thy Voice informing each melodious Sphere.
Thy Voice, O harmony, with awful Sound,
Could penetrate th' Abyss profound,

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Explore the Realms of antient Night,
And search the living Source of unborn Light.
Confusion heard thy Voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd Head:
Then didst thou, Harmony, give Birth
To this fair Form of Heav'n and Earth;
Then all those shining Worlds above
In mystick Dance began to move
Around the radiant Sphere of central Fire,
A never ceasing, never silent Choir.
Thou only, Goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty Charms in Numbers found;
And did'st to Heav'nly Minds reveal
The sacred Force of tuneful Sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the Lyre,
Thou didst the God inspire;
When first the vocal Shell he strung,
To which the Muses sung.
Then first the Muses sung; melodious Strains Apollo play'd;
And Musick first begun by thy auspicious Aid. Cong.
Parent of all, thou still dost sway,
And o'er this lower World preside,
Man and his Passions thee obey,
As meaner Waters the commanding Tide.
Beauty may wound th'unguarded Eyes;
And slowly creep into the Heart;
But Musick quick as Lightning flies:
The Pleasure dances with the Smart;
And melts, and thrills thro' ev'ry Part:
Without the Magick of the Fair,
We love, we sigh, and we despair;
We catch at Sounds, and grasp the fleeting Air. Parf.

Harmony and Beauty.

When Harmony and conqu'ring Beauty reign,
Who can support the Pleasure, or the Pain?
Here their soft Magick these two Syrens try;
And, if we listen, or but look, we die:
Why should we the romantick Tales admire
Of Orpheus' Numbers, or Amphion's Lyre,
Of Walls erected by harmonious Skill,
How Mountains mov'd, and rapid Streams stood still?
Behold this Scene of Beauty, and confess
The Wonder greater, but the Fiction less.
We, like religious Victims, are decreed
To worship those bright Altars where we bleed.

The

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The braveſt need not bluſh to tremble here:
Triumphant Love can make more Slaves than Fear:
To Faction Homage to the Fair denies;
The Right Divine's apparent in their Eyes:
Empires endure, when founded on Deſire;
And Flames, that Veſtals guard, can ne'er expire. ——
Spoken at a Muſick-Meeting.

HARPYES.

Monſters more fierce than theſe th' offended Gods
Ne'er ſent to plague the Globe from Hell's Abodes:
Birds with a Virgin's Face and Vulture's Tail;
Hands arm'd with Claws; their Looks with Hunger pale:
Down from the Mountains, with a hideous Cry,
Clapping their Wings, the cruel Harpyes fly. Laud. Virg.
They ſnatch our Meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathſom Stench behind.
And now again the ravenous Birds return;
With filthy Claws their odious Meal repeat;
And mix their loathſom Ordures with their Meat!
—— For Vengeance we prepare,
And with the helliſh Nation wage the War:
Then, when along the crooked Shore we hear
Their clatt'ring Wings; and ſaw the Foe appear;
Miſenus ſounds the Charge; we take th' Alarm;
And our ſtrong Hands with Swords and Bucklers arm'd
In this new kind of Combate all imploy
Their utmoſt Force, the Monſters to deſtroy. Dryd. Virg.
But all in vain: Their Plumes are Proof to Harms;
Their ſcaly Hides reſiſt our feeble Arms. Laud. Virg.
At length, rebuff'd, they leave the mangled Prey; (Virg.
And their ſtretch'd Pinions to the Skies diſplay. Dryd.

HATE.

This is Hatred:
She loaths, deteſts him, flies his hated Preſence, (Hip.
And ſhrinks and trembles at his very Name. Smith. Phæd. &c.
My Heart heaves up, and ſwells: He's Poiſon to me,
My injur'd Honour, and my raviſh'd Love
Bleed at my Murd'rer's Sight. Dryd. D. Sebaſ.
I had much rather ſee
A crefted Dragon or a Baſiliſk:
Both are leſs Poiſon to my Eyes and Nature. Dryd. D. Sebaſ.
—— By the Head of Jove,
I hate him worſe than Famine or Diſeaſes;

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Periſh his Family: let invet'rate Hate
Commence between our Houſes from this Moment,
And, meeting, never let them bloodleſs part. Otw. C. Mar.
No; I would fly thee to the Ridge of Earth,
And leap the Precipice to 'ſcape thy Sight. Dryd. Amphit.
——— He is my Bane; I cannot bear him;
One Heaven and Earth can never hold us both:
Still ſhall we hate, and with Defiance deadly
Keep Rage alive, till one be loſt for ever:
As if two Suns ſhould meet in the Meridian,
And ſtrive in firy Combat for the Paſſage. Rowe. Tamerl.
——— We two, like the Twin-Stars, appear;
Never to ſhine together in one Sphere. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Cauſeleſs to hate is not of human Kind:
The ſalvage Brute, that haunts in Woods remote,
And deſart Wilds, tears not the fearful Trav'ller,
If Hunger or ſome Injury provoke not. Rowe. Tamerl.

HEART.

The Fright awaken'd Arcite with a Start: (Arc.
Againſt his Boſom bounc'd his heaving Heart. Dryd. Pal. &
My Heart beats high, and puſhes out the Blood,
To give me juſt Revenge on this Impoſtor. Dr. Amphit.
Oh Heart! why doſt thou leap about my Boſom,
Like a cag'd Bird, and beat thy ſelf to Death? Lee. Conſt.
Within I feel my hot Blood ſwell my Heart, (Love.
And gen'rous Tremblings in each outward Part. Dr. Tyr.
His Heart laid on, as if it try'd
To force a Paſſage thro' his Side,
Impatient, as he vow'd, to wait 'em,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a Cranny to creep out. Hud.
My Boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his Throne;
And all this Day an unaccuſtom'd Spirit (Rom. & Jul.
Lifts me above the Ground with chearful Thoughts. Shak.
I find my ſelf grow calm;
My panting Heart heaves leſs and leſs each Pulſe,
And all the boiling Spirits ſcatter from it. Dryd. Riv. Lad.
——— O my Heart,
Why do'ſt thou throb, as if thou wert a breaking?
Down, down, I ſay; think on thy Injuries!
Thy Wrongs, thy Wrongs! 'Tis well; my Eyes are dry,
And all within my Boſom now is ſtill. Lee. Theod.
I feel a trembling Warmth within my Heart:
It pants, as Cowards do before a Battel. Lee. Mithr.

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My troubled Heart preſag'd its own Diſtreſs,
And gave dark Symptoms of the riſing Storm. Tate. Loy. Gen.
Yet oft his Heart, divine of ſomething ill,
Miſgave him; he the fault'ring Meaſure felt. Milt. Par. Loſt.
Peace, my tumultuous Heart! Why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal circling of my Blood?
I'll ſtand it while I may. O mighty Nature,
Why this Alarm? Why doſt thou call me on (Guiſe.
To fight, yet rob'it my Limbs of all their Uſe. Dryd. D. of
——— Tho' my Out-ſide's rough,
Yet, by thoſe Eyes, your Soldier has a Heart,
Compaſſionate and tender as a Virgin's:
Ev'n now it bleeds to ſee thoſe falling Sorrows. Lee. Theod.
——— My troubled Heart
Is ſo caſt down, and ſunk amidſt its Sorrows,
It throbs with Fear, and akes at ev'ry Sound. Add. Cato.

HEAVEN.

Above the ſubtile Foldings of the Sky,
Above the well-ſet Orbs ſoft Harmony,
Above thoſe petty Lamps that gild the Night,
There is a Place o'erflown with hallow'd Light;
Where Heav'n, as if it left it ſelf behind,
Or ſtretch'd out far, not its own Bounds can find:
Here peaceful Flames ſwell up the ſacred Place,
Nor can the Glory contain it ſelf within the endleſs Space:
For there no Twilight of the Sun's dull Ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native Day:
No pale-fac'd Moon does in ſtoln Beams appear,
Or with dim Taper ſcatter Darkneſs there:
On no ſmooth Sphere the reſtleſs Seaſons ſlide,
No circling Motion does ſwift Time divide;
Nothing is there to come, and nothing paſt,
But an eternal NOW does ever laſt. Cowl. David.
O azure Vaults! O criſtal Sky!
The World's tranſparent Canopy! Roſc.
Theſe are the Manſions of eternal Eaſe,
Where Joy in full Perfection flaws,
No Interruption, no Ceſſation knows,
But in a mighty Circle round for ever goes. Roſc.

HECATE.

Infernal Hecate! the Furies Queen!
Aſcend from everlaſting Night,
Blaſting Nature with the Sight:

She

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She comes! she cleaves the trembling Ground;
And, spreading Horrour all around,
Doubly dyes the misty Air:
Her dark and griesly Features fright
The coal-black Steeds, that drag the Night;
And Nature's Centinels they scare:
Hark! how with dreary Shriek the Owl,
And frighted Wolves with dreadful Howl,
Her dire Approach declare. Den. Iphig.

When she ascends from the pale Shades below
Thro' gaping Tombs, and the divided Ground,
A sudden Horrour seizes all around:
The Dogs at her approach affrighted, fly. Bowles. Theoc.

She comes! the Goddess comes! The dreadful Cry
Of howling Dogs gives Notice she is nigh. Bowles. Theoc.

HEIFER.

Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whose Head
The tender Crescents but begin to spread. Duke. Theoc.

As when the raging Heifer thro' the Grove,
Stung with Desire, pursues her wand'ring Love;
Faint at the last, she seeks the weedy Pools,
To quench her Thirst, and on the Rushes rowls;
There lows her Moan, despairing and forlorn;
Careless of Night; unmindful to return. Dryd. Virg.

My brinded Heifer to the Stake I lay:
Two thriving Calves she suckles twice a Day:
And twice, besides, her Beestings never fail
To store the Dairy with a brimming Pail. Dryd. Virg.

HELL.

Now Celsus, with his glorious Guide, invades
The silent Regions of the fleeting Shades:
Where Rocks and ruful Desarts are descry'd;
And sullen Styx rowls down his lazy Tide. Garth.

He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell;
He saw the Grove where gloomy Horrours spread;
The Ghosts; the ghastly Tyrant of the Dead. Creech. Virg.

All these Cocytus bounds with squalid Reeds,
With muddy Ditches; and with deadly Weeds:
And baleful Styx incompasses around, (Virg.
With nine slow circling Streams, th' unhappy Ground. Dr.

The Gates of Hell are open Night and Day;
Smooth the Descent, and easy is the Way:

But,

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But, to return, and view the chearful Skies,
In this the Task, the mighty Labour lies:
To few great Jupiter imparts this Grace;
And those of shining Worth, and heav'nly Race:
Betwixt those Regions, and our upper Light,
Deep Forests, and impenetrable Night
Possess the middle Space: Th' infernal Bounds
Cocytus, with his sable Waves, surrounds. Dryd. Virg.

——— Long is the Way,
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light:
Our Prison strong, this large Convex of Fire,
Outragious to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and Gates of burning Adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all Egress. Milt. Par. Lost.

Satan, th' Adversary of God and Man,
Puts on swift Wings, and tow'rds the Gates of Hell
Explores his solitary Flight: sometimes
He scours the right Hand Coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves with level Wing the Deep, then soars
Up to the firy Concave, tow'ring high:
As when far off at Sea a Fleet descry'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by Equinoctial Winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the Isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence Merchants bring
Their spicy Drugs: they on the trading Flood
Thro' the wide Æthiopian to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly tow'rds the Pole: so seem'd
Far off the flying Fiend: at last appear
Hell Bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three Folds were brass,
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling Fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sate
On either side a formidable Shape;
The one seem'd Woman to the Waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly Fold
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal Sting: about her Middle round
A Cry of Hell-Hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide Cerberean Mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd their Noise, into her Womb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
Within unseen. Far less abhorr'd than these
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian Shore.

——— The

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——— ——— The other Shape,
If Shape it might be call'd, that Shape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in Member, Joint, or Limb,
Or Subſtance might be call'd that Shadow ſeem'd,
For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,.
And ſhook a dreadful Dart; what ſeem'd his Head
The Likeneſs of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at Hand; and from his Seat
The Monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid Strides: Hell trembled as he ſtrode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd;
Admir'd, not fear'd; ———
And with diſdainful Look thus firſt began.
Whence, and what art thou, execrable Shape,
That dar'ſt, tho' grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated Front athwart my Way?
So ſpake the grieſly Terrour, and in Shape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. ———
——— The ſnaky Sorcereſs, that ſat
Faſt by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key.
——— From her Side the fatal Key,
Sad Inſtrument of all our Woe, ſhe took;
And tow'rds the Gate rouling her beſtial Train,
Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew,
Which, but her ſelf, not all the Stygian Pow'rs
Could once have mov'd; then in the Key-hole turns
Th' intricate Wards, and ev'ry Bolt and Bar,
Of maſſy Iron or ſolid Rock with Eaſe
Unfaſtens: On a ſudden open fly
With impetuous Recoil and jarring Sound
Th' infernal Doors, and on their Hinges grate
Harſh Thunder, that the loweſt Bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. She open'd; but to ſhut
Excel'd her Pow'r: the Gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended Wings a banner'd Hoſt,
Under ſpread Enſigns marching, might paſs through,
With Horſe and Chariots rank'd in looſe Array;
So wide they ſtood, and, like a Furnace Mouth,
Caſt forth redounding Smoke and ruddy Flame. Milt.
(Par. Loſt.

Beneath the ſilent Chambers of the Earth,
Beneath the Dens where unfledg'd Tempeſts lie,
And Infant Winds their tender Voices try:
Beneath th' eternal Fountain of all Waves,
Where their vaſt Court the Mother-waters keep,

And,

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d, undiſturb'd by Moons, in Silence ſleep:
ere is a Place, deep, wond'rous deep, below,
ich genuine Night and Horrour overflow,
Bound controuls th' unweary'd Space, but Hell;
dleſs as thoſe dire Pains that in it dwell. Cowl. David.

The vaſt, unbottom'd Gulph of Hell,
here Sin and Death in all their Terrours dwell:
rrour and Night hang diſmal o'er the Place,
id grieſly Forms fill all the gloomy Space:
ad Seas of pond'rous Darkneſs lie around,
nd the ſad Realms from Light's grey Frontiers bound:
arkneſs, which blunts the ſharpeſt-pointed Ray,
nd, unannoy'd, repels th' invading Day:
flaming Heaps the livid Ocean rouls,
nd ſcalding Waves involve deſpairing Souls:
All Hope, for ever baniſh'd, flies the Place,
nd fix'd Deſpair ſits pale in ev'ry Face:
Here panting Thirſt with ghaſtly Famine dwells;
——— Here, how to moan,
ad Grief firſt learnt; and Torment how to groan,
Here uninſtructed Death firſt learnt her Arts, (Arth.
Firſt ſtrung her Bow, and pointed firſt her Darts. Blac. K.
Where am I now? Upon the Brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to puſh me on,
And Heav'n behind me cloſing all its Doors.
A thouſand Years for ev'ry Hour I've paſt;
O could I 'ſcape ſo cheap! But ever! ever!
Still to begin an endleſs Round of Woes!
To be renew'd for Pains, and laſt for Hell!
Yet can Pains laſt, when Bodies cannot laſt?
Can earthly Subſtance endleſs Flames endure?
Or when one Body wears and flies away, (of Guil.
Do Souls thruſt forth another Cruſt of Clay? Dryd. Duke
See, Hell ſets wide its Adamantine Doors:
See, thro' the fable Gates the black Cocytus
In ſmoky Circles rouls its firy Waves:
Hear, hear the ſtunning Harmonies of Woe,
The Din of rattling Chains, the Claſh of Whips,
Of Groans, of loud Complaints, of piercing Shrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy World reſound:
How huge Megæra ſtalks! What ſtreaming Fires
Blaze from her glaring Eyes! What Serpents curl
In horrid Wreaths, and hiſs around her Head!
Now, now ſhe drags me to the Bar of Minos:
See, how the awful Judges of the Dead
Look ſtedfaſt Hate, and horrible Diſmay!
See, Minos turns away his loathing Eyes;

Rage

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Rage choaks his ſtruggling Words: the fatal Urn
Drops from his trembling Hand. Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

——— I ſaw the burning Centre,
Saw the dire Secrets of th' infernal World,
Beheld the ſevere Judges of pale Ghoſts,
The Furies, and th' inexorable King,
Beheld the molten Gold of flying Styx,
That caſts a diſmal Light, and ſcares the Damn'd;
Millions of Ghoſts, that ſtar'd with ſtony Eyes,
And gnaſh'd with iron Teeth. I there beheld,
Toſs'd from the Banks amidſt the flaming Gold, (&c Virg.
And plung'd by red-hot Prongs of ſnaky Furies. Dan. Ap.

O, thou haſt given me ſuch a Glimpſe of Hell,
So puſh'd me forward, even to the Brink
Of that irremeable burning Gulph,
That, looking in th' Abyſs, I dare not leap. Dr. D. Seb.

Thy Lot will be
Eternal Torments, Baths of boiling Sulphur,
Viciſſitudes of Fires, and then of Froſts. Dryd. OEdip.

In liquid Burnings, or on dry to dwell,
Is all the ſad Variety of Hell. Dryd. State of Inn.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the loſt Archangel, this the Seat
That we muſt change for Heav'n, this mournful Gloom
For that celeſtial Light? ——— ———

——— ——— Farewel happy Fields,
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail Horrours, hail
Infernal World, and thou, profoundeſt Hell,
Receive thy new Poſſeſſor. ——— ———

——— ——— Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free, th' Almighty has not built
Here for his Envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and in my Choice,
To reign is worth Ambition though in Hell. Milt. Par. B. 1.
(Spoken by Satan.

——— ——— The happier State
In Heav'n, which follows Dignity, might draw
Envy from each Inferiour; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt Place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thund'rer's Aim
Your Bulwarks, and condemns the greateſt Share
Of endleſs Pain? Where there is then no Good
For which to ſtrive, no Strife can grow up there
From Faction; for ſure none will claim in Hell
Precedence: none whoſe Portion is ſo ſmall
Of preſent Pain, that with ambitious Mind
Will covet more. ——— Milt. Par. Loſt.

——— Shall

——— Shall we ſit ling'ring here
eav'n's Fugitives, and for our dwelling Place
xcept this dark opprobrious Den of Shame,
he Priſon of his Tyranny, who reigns
our Delay? No: let us rather chuſe,
rm'd with Hell Flames and Fury, all at once
er Heav'n's high Tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs Way,
urning our Tortures into horrid Arms
gainſt the Tort'rer: when to meet the Noiſe
f his almighty Engine he ſhall hear
ifernal Thunder; and for Lightning ſee
lack Fire and Horrour ſhot with equal Rage
mong his Angels; and his Throne it ſelf
ixt with Tartarean Sulphur, and ſtrange Fire,
is own invented Torments. ———
——— Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken Rear,
inſulting, and purſu'd us thro' the Deep,
With what Compulſion and laborious Flight
We ſunk thus low? ———
——— Can there be in Hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd? What can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driv'n out from Bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred Den to utter Woe;
Where Pain of unextinguiſhable Fire
Muſt exerciſe us without Hope of End
The Vaſſals of his Anger, when the Scourge
Inexorably, and the tort'ring Hour (by Moloch.
Calls us to Penance? ——— Milt. Par. Loſt. Spoken.
——— Our final Hope
Is flat Deſpair: we muſt exaſperate
Th' Almighty Victor to ſpend all his Rage,
And that muſt end us; that muſt be our Cure,
To be no more: ſad Cure! for who would loſe,
Tho' full of Pain, this intellectual Being,
Thoſe Thoughts that wander thro' Eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide Womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of Senſe and Motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can, or will ever give it? How he can
Is doubtful: that he never will is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his Ire,
Belike thro' Impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies their Wiſh, and end
Them in his Anger, whom his Anger ſaves

To

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To puniſh endleſs? —— ——
—— —— We are decreed,
Reſerv'd, and deſtin'd to eternal Woe:
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt?
What, when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtrook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and beſought
The Deep to ſhelter us? this Hell ſeem'd then
A Refuge from thoſe Wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that ſure was worſe.
What, if the Breath, that kindled thoſe grim Fires,
Awak'd ſhould blow them into ſevenfold Rage,
And plunge us in the Flames? Or from above
Should intermitted Vengeance arm again
His red right Hand to plague us? What, if all
Her Stores were open'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent Horrours, threat'ning hideous Fall
One Day upon our Heads; while we perhaps,
Deſigning or exhorting glorious War,
Caught in a fiery Tempeſt, ſhall be hurl'd
Each on his Rock transfix't, the Sport and Prey
Of racking Whirlwinds; or for ever ſunk
Under yon' boiling Ocean, wrapt in Chains,
There to converſe with everlaſting Groans,
Unreſpited, unpity'd, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs End? this would be worſe.
Shall we then live thus vile, the Race of Heav'n,
Thus trampled, thus expel'd, to ſuffer here
Theſe Chains and Torments? much better theſe than worſe
By my Advice; ſince Fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent Decree,
The Victor's Will. —— Milt. Par. Loſt. Spoken by Belial.
—— —— Suppoſe he ſhould relent,
And publiſh Grace to all, on Promiſe made
Of new Subjection; with what Eyes could we
Stand in his Preſence humble, and receive
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
With warbled Hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc'd Hallelujah's; while he lordly ſits
Our envy'd Sov'reign, and his Altar breathes
Ambroſial Odours and ambroſial Flow'rs,
Our ſervile Off'rings? This muſt be our Task
In Heav'n, this our Delight: how wearisome
Eternity ſo ſpent, in Worſhip paid (Mammon.
To whom we hate! —— Milt. Par. Loſt. B. 2. Spoken by
—— The

—— The King of Heav'n has doom'd
his Place our Dungeon, not our ſafe Retreat
yond his potent Arm, to live exempt
om Heav'n's high Juriſdiction, in new League
inded againſt his Throne, but to remain
ſtricteſt Bondage, tho' thus far remov'd
nder th' inevitable Curb, reſerv'd
lis captive Multitude: for he, be ſure,
Height or Depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
ole King, and of his Kingdom loſe no Part
y our Revolt, but over Hell extend
lis Empire, and with iron Sceptre rule
Js here, as with his golden thoſe in Heav'n:
—— For what Peace will be given
To us enſlav'd, but Cuſtody ſevere,
And Stripes, and arbitrary Puniſhment
inflicted? And what Peace can we return,
But to our Pow'r, Hoſtility and Hate,
Untam'd Reluctance, and Revenge tho' ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the Conqu'ror leaſt
May reap his Conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice,
In doing what we moſt in ſuff'ring feel. Milt. Par. Loſt.
(Spoken by Beelzebub.

HERCULES.

O Pow'r, who haſt deſerv'd in Heav'n a Throne,
Not giv'n, but by thy Labours made thy own, Dr. Ovid.
Alcides thus his Race began,
O'er Infancy he ſwiftly ran:
The future God at firſt was more than Man.
Dangers, and Toils, and Juno's Hate
Ev'n o'er his Cradle lay in wait;
And there he grappled firſt with Fate.
In his young Hands the hiſſing Snakes he preſs'd;
So early was the Deity confeſs'd!
Thus, by degrees, he roſe to Jove's imperial Seat:
Thus Difficulties prove a Soul legitimately great. Dryd.
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his Infant Cry,
The Snakes beſieg'd his young Divinity:
But vainly with their forked Tongues they threat;
For Oppoſition makes a Hero great,
To needful Succour all the Good will run;
And Jove aſſert the Godhead of his Son. Dryd.

HERO.

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HERO.

Heroes are for heroick Deeds design'd:
And noble Work attends a noble Mind. Blac. P. Arth.
The Hero's Breast still swells with great Designs,
In ev'ry Thought the tow'ring Genius shines. Add.
Heroes are Blessings on the World bestow'd:
To reap the Honour, but Mankind the Good. Blac. K. Art.
Hero's in Heav'n's peculiar Mould are cast;
They and their Poets are not form'd in haste: (the last.
Man was the first in God's Design, and Man was made
False Hero's, made by Flatt'ry to,
Heav'n can strike out, like Sparkles, at a Blow:
But, ere a Prince is to Perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second Thought:
With Toil and Sweat,
With hard'ning Cold, and foaming Heat,
The Cyclops did their Strokes repeat,
Before th' impenetrable Shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble Work for his,
Before 'twas try'd, and found a Masterpiece. Dryd.
The Hero's Souls, irregular to us,
Yet move, like Planets, in their proper Sphere,
Performing even Course,
In Paths uneven to Beholders Eyes. Dryd. Love. Trium.
The Minds of Heroes their own Measures are;
They stand exempted from the Rules of War:
Whilst tim'rous Wit goes sound, or fords the Shore,
He shoots the Gulph, and is already o'er. Dryd. Conq. of (Gran. p. 2.

He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and belov'd;
His Courage charms the Men, his Form the Women:
His very Sports are War ——
O! he's all Hero, scorns th' inglorious Ease
Of lazy Grece, delights to shine in Arms,
To wield the Sword, and launch the pointed Spear;
To tame the gen'rous Horse, that nobly wild
Neighs on the Hills, and dares the angry Lion;
To join the struggling Coursers to his Chariot,
To make their stubborn Necks the Rein obey, (Hip.
To turn, to stop, or stretch along the Plain. Smith. Phæd. &
Surely our Authors are to blame,
For making some well-sounding Name,
A Pattern fit for modern Knights.
To copy out in Frays and Fights:

Like

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Like thoſe, that a whole Street do raze
To build a Palace in the Place;
They never care how many others
They kill, without Regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing Man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valours,
Juſt like the Manhood of nine Tailours. Hud.
Like Heroes, in Sea-Fights, we ſeek Renown,
To fire ſome hoſtile Ship, we burn our own. Garth.

HIPPOLITUS.

Hippolitus, as old Records have ſaid,
Was by his Stepdame ſought to ſhare her Bed:
But, when no female Arts his Mind could move,
She turn'd to furious Hate her impious Love:
Torn by wild Horſes on the ſandy Shore,
Another's Crimes th' unhappy Hunter bore;
Glutting his Father's Eyes with guiltleſs Gore:
But chaſte Diana, who his Death deplor'd,
With Æſculapian Herbs his Life reſtor'd:
Then Jove, who ſaw from high, with juſt Diſdain,
The Dead inſpir'd with vital Life again,
Struck to the Centre, with his flaming Dart,
Th' unhappy Founder of the Godlike Art:
But Trivia kept in ſecret Shades alone,
Her Care, Hippolitus, to Fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius, in th' Ægerian Grove,
Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from Jove:
For this, from Trivia's Temple and her Wood,
Are Courſers driv'n, who ſhed their Maſter's Blood,
Affrighted by the Monſters of the Flood. Dryd. Virg.

HIPPOMENES.

So when Hippomenes beheld the Race,
Where Loſs was Death, and Conqueſt but a Face,
He ſtood amazed at the fatal Strife,
Wond'ring that Love ſhould dearer be than Life:
But when he ſaw the Prize, no longer ſtay'd,
But thro' thoſe very Dangers ſought the Maid,
And won her too. ——— ——— Sedl.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble Strife
To win his Lady, or to loſe his Life,
(What Shift ſome Men will make to get a Wife!)

Threw

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Threw down a golden Apple in her Way:
For all her Haſte, ſhe could not chuſe but ſtay.
Renown ſaid, run: the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd, hold:
The Man might have been hang'd, but for his Gold.
She ſaw; ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble Feet refuſe
Their wonted Speed, and ſhe took Pains to loſe. Dr. Theoc

HOMER.

Hail God of Verſe!
Thou art the unexhauſted Ocean, whence
Sprung firſt, and ſtill do flow, th' eternal Rills of Senſe:
To none but thee our Art divine we owe,
From whom it had its Riſe, and full Perfection too:
Thou art the mighty Bank, that ever doſt ſupply,
Throughout the World, the whole poetick Company:
With thy vaſt Stock alone they traffick for a Name,
And ſend their glorious Ventures out to all the Coaſts o
(Fame

How trulier blind was dull Antiquity,
Who faſten'd that unjuſt Reproach on thee?
Who can the ſenſeleſs lying Tale believe,
Or think thou didſt want Sight, by whom all others ſee?
Whatever Earth does in her pregnant Bowels bear,
Or on her fruitful Surface wear,
Whate'er the ſpacious Fields of Air contain,
Or far extended Territories of the Main,
Is by the ſkilful Pencil ſo exactly ſhewn,
We ſcarce diſcern where thou, or Nature beſt has drawn:
Beyond the Travels of the Sun and Year,
Beyond this glorious Scene of ſtarry Tapeſtry,
Where the vaſt Purlieus of the Sky,
And boundleſs Waſte of Nature lies,
Thy Voyages thou mak'ſt, and bold Diſcoveries. Old.
——— From his abundant Spring
Succeeding Poets draw the Songs they ſing:
From him they take, from him adorn, their Themes;
And into little Channels cut his Streams:
Rich in his Store! ——— Creech. Manil.

HONESTY.

An honeſt Mind, to Virtue's Precepts true,
Contemns the Fury of a lawleſs Crew:
Firm, as a Rock, he to his Purpoſe ſtands,
And thinks a Tyrant's Frown, as weak as his Commands.

If

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all the heav'nly Orbs, confus'dly hurl'd,
ould dash to Pieces, and should crush the World,
daunted he the mighty Crash would bear,
r in his Breast admit a Thought of Fear. ——
—— —— Some loose the Bands
'antient Friendship, cancel Nature's Laws
r Pageantry, and tawdry Gugaws. Some
nounce their Sires, oppose Paternal Right
r Rule and Pow'r; and others Realms invade
'ith specious Shews of Love. This trait'rous Wretch
etrays his Sov'raign. Others, destitute
f real Zeal, to ev'ry Altar bend,
y Lucre sway'd, and act the basest Things
o be styl'd Hon'rable. The honest Man,
imple of Heart, prefers inglorious Want
o ill-got Wealth: rather from Door to Door
A jocund Pilgrim, tho' distress'd, he'll rove,
Than break his plighted Faith: nor Fear, nor Hope,
Will shock his stedfast Soul: rather, debarr'd
Each common Privilege, cut off from Hopes
Of meanest Gain, of present Goods despoil'd,
He'll bear the Marks of Infamy, contemn'd,
Unpity'd; yet his Mind, of Evil pure,
Supports him, and Intention free from Fraud.
If no Retinue with observant Eyes
Attend him; if he can't with Purple Stain
Of cumb'rous Vestments, labour'd o'er with Gold,
Dazle the Crowd, and set them all agape;
Yet, clad in homely Weeds, from Envy's Darts
Remote he lives, nor knows the nightly Pangs
Of Conscience, nor with Spectres grisly Forms,
Demons, or injur'd Souls, at Close of Day,
Annoy'd, sad interrupted Slumbers finds:
But, as a Child, whose unexperienc'd Age
Nor evil Purpose fears, nor knows, enjoys
Night's sweet Refreshment, humid Sleep, sincere.
—— —— —— His Thoughts
Are exercis'd with Speculations deep
Of Good, and Just, and Meet, and th' wholsome Rules
Of Temp'rance; and aught that may improve
The moral Life; not sedulous to rail,
Nor with envenom'd Tongue to blast the Fame
Of harmless Men, or secret Whispers spread,
'Mong faithful Friends to breed Distrust and Hate.
Studious of Virtue, he no Life observes
Except his own; his own employs his Cares,
Large Subject! that he labours daily to refine. Phil. Cyd.

An

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An honeſt Man he is, and hates the Slime,
That ſticks on filthy Deeds. Shak. Othello.
So down-right, generous, frank, and open,
He thinks Mankind as honeſt as himſelf: (Cong.
He means no Ill, and conſequently fears none. Hig. Gen.
Honeſt as Truth itſelf, —— Rowe. Fair Pen.
His Nature is ſo far from doing Harms,
That he ſuſpects none. Shak. K. Lear.
Plain Souls, like mine, judge others like themſelves,
Men of a free and open Nature, (Dryd. Cleom.
Still think Men honeſt, that but ſeem to be ſo. Shak. K. Lear.
To ſeem to be, and not be what I ſeem,
Are Things my honeſt Nature underſtands not. Dr. Cleom.
I am more plain than dull Simplicity,
And artleſs as the Infancy of Truth. Shak. Troi. & Creſſ.
The Brave and Gen'rous act without Deceit:
Ignoble Minds work by ignoble Ways. Ravenſc. Ital. Husb.
How ſhould the Man, that moves by Craft or Fear,
Or ever greatly think, or ever greatly dare. ——
Short is the Date in which ill Acts prevail;
But Honeſty's a Rock can never fail. Steele. Fun.
Thy Thoughts all clear, as criſtal Currents, ſtream,
In various Play courſing each other down,
From the fair Fountain of an honeſt Soul. South. Diſapp.
I'm thinking, Pierre, how that damn'd ſtarving Quality,
Call'd Honeſty, got Footing in the World?
—— Powerful Villany firſt ſet it up,
For its own Eaſe and Safety: Honeſt Men
Are the ſoft eaſy Cuſhions, on which Knaves
Repoſe and fatten: Were all Mankind Villains,
They'd ſtarve each other; Lawyers would want Practice,
Cut-throats Reward: Each Man would kill his Brother
Himſelf: none would be paid or hang'd for Murder:
Honeſty! 'Twas a Cheat invented firſt
To bind the Hands of bold deſerving Rogues,
That Fools and Cowards might ſit ſafe in Pow'r,
And lord it uncontroul'd above their Betters.
Honeſty's but a Notion. ——
Like Wit, much talk'd of, not to be defin'd:
He, that pretends to moſt too, has leaſt Share in't: (Preſ.
'Tis a ragged Virtue! Honeſty! no more on't. Otw. Ven.

HONOUR.

Honour, thou greateſt Bleſſing in the Gift of Heav'n,
Which only art to its chief Darlings giv'n:

Cheaply

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neaply with Blood and Dangers art thou fought,
or canſt at any Rate be over-bought.
ou, ſhining Honour, art the nobleſt Chace
f all the braver Part of human Race.
ou only art worth living for below,
And only worth our dying too. Oldh.
Honour, which differs Man from Man much more
han Reaſon differ'd him from Beaſts before,
iffers this common Fate of all Things good,
y the blind World to be miſunderſtood:
or thoſe, who moſt to Honour ſacrifice,
reſcribe to her a mean and weak Diſguiſe:
npriſon her to other's falſe Applauſe,
nd from Opinion ſtill receive their Laws:
Vhilſt that inconſtant Idol they implore,
Vho in one Breath can murder and adore.
ut Honour is more great and more ſublime,
bove the Battery of Fate or Time.
Ve ſee in Beauty certain Airs are found,
Which no one Grace can make, but all compound:
Honour's to th' Mind, as Beauty to the Senſe;
The fair Reſult of blended Excellence.
As many Diamonds together lie,
And dart one Luſtre to amaze the Eye;
So Honour is that bright Ethereal Ray,
Which many Stars does in one Light diſplay:
But, as that Beauty were as truly ſweet,
Were there no Tongue to praiſe, no Eye to ſee't;
So Honour is its own Reward and End;
And, ſatisfy'd within, cannot deſcend
To beg the Suffrage of a vulgar Tongue,
Which, by commending Virtue, does it Wrong.
The peaceable Reflections on the Mind
Will in a ſilent Shade Contentment find:
Honour keeps Court at home; and ſcorns to fear
To be condemn'd abroad, if quitted there. Orinda.
Honour's the Conſcience of an Act well done,
Which gives us Pow'r our own Deſire to ſhun:
The ſtrong and ſecret Curb of headſtrong Will! (of Gran.
The Self-Reward of Good, and Shame of Ill. Dryd. Con.
Honour 's a ſacred Tie; the Law of Kings;
The noble Mind's diſtinguiſhing Perfection,
That aids and ſtrengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And imitates her Actions, where ſhe is not:
It is not to be ſported with. —— Add. Cato.
Reflect, that leſſen'd Fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin Honour, once, is always, ſtain'd:

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Timely advis'd, the coming Evil ſhun:
Better not do the Deed, than weep it done:
No Penance can abſolve our guilty Fame;
Not Tears, that waſh our Sin, can waſh our Shame. Prior.
——— Woman's Honour
Is nice as Ermin, will not bear a Soil. Dryd. D. Seb.
He taught them Honour, Virtues Baſhfulneſs!
A Fort ſo yieldleſs, that it fears to treat:
Like Pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing leſs:
Honour, the moral Conſcience of the Great! D'Aven.
Honour's the Soldier's Treaſure, bought with Blood,
And kept at Life's Expence. ——— Rowe. Fair Pen.
Honour's the Soldier's Conſcience. Dr. D. of Guiſe.
Honour is colder Virtue, ſet on Fire. D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.
Honour is, like the Soul, contain'd in ev'ry Part. D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.
Honour grows warm in airy Veſts of Praiſe. D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.
Honour muſt yield where Reaſon ſhould prevail. D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.
Baſe grov'ling Souls ne'er know true Honour's Worth,
But weigh it out in mercenary Scales:
The ſecret Pleaſure of a gen'rous Act
Is the great Mind's great Bribe, Dryd. D. Seb.
Honour's alone the gen'rous Mind's Reward. Dr. Auren.
——— He was a Man,
That liv'd up to the Standard of his Honour,
And priz'd that Jewel more than Mines of Wealth:
He'd not have done a ſhameful Thing but once;
Tho' kept in Darkneſs from the World, and hidden,
He could not have forgiv'n it to himſelf. Otw. Orph.
My Honour is my own, and not deriv'd
From this frail Body, ———
But that etherial Spark, which Heav'n inſpir'd,
And kindled in my new created Soul. Dr. Love Triump.
Fortune and Life depend on Fate alone:
My Honour and my Conſcience are my own. Ld. Lanſd.
——— Poor frighted Men at Sea,
To ſave their Lives, caſt all their Goods away.
In Storms of Fortune, where there is a Strife,
Which ſhall be ſav'd, Man's Honour or his Life,
Who would preſerve the totter'd Bark from Fate,
But ſink the Veſſel to preſerve the Freight? How. Veſt. Vir.
He, that will win the Prize in Honour's Race,
Muſt, nearer to the Goal, ſtill mend his Pace. D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.

Ho-

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Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
iat draws in raw and unexperienc'd Men
› real Miſchiefs, while they hunt a Shadow. Add. Cato.
Honour is but an Itch, in youthful Blood,
f doing Acts extravagantly good:
'e call that Virtue, which is only Heat, (Queen.
hat reigns in Youth, till Age finds out the Cheat. How. In.
Honour! a very Word! an empty Name!
ow dully wretched is the Slave to Fame!
ive me the Soul, that's large and unconfin'd,
ee as the Air, and boundleſs as the Wind. Otw. Alcibiad.
——— Who lightly weigh their Fame,
lake but ill Lovers: Honour's the ſtrongeſt Tie; (Her. Lov.
hat Chain once broke, there's nothing left to bind. (Lanſd.
——— Honour ſtill delights
'o tyrannize o'er Love. ——— Lanſd. Jew of Ven.
Now Love would yield,
ierce Honour ſtands his Ground, and Keeps the Field:
Nature, within ſeduc'd, in vain befriends,
While Honour, with his Guard of Pride, defends:
O Nature, frail and faulty in thy Frame,
'omenting Wiſhes, Honour muſt condemn!
Or, O too rigid Honour, thus to bind, (Ench.
When Nature prompts, and when Deſire is kind! Lanſd. Br.
Poor feeble Tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind Nature to maintain
Affected Rules of Honour.
The Scorn ſhe bears ſo helpleſs proves,
When I plead Paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears, but more ſhe loves,
Her Vaſſal ſhould undo her. Roch.
Thoſe formal Lovers be for ever curſt,
Who fetter'd free-born Love with Honour firſt;
Who thro' fantaſtick Laws are Virtue's Fools,
And againſt Nature will be Slaves to Rules. Lanſd. Br. Ench.
Let Honour come, I'll ſtand the ſtalking Nothing,
And, when the bladder'd Air would turn the Balance,
I'll caſt in Love, ſubſtantial, pond'rous Love,
Eternal Love, and hurl him to the Beam. Lee. P. of Cleve.
Honour's got it, and keeps her Heart!
This huffing Honour domineers
In Breaſts where he alone has Place:
But if true gen'rous Love appears,
The Hector dares not ſhew his Face.
I fall a Sacrifice to Love;
She lives a Wretch for Honour's ſake:

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Tho' I ſtill languiſh, and complain,
Am moſt inhumanly deny'd;
I have ſome Pleaſure in my Pain:
She can have none with all her Pride.
Conſider real Honour then,
You'l find, hers cannot be the ſame:
'Tis noble Confidence in Men,
In Women mean miſtruſtful Shame. Roch.

——— Cou'd you raiſe me high
As moſt fantaſtick Woman's Wiſh cou'd reach,
And lay all Natures Riches at my Feet;
I'd rather run a Savage in the Woods,
Amongſt brute Beaſts grow wrinkled and deform'd,
As Wildneſs and moſt rude Neglect cou'd make me,
So I might ſtill preſerve my Honour ſafe,
From the deſtroying Wiles of faithleſs Men. Otw. Orph.

Now mourn, thou God of Love, ſince Honour triumphs,
And crowns his cruel Altars with thy Spoils. Rowe. Tamer.

HORACE.

Horace ſtill charms with graceful Negligence;
And without Method talks us into Senſe:
Does, like a Friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt Notions in the eaſieſt Way:
He, who, ſupream in Judgment as in Wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ;
Yet judg'd with Coolneſs, tho' he ſung with Fire:
His Precepts teach, but what his Works inſpire:
Our Criticks take a contrary Extream;
They judge with Fury, but they write with Phlegm. Pope.

HOROSCOPE.

Onward ſhe haſtens to the fam'd Abodes,
Where Horoſcope invokes th' infernal Gods;
And reach'd the Manſion, where the Vulgar run
T'increaſe their Ills, and throng to be undone:
This Wight, all mercenary Projects tries;
And knows, that to be rich is to be wiſe:
By uſeful Obſervations he can tell
The ſacred Charms, that in true Sterling dwell:
So truly Horoſcope its Virtue knows,
To this blind Idol 'tis alone, he bows;
And fanſies, that a thouſand Pound ſupplies
The Want of Twenty thouſand Faculties:

Long

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ong has he been of that amphibious Fry,
old to prescribe, and busy to apply. Garth.

HORROUR.

Methinks we stand on Ruins: Nature shakes
About us; and the universal Frame's
So loose, that it but wants another Push,
To leap from off its Hinges. ——
No Sun to chear us, but a bloody Globe,
That rouls above, a bald and beamless Fire:
His Face o'ergrown with Scurf: For no Sun shines,
But a dim winking Taper in the Skies,
That nods, and scarce holds up his drowsy Head,
To glimmer thro' the Damps: Therefore the Seasons
Lie all confus'd, and, by the Heav'ns neglected,
Forget themselves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Mid-way; and, seeing not his Livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back. —— Dryd. OEdip.

All Things to universal Ruin hast:
Afflicted Nature seems to breathe her last: D'Aven. Circe.
From Hell's deep Hollow dreadful Groans are sent;
And Nature labours with some dire Event. Dr. Aven. Circe.
Sure 'tis a Horrour more than Darkness brings,
That sits upon the Night: Fate is abroad:
Some ruling Fiend hangs in the dusky Air,
And scatters Ruin, Death, and wild Distraction,
O'er all the wretched Race of Man below. Rowe. Tamerl.

—— Start Eyes;
Split Hearts; burst ev'ry Vein at this dire Object;
At once dissolve and flow: Meet Blood with Blood:
Dash your encount'ring Streams with mutual Violence;
'Till Surges roul, and foaming Billows rise, (M. Bride.
And curl their crimson Heads to kiss the Clouds. Cong.

And now a sudden Darkness covers all:
True genuine Night! Night added to the Groves! (OEdip.
The Fogs are blown full in the Face of Heaven. Dryd.

While list'ning to the murm'ring Leaves he stood,
More than a Mile immers'd within the Wood;
At once the Wind was laid; the whisp'ring Sound
Was dumb; a rising Earthquake shook the Ground:
With deeper Brown the Grove was overspread:
A sudden Horrour seiz'd his giddy Head;
And his Ears tinckled, and his Colour fled.
Nature was in Alarm. ——
—— The hollow Sound

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Sung in the Leaves; the Foreſt ſhook around;
Air blacken'd; roul'd the Thunder; groan'd the Ground.
(Dryd. Bocc. Theod & Hon.
Sure 'tis the End of all Things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his Head is now
The ghaſtly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you theſe Peals of Thunder but the Yawn
Of bell'wing Clouds? By Jove, they ſeem to me
The World's laſt Groans; and thoſe vaſt Sheets of Flame
Are its laſt Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen Globes;
And Chaos is at Hand. ——
Did ever Day or Night ſhew ought like this?
Anſwer, ye Pow'rs divine; ſpare all this Noiſe,
This Rack of Heav'n; and ſpeak your fatal Pleaſure:
Why breaks yon' dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monſtrous Night
Break forth ſuch Myriads of abortive Stars?
Why dart they all at once their baleful Influence
In leaking Fires? Once more I ask your Pleaſure:
If that the Glow-worm Light of human Reaſon
Might dare to offer at immortal Knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this Storm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks ſplit, and why rouls the Sea?
Why theſe Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?
Why theſe gigantick Forms, ethereal Monſters? Lee. OEdip.
Tell me what means this Anger of the Heav'ns?
Why did the Eve deſcend ſo diſmal dark?
Why not one Star to glimmer thro' the Skies?
Why fall thoſe Clouds ſo thick? Why fits the Night (rhus.
So heavy on the Brows of bended Mountains. Hopk. Pyr-
—— This Rack of Heav'n,
Thoſe burning Orbs, and the loud Peals of Thunder,
Thoſe ſtarting Stars, and yonder falling Meteors,
Are common Things to us; the uſual Huddle
Of jarring Elements.—— Hopk. Pyrrhus.
Aſcend ye Ghoſts, fantaſtick Forms of Night,
In all your diff'rent dreadful Shapes aſcend,
And match the preſent Horrour if you can. Rowe. Fair. Pen.
—— An univerſal Horrour
Struck thro' my Eyes, and chill'd my very Heart:
The chearful Day was ev'ry where ſhut out
With Care, and left a more than midnight Darkneſs,
Such as might ev'n be felt: A few dim Lamps,
That feebly lifted up their ſickly Heads,
Look'd faintly thro' the Shade, and made it ſeem

More

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lore dismal by such Light: While those, that waited
a solemn Sorrow, mix'd with wild Amazement,
observ'd a dreadful Silence.—— Rowe Amb. Stepm.
I can see nothing but a gath'ring Tempest;
Horrour on Horrour to the End of Heav'n. Dryd. Cleom.
—— The bare Remembrance
Still strikes a thrilling Horrour to my Heart. Den. Iphig.
—— The bare Mention (Den. Iphig.
strikes to my Heart, like Fate, and shakes my Nature.
—— If we cou'd recount
Our baleful News, and, at each Word's Deliv'rance,
Stab Ponyards in our Flesh till all were told,
The Words wou'd add more Anguish than the Wounds.
(Shak. Hen. 6. p. 3.
Should from their hollow Vaults pale Ghosts resort,
To fill your Ears with hideous Groans and Shrieks,
The Sound to you wou'd not be half so wounding. Smith.
(P. of Parma.
Ev'n frighted Destiny disowns the Deed,
And Hell is struck with Horrour.——Shak. and Tate Coriol.
—— O this Tale of Horrour (and Tate Coriol.
Would rouze the sleeping Father from his Grave. Shak.
Sleep on, Virgilia: Wake not to a Story,
Whose Horrour wou'd exceed the Force of Death,
And turn thee into Stone.—— Shak. and Tate. Coriol.
By Heav'n, thou hast awaken'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very Soul.—— Dryd. All for Love.
—— Speak then, O speak, (Love.
While I have Sense to understand the Horrour. Dryd. All for
Cold tremblings chill the Matron's frozen Blood,
And her faint Legs scarce bear their shaking Load:
Her hoary Hairs upright with Horrour rise,
And ghastly Fears star'd wildly in her Eyes. Hopk. Ovid.
The silver Moon, averse to such a Sight,
Fled from her darken'd Orb: No streak of Light,
No glimm'ring Star shot thro' the dismal Night. Hopk. Ovid.
Recoil thou Sun, as at the Feast of Atreus,
And hide the World in universal Darkness;
That neither Heav'n, nor Earth, nor Gods, nor Men, (Virg.
May see a Deed that will amaze the Universe. Den. Ap. &c
Talk on, till thou make mad my rouling Brain;
Groan still more Death; and may those dismal Sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth Blood and Tears:
Methinks at such a Meeting Heav'n stands still;
The Sea nor ebbs, nor flows; this Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: The busy Emmets cease. Lee OEdip.
(spoken by Jocasta to OEdipus.

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The Clouds diſpel; the Sky reſum'd her Light;
And Nature ſtood recover'd of her Fright. Dryd. Bocc. (Theod. & Hon.

HORSE.

Varying her Theme, the Muſe now takes Delight,
The ſwift-heel'd Horſe to praiſe, and ſing his rapid Flight,
And ſee! Th' Air-born Racers ſtart,
Impatient of the Rein;
Faſter they run than flies the Scythian Dart,
Nor, paſſing, print the Plain!
The Winds themſelves, who with their Swiftneſs vie,
In vain their airy Pinions ply,
So far, in matchleſs Speed, thy Courſers paſs
Th' Etherial Authors of their Race! Cong.
Bold, gen'rous, ſprightly, as th' illuſtrious Breed,
Which in th' etherial blue Incloſures feed:
That, thro' Heav'ns Waſte, with the Sun's Chariot play,
And govern Time, by carrying on the Day. Blac. P. Arth.
How firm the manag'd War-Horſe keeps his Ground,
Nor breaks his Order tho' the Trumpets ſound!
With fearleſs Eyes the glitt'ring Hoſt ſurveys:
And glares directly at the Helmet's Blaze:
The Maſter's Word, the Laws of War he knows;
And when to charge; and when to ſtop the Foes.——
Fleet as the Wind, he ſhoots along the Plain,
And knows no Check; nor hears the curbing Rein:
His fiery Eye-balls, formidably bright,
Dart a fierce Glory, and a dreadful Light:
Pleas'd with the Clank of Arms, and Trumpets Sound,
He bounds; and, prauncing, paws the trembling Ground:
He ſnuffs the promis'd Battel from afar,
Neighs at the Captain's Shout, and Thunder of the War:
Rowz'd with the noble Din, and martial Sight,
He pants with Tumults of ſevere Delight:
His ſprightly Blood an ev'n Courſe diſdains,
Pours from his Heart, and charges in his Veins:
He braves the Spear, and mocks the twanging Bow;
Demands the Fight, and ruſhes on the Foe. Broome.
He praunc'd, and whiten'd with his Foam the Air,
Pleas'd with the Pomp of Arms, and ſtern Face of War.
(Blac. Eliza.
Proud with Exceſs of Life, he paws the Ground;
Tears up the Turf, and ſpurns the Sand around. Blac. Job.
Light'ning flew from his Eyes; and Clouds of Smoke,
Dark'ning the Air, from his large Noſtrils broke. Blac. P. Arth.
Champ.

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Champing his Foam, and bounding o'er the Plain; (Virg.
Ch'd his high Neck, and graceful ſpread his Mane. Dr
Her lofty Courſer, in the Court below,
Who his majeſtick Rider ſeem'd to know;
Proud of his purple Trappings, paws the Ground; (Dr. Virg.
And champs the golden Bit, and ſpreads the Foam around.
A Lion's Hide his Back and Limbs infold;
Precious with ſtudded Work and Paws of Gold. Dryd. Virg.
Illuſtrious Blood he boaſts, with equal Pride,
Tranſmitted to his Veins, on either Side:
Race ſo famous for their ſpeedy Feet;
Eurus himſelf was not eſteem'd more fleet:
So ſwift they run, that vulgar Fame declares,
The weſtern Winds impregnated the Mares. Blac. P. Arth.
The Steeds capariſon'd with Purple ſtood,
With golden Trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their Teeth the foaming Gold. Dr. Virg.
——— He ſpurr'd his firy Steed
With goring Rowels to provoke his Speed. Dryd. Virg.
—— They now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on:
For, as whip'd Tops, and bandy'd Balls,
The Learned hold, are Animals;
So Horſes they affirm to be
Meer Engines, made by Geometry:
And were invented firſt from Engines,
As Indian Britains were from Penguins. Hud.
So when the Ring with joyous Shouts reſounds,
With Rage and Pride th' impriſon'd Courſer bounds:
He frets, he foams, he rends his idle Rein;
Springs o'er the Fence, and headlong ſeeks the Plain.——
As, when the Dogs with their deep Mouths proclaim,
That in the Wood they've rouz'd the flying Game;
The gen'rous Steed erects his liſt'ning Ears,
And the loud Noiſe with brave Impatience hears:
His eager Looks his inward Heat expreſs,
And all his quiv'ring Limbs his Joy confeſs:
He paws the Valley with a needleſs Strife,
Profuſe of Force, and prodigal of Life:
His forward Feet anticipate the Chace, (Arth.
And ſeem to run, even while he keeps his Place. Blac. K.

Getting on Horſe-back.

Behold the ſturdy Squire aforeſaid,
Preparing to get up his Horſe-ſide. Hud.

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And first with nimble active Force,
He got on th' Outside of his Horse;
For, having but one Stirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle, on the farther Side,
It was so short, he'ad much ado
To reach it with his desp'rate Toe:
But, after many Strains and Heaves,
He got up to the Saddle-Eaves;
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat,
With so much Vigour, Strength, and Heat,
That he had almost tumbled over
With his own Weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on Tail and Main,
Which oft he us'd instead of Rein. Hud.

Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty Bum, as oft
He was pull'd back; till having found
Th' Advantage of the rising Ground,
Thither he led his warlike Steed,
And, having plac'd him right, with speed
Prepar'd again to scale the Beast.
Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beast with active Vaulting;
Wriggling his Body to recover
His Seat, and cast his right Leg over. Hud.

Falling from a Horse.

The startling Steed was seiz'd with sudden Fright;
And, bounding, o'er the Pummel cast the Knight:
Forward he flew; and, pitching on his Head,
He quiver'd with his Feet, and lay for dead:
Black was his Count'nance in a little Space,
For all the Blood was gather'd in his Face:
The Saddle-Bow, the noble Part had press'd; (&c Arc.
And bruis'd and mortify'd his manly Breast. Dr. Chau. Pal.

GOOD HUMOUR.

Trust not too much your now resistless Charms;
Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms:
Good Humour only teaches Charms to last,
Still makes new Conquests, and maintains the past:
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will, like that, decay,
Our Hearts may bear its slender Chains a Day,
As flow'ry Bands in Wantonness are worn,
A Morning's Pleasure, and at Ev'ning torn:

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This binds in Ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing Heart, and only holds it long. Pope.

HUNTING.

I'll to the Woods among the happier Brutes;
Come, let's away: Hark, the shrill Horn resounds,
The jolly Huntsmens Cries rend the wide Heav'ns:
Come, o'er the Hills pursue the bounding Stag,
Come, chase the Lion, and the foamy Boar; (Phæd. & Hip.
Come, rouze up all the Monsters of the Wood. Smith
Hark! with this Morning's Hunt, the Hills, and Groves,
The Skies and Fountains, seem one mutual Cry. &c.
(Mas. of Pat.

I, mix'd with Nymphs, on Mænalus resort,
And make the Boar, my Danger, and my Sport:
When from the Vale the jolly Cry resounds,
What Rain, what Cold, shall keep me from my Hounds?
Methinks my Ears the sprightly Consort fills; (Virg.
I seem to bound thro' Woods, and mount o'er Hills. Staff.
—— Now, now methinks I go (Bow. Trapps. Virg.
O'er Rocks, thro' sounding Woods, and twang the Parthian
Ye vig'rous Swains, while Youth ferments your Blood, A
And purer Spirits swell the sprightly Flood;
Now range the Hills, the thickest Woods beset,
Wind the shrill Horn, or spread the waving Net. Pope.
——— His youthful Joy
Was Beasts of Chace in Forests to destroy:
This gentle Knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
Forsook his easy Couch at early Day,
And to the Woods and Wilds pursu'd his Way,
With Horns, and Hounds, and all the tuneful Cry,
To hunt a Royal Hart within the Covert nigh:
And, as he follow'd Mars before, so now
He serves the Goddess of the silver Bow.
And now th' uncoupled Hounds began the Chace,
——— And forthwith rouz'd the Prey,
That, shaded by the Fern, in Harbour lay;
And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the Wood,
For open Fields, and cross the crystal Flood. Dryd. Chau.
(Pal. & Arc.

I've known young Juba rise before the Sun,
To beat the Thicket where the Tiger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts:
How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks,
When first you rouz'd him to the Chace! I have seen you,
Ev'n in the Lybian Dog-Days, hunt him down;
Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage

Of

Of Fangs and Claws; and, ſtooping from your Horſe,
Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground:
——— How wou'd the old King ſmile
To ſee you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold, (Cato.
And throw the ſhaggy Spoils about your Shoulders! Add.

When Emma hunts, in Huntſman's Habit dreſs'd,
Henry on Foot purſues the bounding Beaſt:
In his right Hand his beechen Pole he bears,
And graceful at his Side his Horn he wears:
Still to the Glade, where ſhe has bent her Way,
With knowing Skill he drives the future Prey;
Bids her decline the Hill, and ſhun the Brake;
And ſhews the Path her Steed may ſafeſt take;
Directs her Spear to fix the glorious Wound;
Pleas'd in his Toils to have her Triumph crown'd:
And blows her Praiſes in no common Sound. Prior.

Nor yet, when moiſt Arcturus clouds the Sky,
The Woods and Fields their pleaſing Toils deny.
To Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair,
And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare:
Beaſts, taught by us, their fellow Beaſts purſue,
And learn of Man each other to undo. Pope.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus fiery Car:
The Youth ruſh eager to the Sylvan War;
Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Foreſt Walks ſurround,
Rouze the Fleet Hart, and chear th' opening Hound:
Th' impatient Courſer pants in ev'ry Vein,
And, pawing, ſeems to beat the diſtant Plain:
Hills, Vales, and Floods, appear already croſs'd,
And, e're he ſtarts, a thouſand Steps are loſt:
See! The bold Youth ſtrain up the threat'ning Steep;
Ruſh thro' the Thickets; down the Valleys ſweep;
Hang o'er their Courſer's Heads with eager ſpeed,
And Earth rouls back beneath the flying Steed. Pope.

With Crowds attended of your antient Race,
You ſeek the Champian Sports, or Sylvan Chace.
This fiery Game your active Youth maintain'd;
Not yet by Years extinguiſh'd, tho' reſtrain'd:
You ſeaſon ſtill with Sports your ſerious Hours:
For Age but taſts of Pleaſures, Youth devours.
Thus Princes eaſe their Cares: but happier he,
Who ſeeks not Pleaſure thro' Neceſſity:
Than ſuch, as once on ſlipp'ry Thrones were plac'd;
And, chaſing, ſigh, to think themſelves are chas'd. Dryd.

——— ——— Our Sport
Has been to day much better for the Danger:
When on the Brink the foaming Boar I met:

And'

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And in his Side thought to have lodg'd my Spear;
The desp'rate Savage rush'd within my Force,
And bore me headlong with him down the Rock:
But then my Brother, my friend Polydore,
Like Perseus, mounted on his winged Steed,
Came on, and down the dang'rous Precipice leap'd
To save Castalio. 'Twas a God-like Act!
But when I came, and found you Conqueror,
O my Heart danc'd to see your Danger past:
The Heat and Fury of the Chace was cold,
And I had nothing in my Mind but Joy. Otw. Orph.

HURRICANE.

So where our wide Numidian Wastes extend,
Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend;
Wheel thro' the Air; in circling Eddies play;
Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away:
The helpless Traveller, with wild surprize,
Sees the dry Desart all around him rise;
And, smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind, dies. Add. Cato.

HUSBAND and WIFE.

All Husbands must or Pain, or Shame endure:
The Wise too jealous are, Fools too secure.
Cong. Way of the World.

Curst be that Hour —— ——
When, fated with my single Happiness,
I chose a Partner to controul my Bliss,
Who wants that Reason which her Will should sway,
And knows but just enough to disobey. Dryd. State of Inn.

Would I had never marry'd: for now, methinks,
I've bound up for my self a Weight of Cares;
And, how the Burden will be borne none knows:
A Husband may be jealous, rigid, false,
And, should Castalio ever prove so to me,
So tender is my Heart, so nice my Love,
'Twould ruin and distract my Breast for ever. Otw. Orph.

O for a Curse upon the cunning Priest,
Who conjur'd us together in a Yoke,
That galls me now. —— —— South. Disapp.

O I could curse that first seducing Priest,
Who with false Reasons triumph'd o'er the World,
And reconcil'd Mankind to Slavery;
Whilst he, and all that tory'rend fatted Tribe,
Skill'd in the Arts of Luxury and Ease,

Wisely

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Wisely refus'd the Doctrines that they taught,
And only damn'd the Laxity to a Wife. South. Disapp.

There's no Condition sure so curst as mine:
I'm marry'd! Death, I am sped! How like a Dog
Look'd Hercules, thus to a Distaff chain'd! Otw. Orph.

Art thou not well, Castalio? Come lean
Upon my Breast, and tell me, where's thy Pain?
'Tis here: 'tis in my Head; 'tis in my Heart;
'Tis ev'ry where: it rages like a Madness;
And I most wonder how my Reason holds:
Nay, wonder not, Monimia: the Slave,
You thought you had secur'd within your Breast,
Is grown a Rebel, and has broke his Chain,
And now he walks there, like a Lord, at large.
No more, Monimia, of your Sexes Arts;
They're useless all: I'm not that pliant Tool,
That necessary Utensil you'd make me:
I know my Charter better. I am Man,
Obstinate Man, and will not be enslav'd.

You shall not fear't: Indeed my Nature's easy:
I'll ever live your most obedient Wife,
Nor ever any Privilege pretend
Beyond your Will, for that shall be my Law.

By yon' bright Heav'n, you shall not: all the Day,
I'll play the Tyrant, and at Night forsake thee:
Till, by Afflictions and continu'd Cares,
I've worn thee to a homely Houshold Drudge;
Nay, if I've any too, thou shalt be made
Subservient to all my looser Pleasures. Otw. Orph.

——— What Woman, when
Her Blood boils up, and wantons in her Veins;
When her hot panting Pulse beats to the Joy,
What Woman then would quench a gen'rous Flame,
In an unactive heavy Husband's Arms;
That tires and jades our Expectation
In the first Stretch of Love; then dully falls
To his old Trot, and drudges out the Course? South. Disap.

Now she has bound me fast; she means to lord it,
To rein me hard, and ride me at her Will,
'Till by Degrees she shape me into Fool,
For all her future Uses. ——— Otw. Orph.

Apart you talk'd, for that's your special Care,
The Consort never must the Council share:
One gracious Word is for a Wife too much:
Such is a Marriage Vow, and Jove's own Faith is such.
Dryd. Hon. Spoken by Juno to Jupiter.

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Ev'n Goddeſſes are Women: and no Wife
as Pow'r to regulate her Husband's Life:
ounſel ſhe may; and I will give thy Ear
he Knowledge firſt of what is fit to hear:
/hat I tranſact with others, or alone,
eware to learn; nor preſs too near the Throne.
Dryd. Hom. Spoken by Jupiter to Juno.

Wiſe Heav'n, in Pity to the Sex, deſign'd
ools, for the laſt Relief of Womankind:
'wo marry'd Wits no Quiet can enjoy;
'wo Fools together would the Houſe deſtroy:
ut Providence, to level human Life,
lade the Fool Husband for the witty Wife. Dr. Love. Triumph.

Now fie for Shame, quoth ſhe, by Heav'n above,
Thou haſt for ever loſt thy Ladies Love:
No Woman can endure a recreant Knight;
He muſt be bold by Day, and free by Night:
Our Sex deſires a Husband, or a Friend,
Who can our Honour and his own defend;
Wiſe, hardy, ſecret, lib'ral of his Purſe:
A Fool is nauſeous, but a Coward worſe:
No bragging Coxcomb, yet no baffled Knight:
How dar'ſt thou talk of Love, and dar'ſt not fight?
How dar'ſt thou tell thy Dame thou art affear'd?
Haſt thou no manly Heart, and haſt a Beard?
Dryd. Chauc. The Cock and the Fox.

——— Thou art innocent;
Simplicity from Ill, pure native Truth,
And Candour of the Mind adorn thee ever:
But there are ſuch, ſuch falſe ones in the World,
'Twould fill thy gentle Soul with wild Amazement,
To hear their Story told; ———

Can there be ſuch, and have they Peace of Mind?
Have they in all the Series of their Changing
One happy Hour? If Women are ſuch Things,
How was I form'd ſo different from my Sex?
My little Heart is ſatisfy'd with you;
You take up all her Room: As in a Cottage,
Which harbours ſome benighted Princely Stranger,
Where the good Man, proud of his Hoſpitality,
Yields all his homely Dwelling to his Gueſt,
And hardly keeps a Corner for himſelf.
O were they all like thee, Men would adore them;
And all the Buſ'neſs of their Lives be Loving:
The nuptial Band ſhould be the Pledge of Peace,
And all domeſtick Cares and Quarrels ceaſe.

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The World ſhould learn to love by virtuous Rules;
And Marriage be no more the Jeſt of Fools. Rowe. Fair Pen.
——— O I will keep thee
Next to my Heart, my certain Pledge of Happineſs:
Heav'n form'd thee gentle, fair, and full of Goodneſs,
And made thee all my Fortune here on Earth;
It gave thee to me, as a large Amends
For Fortune, Friends, and all the World beſide:
O I will love thee ſtill; cheriſh thee ever; (Pen.
And hide thee from Misfortune in my Boſom. Rowe. Fair
He only merits her, ſhe only him:
So pair'd; ſo ſuited in their Minds and Perſons,
That they were fram'd the Tallies for each other:
If any Alien Love had interpos'd,
It muſt have been an Eye ſore to Beholders,
And to themſelves a Curſe. ——— Dryd. D. Seb.
All of a Tenour was their After-Life:
No Day diſcolour'd with domeſtick Strife:
No Jealouſie, but mutual Truth believ'd; (& Arc.
Secure Repoſe, and Kindneſs undeceiv'd. Dryd. Chau. Pal.
Thus long in mutual Bliſs they lay embrac'd;
And their firſt Love continu'd to the laſt:
One Sun-ſhine was their Life; no Cloud between:
Nor ever was a kinder Couple ſeen. Dr. Chauc. The Wife
(of Bath's Tale.

HUSHAI.

Huſhai, the Friend of David in Diſtreſs;
In publick Storms of manly Stedfaſtneſs:
By foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And join'd Experience to his native Truth.
His frugal Care ſupply'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſy Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the Taſk to manage well the low:
For ſov'raign Pow'r is too depreſs'd or high,
When Kings are forc'd to ſell, or Crowds to buy.
Dryd. Abſ. & Ach.

HYDRA.

So when ſome ſhelt'ring Travellers retire
To leafy Shades, near the cool ſapleſs Verge
Of Paraba, Braſilean Stream, her Tail,
Of vaſt Extenſion, from her wat'ry Den
A griſly Hydra ſuddainly ſhoots forth.

Inſ.

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nfidious, and, with curs'd envenom'd Train,
mbracing horridly, at once the Crew
nto the River hurls: th'unweeting Prey
ntwisted roars; the parted Wave rebounds. Phil.

HYPERBOLE.

Hyperboles, so daring and so bold,
Disdaining Bounds, are yet by Rules controul'd:
Above the Clouds; but yet within our Sight;
They mount with Truth, and make a tow'ring Flight:
Presenting Things impossible to view,
They wander thro' Incredible to True:
Falsehoods, thus mix'd, like Metals, are refin'd;
And Truth, like Silver, leaves the Dross behind. Lansd.

HYPOCRISIE.

O, that Deceit should steal such gentle Shape,
And with a virtuous Vizard hide deep Vice! Shak. Rich. 3.
The Shape of Virtue still can best deceive:
Those, that in faithless Oceans take their Way, (Virg.
Sink in the Storms; but 'tis the Calms betray. How. Veft.
——— I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Passion: 'tis the surest Way:
Your cold Hypocrite's a stale Device;
A worn-out Trick: Would'st thou be thought in Earnest;
Cloath thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury. Add. Cato.
——— Satan then
Each Perturbation smooth'd with outward Calm;
Artificer of Fraud! and was the first
That practis'd Falsehood under saintly Show; (Loft.
Deep Malice to conceal, couch'd with Revenge. Milt. Par.
Atrides then, his outward Zeal to boast,
Bade purifie the Sin-polluted Host:
Those Pomps the royal Hypocrite design'd
For Show; but harbour'd Vengeance in his Mind:
'Till holy Malice, lab'ring for a Vent,
At length discover'd his conceal'd Intent. Dryd. Hora.
The Hypocrite defeats his own Design;
Splits on the Rock, he labours to decline. Blac. K. Arth.

I. JANUS.

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I.

JANUS.

See antient Janus, with his double Face,
And Bunch of Keys, the Porter of the Place. Dryd. Virg.
Janus himſelf before his Fane ſhall wait,
And keep the dreadful Iſſues of his Gate,
With Bolts and Iron Bars: within remains
Impriſon'd Fury, bound in brazen Chains:
High on a Trophy rais'd of uſeleſs Arms,
He ſits, and threats the World with vain Alarms. Dr. Virg.

Gates of the Temple of Janus, ſhut'd by Juno.

Two Gates of Steel, the Name of Mars they bear,
And ſtill are worſhip'd with religious Fear,
Before his Temple ſtand: The dire Abode,
And the fear'd Iſſues of the furious God;
Are fenc'd with brazen Bolts; without the Gates
The wary Guardian Janus doubly waits:
Then, when the ſacred Senate votes the Wars,
The Roman Conſul their Decree declares,
And in his Robes the ſounding Gates unbars:
The Youth in military Shouts ariſe,
And the loud Trumpets break the yielding Skies.
Theſe Rites of old by Sov'reign Princes us'd,
Were the Kings Office, but the King refus'd;
Deaf to their Cries; nor would the Gates unbar
Of ſacred Peace, nor looſe th'impriſon'd War:
But hid his Head, and, ſafe from loud Alarms,
Abhor'd the wicked Miniſtry of Arms.
Then Heav'n's imperious Queen came down from high;
At her Approach the brazen Hinges fly;
The Gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling Bar;
And, like a Tempeſt, iſſues out the War. Dryd. Virg.

JAPIS.

Japis was at Hand to prove his Art;
Whoſe blooming Youth ſo fir'd Apollo's Heart,
That, for his Love, he proffer'd to beſtow
His tuneful Harp, and his unerring Bow:
The pious Youth, more ſtudious to ſave
His aged Sire, now ſinking to the Grave,
Preferr'd the Pow'r of Plants, and ſilent Praiſe
Of healing Arts, before Phœbeian Rays. Dryd. Virg.

IDEOT.

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IDEOT.

His eldeſt born, a goodly Youth to view,
xcell'd the reſt in Shape, and outward Shew:
ir, tall, his Limbs with due Proportion join'd,
ut of a heavy, dull, degen'rate Mind:
is Soul bely'd the Features of his Face;
eauty was here, but Beauty in Diſgrace:
le look'd like Nature's Errour; as the Mind
nd Body were not of a Piece deſign'd,
ut made for two, and by Miſtake in one were join'd.

Falling in Love with a beautiful Lady whom he ſaw ſleeping by a Fountain.

The Fool of Nature ſtood with ſtupid Eyes,
And gaping Mouth, that teſtify'd Surprize,
Fix'd on her Face, nor could remove his Sight,
New as he was to Love, and Novice in Delight:
Long mute he ſtood; and, leaning on his Staff,
His Wonder witneſs'd with an Ideot Laugh:
Then would have ſpoke: but, by his glimm'ring Senſe,
Firſt found his want of Words, and fear'd Offence;
Doubted, for what he was he ſhould be known,
By his Clown-Accent and his Country-Tone.
But Reaſon in this brutal Soul began;
Love made him firſt ſuſpect he was a Man:
Love made him doubt his broad Barbarian Sound;
By Love his want of Words and Wit he found:
That Senſe of Want prepar'd the future Way
To Knowledge, and diſclos'd the Promiſe of a Day.
What not his Father's Care, nor Tutor's Art,
Could plant with Pains in his unpoliſh'd Heart,
The beſt Inſtructor, Love, at once inſpir'd,
As barren Grounds to Fruitfulneſs are fir'd.
Love taught him Shame; and Shame, with Love at Strife,
Soon taught the ſweet Civilities of Life:
His groſs material Soul at once could find
Something in her excelling all her Kind:
Exciting a Deſire till then unknown,
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone:
This made the firſt Impreſſion in his Mind;
Above, but juſt above the brutal Kind:
For Beaſts can like, but not diſtinguiſh too,
Nor their own Liking by Reflection know;
Nor why they like or this, or t'other, Face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar Grace:

But

But love in groſs, and ſtupidly admire;
As Flies, allur'd by Light, approach the Fire.
Thus our Man-Beaſt, advancing by Degrees,
Firſt likes the Whole; then ſep'rates what he ſees:
On ſev'ral Parts a ſev'ral Praiſe beſtows,
The ruby Lips, the well proportion'd Noſe,
The ſnowy Skin, the Raven-glofſy Hair,
The dimpled Cheek, the Forehead riſing fair,
And ev'n in Sleep it ſelf a ſmiling Air.
From thence his Eyes deſcending view'd the reſt,
Her plump round Arms, white Hands, and heaving Breaſt:
Long on the laſt he dwelt: thro' ev'ry Part
A pointed Arrow ſped to pierce his Heart.
Thus in a Trice a Judge of Beauty grown,
A Judge erected from a Countrey-Clown,
He long'd to ſee her Eyes, in Slumber hid,
And wiſh'd his own could pierce within the Lid:
He would have wak'd her, but reſtrain'd his Thought;
And Love, new-born, the firſt good Manners taught:
An awful Fear his ardent Wiſh withſtood,
Nor durſt diſturb the Goddeſs of the Wood:
For ſuch ſhe ſeem'd by her celeſtial Face,
Excelling all the reſt of human Race:
And Things divine, by common Senſe, he knew
Muſt be devoutly ſeen at diſtant View:
So, checking his Deſire, with trembling Heart,
Gazing he ſtood; nor would, nor could, depart:
Fix'd as a Pilgrim, wilder'd in his Way,
Who dares not ſtir by Night for fear to ſtray,
But ſtands with awful Eyes to watch the Dawn of Day.
At length, awaking, Iphigene the Fair,
So was the Beauty call'd who caus'd his Care,
Unclos'd her Eyes, and double Day reveal'd,
While thoſe of all her Slaves in Sleep were ſeal'd.
The ſlav'ring Cudden, propt upon his Staff,
Stood ready, gaping with a grinning Laugh,
To welcome her Awake; nor durſt begin
To ſpeak; but wiſely kept the Fool within.
But ſtill the Sot ſtood ſilent with Surprize,
With fix'd Regard on her new-open'd Eyes;
And in his Breaſt receiv'd th' invenom'd Dart;
A tickling Pain that pleas'd amid the Smart.
—— The Fire, which choak'd in Aſhes lay,
A Load too heavy for his Soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and bruſh'd away by Love.
Love made an active Progreſs thro' his Mind;
The duſky Parts he clear'd, the groſs refin'd;

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: drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
: Maker's Image on the human Breast. Dryd. Bocc.
(Cym. & Iphig.

Of JEALOUSY.

Who could more happy, who more bless'd could live,
an they whom kind, whom am'rous, Passions move?
nat Crowns, what Empires greater Joys could give,
ian the soft Chains, the Slavery of Love?
Were not the Bliss too often cross'd
By that unhappy, vile Distrust, (lady,
hat gnawing Doubt, that anxious Fear, that dang'rous Ma-
hat terrible tormenting Rage, that Madness, Jealousie?
In vain Belinda boasts she has been true;
In vain she swears, she keeps untouch'd her Charms;
Dire Jealousie does all my Pains renew,
And represents her in my Rival's Arms:
His Sighs I hear, his Looks I view,
I see her damn'd Advances too;
see her smile, I see her kiss; and, Oh! methinks I see
Her give up all those Joys to him, she should reserve for me.
But these rude Pangs of Jealousie are much more certain Signs
Of Love, than all the tender Words an am'rous Fansy coins.
Walsh.

O Weakness, sprung from Mightiness of Love!
D'Aven. Siege of Rhodes.

For jealous Rage is but a hasty Flame,
That blazes out, when Love too fiercely burns. Rowe. Tam.
This noble Jealousie for ever show:
It stirs Love's dying Embers till they glow:
Love would without it dull and lazy grow;
As Churches, whom no Hereticks oppose,
Rust into Ignorance, for want of Foes. D'Aven. Circe.
——— Jealousie's a Proof of Love;
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine:
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,
But has no Pow'r to cure. —— Dryd. All for Love.
O Jealousie, thou Avarice of Love. Dryd. Maid. Queen.
Alas! 'Tis sacred Jealousie;
Love rais'd to an Extream! Roch.
For Jealousie but shews how well we love. Dr. Ind. Emp.
O Jealousie, the injur'd Lover's Hell. Milt. Par. Lost.
The restless Stone, the Vulture, and the Wheel;
Whate'er the Damn'd or the Despairing feel,
The sharpest Punishments of angry Jove,
Are all contain'd at once in jealous Love. Johns. Vict.
Oh!

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Oh! the diſtracting Throes of Jealouſie! (D. Carl.
Curs'd Jealouſie, that poiſons all Love's Sweets! Otw.
From Lovers Beds, and Thrones of Monarchs, fly,
Thou ever waking Madneſs, Jealouſie. D'Aven.
O Jealouſie, thou Bane of pleaſing Friendſhip;
Thou worſt Invader of our tender Boſoms;
How does thy Rancour poiſon all our Sweetneſs,
And turn our gentle Natures into Bitterneſs!
See where ſhe comes! Once my Heart's deareſt Bleſſing:
Now my chang'd Eyes are blaſted with her Beauty, (Shore.
Loath that known Face, and ſicken to behold her. Rowe. J.
——— Accurſed Jealouſie!
O mercileſs, wild and unforgiving Fiend!
Blindfold it runs to undiſtinguiſh'd Miſchief,
And murders all it meets: Curs'd be its Rage;
For there is none ſo deadly: Doubly curs'd
Be all thoſe eaſy Fools, who give it Harbour:
Who turn a Monſter looſe among Mankind,
Fiercer than Famine, War, or ſpotted Peſtilence,
Baneful as Death, and horrible as Hell. Rowe. J. Shore.
The Rage of Jealouſie then fir'd his Soul; (& Arc.
And his Face kindled like a burning Coal. Dr. Chauc. Pal.
Curſe on her Name; I faint, I die;
With ſecret Pangs of Jealouſie.
My Breaſt with hoarded Vengeance burns:
While Fear and Rage
With Hope engage,
And rule my wav'ring Soul by Turns. Add. Roſ.
Soon as the Name of Aura reach'd her Ears,
With Jealouſie ſurpriz'd, and fainting Fears,
Her roſy Colour fled her lovely Face,
And Agonies like Death ſupply'd the Place:
Pale ſhe appear'd, as are the falling Leaves,
When firſt the Vine the Winters Blaſt receives:
Of ripen'd Quinces ſuch the yellow Hue;
Or, when unripe, we Cornel-Berries view. Cong. Ovid.
More with Revenge, that ſoft Deſires, ſhe burns,
Whoſe ſlighted Paſſion meets no kind Returns.
Dread Scylla's Rocks 'tis ſafer to engage,
And truſt a Storm, than her deſtructive Rage:
Not Waves, contending with a boiſt'rous Wind,
Threaten ſo loud, as her tempeſtuous Mind:
For Seas grow calm, and raging Storms abate;
But moſt implacable's a Woman's Hate:
Her furious Looks with wild Diſorder glow,
Looks, that her Envy and Reſentment ſhow:

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o'er her Face the riſing Bluſhes ſpread,
r glowing Eye-Balls turn with Fury red:
en pale and wan her alter'd Looks appear,
ier than Guilt, and drooping with Deſpair:
Tide of Paſſions ebbs and flows within,
id oft the ſhifts the melancholy Scene;
ow, calm as Infants at the Mother's Breaſt,
:r Grief in ſofteſt Murmurs is expreſs'd:
ie ſpeaks the tender'ſt Things, that Pity move,
ind are her Looks, and languiſhing with Love:
hen, loud as Storms, and raging as the Wind,
ne gives a Looſe to her diſtemper'd Mind:
Vith Shrieks and Groans ſhe fills the Air around,
ier Motion, Looks, and Voice, proclaim her Woes,
Vhile Sighs, and broken Words her wilder Thoughts diſ-
(cloſe. Yald.

A killing Sweat, a Damp of Jealouſy
Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limb. Dr. Amph
O Jealouſie, how art thou Eagle-ey'd! Dr. Tyr. Love.
I never gave him Cauſe of Jealouſy:
But jealous Souls will not be anſwer'd ſo:
They are not ever jealous for the Cauſe,
But jealous, for they're jealous. It is a Monſter,
Begot upon it ſelf, born on it ſelf. Shak. Othel.
——— Trifles light as Air
Are to the Jealous Confirmations ſtrong
As Proofs of Holy Writ.——— Shak. Othel.
But thou, like Jealouſie, enquir'ſt a Truth,
Which found will torture thee.—— Dryd. D. Seb.
When Love's afraid, do not that Fear deſpiſe:
Flames tremble moſt, when they the higheſt riſe. D'Aven.
(The Man's the Maſt.
To doubt 's an Injury; to ſuſpect a Friend;
Is Breach of Friendſhip: Jealouſie 's a Seed,
Sown but in vicious Minds: prone to diſtruſt,
Becauſe apt to deceive. ——— Lanſd. Her. Love.
How much are they deceiv'd, who vainly ſtrive,
By jealous Fears, to keep our Flames alive?
Love's like a Torch, which, if ſecur'd from Blaſts,
Will faintlier burn; but then it longer laſts:
Expos'd to Storms of Jealouſie and Doubt,
The Blaze grows greater, but 'tis ſooner out. Walſh.
Kind jealous Doubts, tormenting Fears,
And anxious Cares, when paſt,
Prove our Hearts Treaſure fixt and dear,
And make us bleſs'd at laſt. Roch.

O,

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O my Heart's Joy! Riſe, Bellamira, riſe:
There's nothing left, nothing of Rage to fright thee:
Thou haſt new-tun'd me, and the trembling Strings
Of my touch'd Heart dance to the Inſpiration,
As if no Harſhneſs, nor no Jars had been:
Had theſe ſweet Sounds but met my Entrance here,
My ghaſtly Fears and cloven Jealouſies,
With all the Monſters that made ſick my Brain,
Had fled, ſo ſoft and artful are thy Strains, (Stor.
Like ſullen Fiends before the Prophets Charms. Lee. Cæſ.

JEWS.

The Jews, a headſtrong, moody, murm'ring Race,
As ever try'd th' Event and Stretch of Grace:
God's pamper'd People! whom, debauch'd with Eaſe,
No King could govern, nor no God could pleaſe:
Gods they had try'd of ev'ry Shape and Size,
That God-Smiths could produce, or Prieſts deviſe.
And, when no Rule, no Precedent was found
Of Men, by Laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild Deſires to Woods and Caves,
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
And, govern'd by the Moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the ſame Track, when ſhe the Prime renews;
And once in twenty Years, their Scribes record,
By natural Inſtinct, they change their Lord. Dr. Abſ. & Ach.

IMPRECATION.

Curs'd be my Days! and doubly curs'd my Nights!
Blaſted be ev'ry Herb, and Fruit and Tree!
Curs'd be the Rain that falls upon the Earth! (Ven. Preſ.
And may the gen'ral Curſe reach Man and Beaſt! Otw.
Curs'd be the fatal Day, that gave me Birth;
In Clouds of Darkneſs let it ſtill be hid,
And roul no more in the vaſt Rounds of Time:
Tearing Remorſe and never ceaſing Vengeance, (of Parma.
Racks, Hell and burning Sulphurs be my Lot. Smith. P.
Cover me, Earth, take me, thou dark Abyſs,
To horrid Depth, as boundleſs as my Woe. Smith. P. of Parma.
——— Light'ning blaſt me; Thunder,
Rivet me ever to Prometheus' Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my inceſtuous Heart. Lee. Oedipus.
O, would th' avenging Thunderbolt of Jove
Fall down amain on this devoted Head; (Virg.
And drive me headlong to th' infernal Pow'rs. Den. Ap. &

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May all my Curſes, and Ten thouſand more,
Heavier than them, fall back upon my Head:
Pelion and Oſſa from the Giant's Grave
Be torn, by ſome avenging Deity,
And hurl'd at me, a bolder Wretch than they,
Who durſt invade the Skies. —— Dryd. Troil. & Creſs.

—— All Curſes on me;
The Whips of Conſcience, and the Stings of Pleaſure,
Sores and Diſtempers, Diſappointments, plague me.
May all my Life be one continu'd Torment, (Cleves.
And that more racking than a Woman's Labour. Lee. P. of

Let me be branded for the publick Scorn,
Turn'd forth, and driv'n to wander like a Vagabond;
Be friendleſs, and forſaken; ſeek my Bread
Upon the barren, wild and deſolate Waſte;
Feed on my Sighs, and drink my falling Tears. Rowe. J. Sh.

INCEST.

What art thou, that doſt creep into my Breaſt,
And dar'ſt not ſee my Face? ——

—— —— Inceſt is in me;
I cannot utter it: Why ſhould I keep
A Breaſt to harbour Thoughts I dare not ſpeak?
Darkneſs is in my Boſom, and there lie
A thouſand Thoughts that cannot brook the Light:
How wilt thou vex them, when this Deed is done,
Conſcience, that art afraid to let me name it?
If you above love not ſuch Crimes as theſe,
Circle my Heart with Thoughts as cold as Snow,
To quench theſe riſing Flames, that harbour Love.
Why ſhould there be ſuch Muſick in a Voice,
And Sin for me to hear it? All the World
May take Delight in this; and 'tis Damnation
For me to do ſo. O how bleſt is he,
That is ſo near you as a Brother is;
But you are nought to me but a Diſeaſe;
Continual Torment without Hope of Eaſe:
Such an ungodly Sickneſs I have got,
That he, that undertakes my Cure, muſt firſt
O'erthrow Divinity, all moral Laws,
And leave Mankind as unconfin'd as Beaſts,
Allowing them to do all Actions
As freely as they drink when they deſire.
—— —— O, I have loſt my Reaſon,
The only Diff'rence between Man and Beaſt:
And I am left as far without a Bound,

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As the wild Ocean that obeys the Wind:
——— ——— Is there no Stop
To our full Happineſs, but thoſe meer Sounds,
Brother and Siſter? I have liv'd
To conquer Men, and now am overthrown
Only by Words: Brother and Siſter! Where
Have thoſe Words Dwelling? I will find them out,
And utterly deſtroy them: Let them be Men or Beaſts,
And I will cut them from the Earth; or Towns,
And I will raze them, and then blow them up:
Let 'em be Seas, and I will drink 'em off,
And yet have unquench'd Fire left in my Breaſt:
Let 'em be any thing but meerly Voice:
——— ——— O Man accurſt!
Thou bought'ſt thy Reaſon at too dear a Rate:
For thou haſt all thy Actions bounded in
With envious Rules, when ev'ry Beaſt is free:
What is there that acknowledges a Kindred
But wretched Man? Who ever ſaw the Bull
Fearfully leave the Heifer that he lik'd,
Becauſe they had one Dam? Beaum. King and no King.
See where ſhe comes again! ———
By Heav'n, when I behold thoſe beauteous Eyes,
Repentance lags, and Sin comes hurrying on.
We cannot look upon each other's Face,
But, when we read our Love, we read our Guilt:
Yet not to love you is impoſſible.
Ah! why were we not both born of a Sex,
For then we might have lov'd without a Crime!
Why was not I your Brother?
We'd then been Friends, and Friendſhip is not Inceſt!
Alas, I know not by what Name to call thee!
Siſter and Wife are the two deareſt Names!
And I would call thee both; and both are Sin.
Unhappy we! that ſtill we muſt confound
The deareſt Names into a common Curſe.
We muſt make Haſte to part, or never ſhall:
One Moment longer, ———
And I ſhould break thro' Laws divine and humane,
And think 'em Cobwebs, ſpread for little Man,
Which all the bulky Herd of Nature breaks.
The vigorous young World was ignorant
Of theſe Reſtrictions; 'tis decrepit now;
Not more devout, but more decay'd, and cold.
All this is impious: therefore we muſt part:
For gazing thus, I kindle at thy Sight,

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nd, once burnt down to Tinder, light again
Much sooner than before. Dryd. D. Seb.
Heav'n was unkind to set so strict a Bound, (Trium.
And Love would struggle to forbidden Ground. Dryd. Love
I cannot bear your Looks; new Flames arise
From ev'ry Glance, and kindle from your Eyes,
Pure are the Beams, which from those Suns you dart;
But gather Blackness from my sooty Heart.
Then let us each with hasty Steps remove (Trium.
Nor spread Contagion, where we meant but Love. D. Love
Oh raging, impious, and yet hopeless Fire,
Nor daring to possess what I desire.
Condemn'd to suffer what I cannot bear;
Tortur'd with Love, and furious with Despair:
Of all the Pains, which wretched Mortals prove,
The fewest Remedies belong to Love:
But ours has none: For, if we should enjoy,
Our fatal Cure must both of us destroy. Dr. Love Trium.
We are deny'd the common Rights of Nature,
Which the first Brother and first Sister had:
Why were not you and I that happy Pair?
But Nature doats with Age. —— Dryd. Love Trium.
O she's the fairest, sweetest of the World:
Nay, she is beauteous too; yet, mighty Love,
I never offer'd to obey thy Law,
But an unusual Chilness came upon me:
An unknown Hand still check'd my forward Joy,
Dash'd me with Blushes, tho' no Light was near;
That ev'n the Act became a Violation. Lee. OEdip.
By Heav'n, I'd rather
Embrue my Hands up to my very Shoulders
In the dear Entrails of the best of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable Act
Of damned Incest. —— Lee. OEdip.
Enjoy thy Mother!
What! Violate, with bestial Appetite,
The sacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn!
That is not to be borne. —— Lee. OEdip.
O, 'tis too little this: thy Loss of Sight,
What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, There goes the Monster:
Nor have I hid my Horrour from my self;
For, tho' corporeal Light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, thro' glaring Opticks,
Presents in larger Size her black Ideas,
Doubling the bloody Prospect of my Crimes;
Holds Fansy down, and makes her act again

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With Wife and Mother. Tortures, Hell, and Furies!
Ha! Now the baleful Offspring's brought to Light!
In horrid Form they rank themſelves before me:
What ſhall I call this Medley of Creation?
Here, one, with all th' Obedience of a Son,
Borrowing Jocaſta's Look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father: There, a ſturdy Boy,
Reſembling Laius juſt as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and, with his cold Hand, graſping mine,
Cries out, How fares my Brother OEdipus?
What, Sons and Brothers! Siſters and Daughters too!
Fly all, be gone, fly from my whirling Brain:
Hence Inceſt, Murder; hence ye ghaſtly Figures!
O Gods! Gods! anſwer, Is there any Mean?
Let me go mad, or die. Lee. OEdip. Spoken by OEdipus after he had torn out his Eyes.

Alas! I groan beneath
The Pain, the Guilt, the Shame of impious Love:
I love, --- Alas! I ſhudder at the Name:
My Blood runs backward, and my fault'ring Tongue
Sticks at the Sound. -- I love --- O righteous Heaven!
Why was I born with ſuch a Senſe of Virtue,
So great Abhorrence of the ſmalleſt Crime,
And yet a Slave to ſuch impetuous Guilt?
Rain on me, Gods, your Plagues, your ſharpeſt Tortures,
Afflict my Soul with any Thing but Guilt;
And yet that Guilt is mine. ——— Smith. Phæd. & Hip.

Inceſt! O name it not:
The very Mention ſhakes my inmoſt Soul:
The Gods are ſtartled in their peaceful Manſions;
And Nature ſickens at the ſhocking Sound:
Thou brutal Wretch! thou execrable Monſter!
To break thro' all the Laws that early flow
From untaught Reaſon, and diſtinguiſh Man:
Mix, like the ſenſeleſs Herd, with beſtial Luſt,
Mother and Son prepoſterouſly wicked:
To baniſh from thy Soul the Rev'rence due (Hip.
To Honour, Nature, and the genial Bed! Smith. Phæd. &

But is't a Crime, which yet Heav'ns partial Pow'rs
Allow to ev'ry Kind they form, but ours:
All Creatures elſe without Diſtinction join,
Regard no Limits, and reſpect no Line:
The feather'd Kind fly mingled with their Young;
Birds pair with Birds, from whom of late they ſprung:
The lawleſs Herds in flow'ry Paſtures feed,
And, by promiſcuous Leaps, increaſe the Breed:

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Unbounded, o'er the ſpacious Plains they range,
Chuſe as they pleaſe, and, as they pleaſe, they change.
Wiſely with Nature happy Brutes comply,
And, as ſhe prompts them, they improve their Joy;
But fooliſh Man againſt himſelf conſpires,
Inventing Laws to curb his fierce Deſires:
Induſtrious to deſtroy his own Content,
He makes thoſe Bars, which Nature never meant:
Yet there are Nations, no ſuch Cuſtoms bind;
Where Men and Women, all in common join'd,
With doubled Love exalt their gen'rous Kind:
Where Daughters with indulgent Fathers wed,
And without Scandal mount the genial Bed.
Had my Stars plac'd my Birth in ſuch a Clime,
I might have had my Wife without a Crime:
I might have been, of all I love, poſſeſs'd;
Like them I had enjoy'd, like them been bleſs'd;
Hence, impious Thoughts, from my diſtracted Brain;
Be gone all Hopes, ſince all, alas! are vain. Hopk. Ovid.

This gentle Cock, for Solace of his Life,
Six Miſſes had beſide his lawful Wife:
Scandal, that ſpares no King, tho' ne'er ſo good,
Says, they were all of his own Fleſh and Blood;
His Siſters both by Sire and Mother's Side:
And ſure their Likeneſs ſhow'd them much ally'd:
But make the Worſt, the Monarch did no more,
Than all the Ptolomeys had done before:
When Inceſt is for Int'reſt of a Nation, (and the Fox.
'Tis made no Sin by holy Diſpenſation. Dryd. The Cock

INCONSTANCY.

How vainly would dull Moraliſts impoſe
Limits on Love, whoſe Nature brooks no Laws:
Love is a God, and, like a God, ſhould be
Inconſtant; with unbounded Liberty
Rove as he liſt. ——— Otw. D. Carl.

Man therefore was a Lord-like Creature made;
Rough as the Winds, and as inconſtant too:
A lofty Aſpect given him for Command;
Eaſily ſoften'd when he would betray:
Like conqu'ring Tyrants you our Breaſt invade;
Where you are pleas'd to ravage for a while:
But ſoon you find new Conqueſts out, and leave
The ravag'd Province ruinate and bare. Otw. Orph.

——— O inconſtant Man! (Preſ.
How will you promiſe, how will you deceive! Otw. Ven.

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Beautiful Looks are rul'd by fickle Minds;
And Summer Seas are turn'd by ſuddain Winds:
Another Love may gain her eaſy Youth:
Time changes Thought; and Flatt'ry conquers Truth.
Vainly thou talk'ſt of loving me alone;
Each Man is Man, and all the Sex is one:
Falſe are our Words, and fickle is our Mind;
Nor in Love's Ritual can we ever find
Vows made to laſt, or Promiſes to bind.
By Nature prompted, and for Empire made,
Alike by Strength or Cunning we invade:
When, arm'd with Rage, we march againſt the Foe,
We lift the Battel-ax, and draw the Bow:
When, fir'd with Paſſion, we attack the Fair,
Deluſive Sighs and brittle Vows we bear:
Our Falſehood and our Arms have equal Uſe,
As they our Conqueſt or Delight produce.
The fooliſh Heart thou gav'ſt again receive;
The only Boon departing Love can give:
To be leſs wretched, be no longer true:
What ſtrives to fly thee, why ſhould'ſt thou purſue?
Forget the preſent Flame; indulge a new.
Single the loveliest of the am'rous Youth;
Ask for his Vow; but hope not for his Truth;
The next Man, and the next thou ſhalt believe,
Will pawn his Gods, intending to deceive,
Will kneel, implore, perſiſt, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his Arrows right:
Be wiſe, and falſe; ſhun Trouble, ſeek Delight:
Change thou the firſt; nor wait thy Lover's Flight.
Why ſhould'ſt thou weep? Let Nature judge our Caſe:
I ſaw thee young and fair; purſu'd the Chaſe
Of Youth and Beauty: I another ſaw
Fairer and younger; yielding to the Law
Of our all-ruling Mother, I purſu'd
More Youth, more Beauty: Bleſt Viciſſitude!
My active Heart ſtill keeps its priſtine Flame;
The Object alter'd, the Deſire the ſame.
This younger Fairer pleads her rightful Charms,
With preſent Pow'r compels me to her Arms:
And much I fear from my ſubjected Mind,
If Beauties Force to conſtant Love can bind,
That Years may ſoul ere, in her Turn, the Maid
Shall weep the Fury of my Love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou doſt now,
With idle Clamours of a broken Vow. Prior.
Fool, not to know, that Love endures no Tie,
And Jove but laughs at Lovers Perjury. Dryd. Pal. & Arc.

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Phillis, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures, ſhorter than the Day?
Could we, which we never can,
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span;
Beauty, like a Shadow, flies:
And our Youth, before us, dies:
Or would Youth and Beauty ſtay,
Love has Wings, and will away:
Love has ſwifter Wings than Time;
Change in Love to Heav'n does climb.
Gods, that never change their State,
Vary oft their Love and Hate:
Phillis, to this Truth we owe
All the Love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our paſt Deſire;
On what Shepherds you have ſmil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd:
For the Joys we now may prove,
Take Advice of preſent Love. Wall.

INDEPENDENT.

Th'Independents, whoſe firſt Station
Was in the Reer of Reformation:
A Mungril Kind of Church-Dragoons,
That ſerv'd for Horſe and Foot at once:
And, in the Saddle of one Steed,
The Saracen and Chriſtian rid;
Were free of ev'ry Spiritual Order
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder. Hud.

The Spiritual Men are too tranſcendent,
That mount their Banks for Independent;
To hang, like Mahomet, in th'Air,
Or St. Ignatius at his Pray'r,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependency on Church and State;
Diſdain the Pedantry o'th' Letter,
And, ſince Obedience is better,
The Scripture ſays, than Sacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt Stints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory Hints;
Or any Opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch in Doctrinals;
But left at large to make their beſt on,
Without being call'd t'Account or Queſtion. Hud.

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INGRATITUDE.

—— Baſe Ingratitude
Is ſuch a Sin to friendſhip, as Heav'n's Mercy,
That ſtrives with Man's untoward, monſtrous Wickedneſs,
Unweary'd with forgiving, ſcarce can pardon. Rowe. F. Pen.

It was not always thus: The Time has been,
When this unfriendly Door, that bars my Paſſage,
Flew wide, and almoſt leap'd from off its Hinges,
To give me Entrance here; when this good Houſe
Has pour'd forth all its Dwellers to receive me;
When my approach has made a little Holy-day,
And ev'ry Face was dreſs'd in ſmiles to meet me:
But now 'tis otherwiſe; and thoſe, who bleſs'd me,
Now curſe me to my Face. ——

There was, there was a Time, when my Alicia
Has thought unhappy Shore her deareſt Bleſſing,
And mourn'd that live-long Day, ſhe paſs'd without me:
When, pair'd like Turtles, we were ſtill together,
When, often, as we prattled Arm in Arm,
Inclining fondly to me ſhe has ſworn,
She lov'd me more than all the World beſide. Rowe. J. Shore.

—— Where are thy Friends,
The dear Companions of thy joyful Days,
Whoſe Hearts thy warm Proſperity made glad;
Whoſe Arms were taught to grow like Ivy round thee,
And bind thee to their Boſoms? Thus with thee,
Thus let us live, and let us die, they ſaid,
For ſure thou art the Siſter of our Loves,
And nothing ſhall divide us: Now where are they?
Ah! Bellmour, where indeed? They ſtand aloof,
And view my Deſolation from afar! (J. Shore.
When they paſs by, they ſhake their Heads in ſcorn. Rowe.

—— I could ſtand upright
Under the Tyranny of Age and Fortune;
But the ſad Weight of ſuch Ingratitude
Will cruſh me into Earth. Denh. Sophy.

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted Fiend,
More hideous when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a Child,
Than the Sea-Monſter:
Oh! It is ſharper than a Serpent's Tooth,
To have a thankleſs Child:
—— Filial Ingratitude!
Is it not as this Mouth ſhou'd tear this Hand
For lifting Food to't? —— Shak. K. Lear.

Traitor's

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Traitor's enough, but when ungrateful comes,
'Tis ſtops the Mouth of Pity —— Buckl. Sad One.
'Tis ſome Relief, when ill Returns are made,
With Favours done th' ungrateful to upbraid. Tate. Ovid.

INNOCENCE.

Let envious Jealouſy and canker'd Spight
Produce my Actions to ſevereſt Light,
And tax my open Day, or ſecret Night:
Did e'er my Tongue ſpeak my unguarded Heart,
The leaſt inclin'd to play the Wanton's Part?
Did e'er my Eye one lawleſs Thought reveal,
Which Angels might not hear, and Virgins tell? Prior.
I thank the Gods, no ſecret Thoughts reproach me;
No: I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And ſhake my Soul quite empty in your Sight;
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
Theſe fix'd Regards, and ſilent Threats of Eyes. Dryd. OEd.
—— Come what will, or can;
My thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars,
And with thoſe Thoughts i'll reſt. Lee OEdip.
——'Tis Evidence ſo full,
If the laſt Trumpet ſounded in my Ear,
Undaunted I ſhou'd meet the Saints half Way, (Guiſe.
And in the Face of Heav'n maintain the Fact. Dryd. D. of
Lead on to Dungeons, Horrour, Chains and Death:
The Brave and Honeſt never are ſurpriz'd:
If there's a Life to come, the Good are bleſt;
And if there's none, all have eternal Reſt. Hig. Gen. Conq.
There is no Courage, but in Innocence;
No Conſtancy but in a honeſt Cauſe. South. Fate of Capua.
What ſtronger Breaſt-plate than a Heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that has his Quarrel juſt:
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in Steel,
Whoſe Conſcience with Injuſtice is corrupted. Shak. H. 6. p. 2.
The righteous Gods, that Innocence require,
Protect the Goodneſs, which themſelves inſpire:
Unguarded Virtue human Arts deſies, (& Hipp.
Th' accus'd is happy, while the Accuſer dies. Smith. Phæd.
This noble Pride becomes your Innocence. Lord. D. Sol.
A Heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted. Shak. Hen. 8. p. 1.
—— —— No Veil
She needed, Virtue proof; no Thought infirm
Alter'd her Cheek. —— Milt. Par. Loſt. B. 9.
More innocent than Beauty was, before
It ſtudied Wit, or artful Dreſſes wore. D'Aven. Circe.

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JONAS.

The Bull-fac'd Jonas, who cou'd Statutes draw (Achit.
To mean Rebellion, and make Treason Law. Dryd. Abs. and

INSECT.

He sung; how Sunbeams brood upon the Earth,
And in the Glebe hatch such a num'rous Birth:
Which way the genial Warmth, in Summer Storms,
Turns putrid Vapours to a Bed of Worms:
How Rain, transform'd by this prolifick Pow'r,
Falls to the Earth, an animated Show'r. Blac. P. Arth.

The Insects here their ling'ring Trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem; and doubtful if alive;
From Winter's Fury, hither they repair;
And stay for milder Skies, and softer Air:
Down to these Cells obscener Reptiles creep,
Where hateful Nutes, and painted Lizzards sleep:
Where shiv'ring Snakes the Summer Solstice wait;
Unfurl their painted Folds and slide in State. Garth.

Thus from the Sore, altho' the Insect flies,
It leaves a Brood of Maggots in Disguise. Garth.

JOY.

Joy with fresh Strength inspires her drooping Limbs,
Revives her Charms; and o'er her faded Cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosy Bloom, as kindly Springs
With genial Heat renew the frozen Earth; (Phæd. & Hip.
And paint its smiling Face with gawdy Flow'rs. Smith.

A Joy, too great to be by Voice express'd,
Shines in each Eye, and beats in ev'ry Breast. Duke.

Immod'rate Pleasure all their Looks confess'd;
Unbridled Transports throve within their Breast;
Broke thro' their Eyes, and scorn'd to be suppress'd. Bl. Eliza.

A springing Joy, ——

A Pleasure, which no Language can express,
An extasy, that Mothers only feel,
Plays roundmy Heart, and brightens up my Sorrow;
Like Gleams of Sun-shine in a lowring Sky. Phill. Dist. Moth.

O what a Sight will this be to the Soldier,—
To see me bring you dress'd in shining Armour,
To head the shouting Squadrons? O ye Gods!
Methinks I hear the echoing Cries of Joy,
The Sound of Trumpets, and the Beat of Drums;

I see.

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I ſee each ſtarving Soldier bound from Earth,
As if ſome God by Miracle had raiſ'd him,
And with beholding you grow fat again:
Nothing, but gazing Eyes, and op'ning Mouths,
Cheeks red with Joy, and lifted Hands about you:
Some wiping the glad Tears that trickle down;
With broken Io's, and with ſobbing Raptures. Lee. Theod.

With greater Rapture than the Wretch, that's freed
From Death's convulſive Pangs, embraces Heav'n. Den. Lib. Aff.

Run thro' the Streets, and loud as Fame can ſpeak,
With Trumpets Sounds proclaim your Emperor's Joy:
And, as of old, on the great Feſtival
Of her, they call the Mother of the Gods,
Let all Work ceaſe: at leaſt an oaken Garland
Crown each Plebeian Head: Let ſprightly Bowls
Be dol'd about, and the toſs'd Cymbals ſound. Lee. Theod.

In Athens, all was Pleaſure, Mirth, and Play,
All proper to the Spring, and ſpritely May:
Which ev'ry Soul inſpir'd with ſuch Delight,
'Twas juſting all the Day, and Love at Night:
Heav'n ſmil'd; and gladded was the Heart of Man;
And Venus had the World, as when it firſt began. Dryd. (Chauc. Pal. & Arc.

Not more rejoice
The miſerable Race of Men, that live
Benighted half the Year, benumb'd with Froſt
Perpetual, and rough Boreas keeneſt Breath,
Under the polar Bear, inclement Sky;
When firſt the Sun with new-born Light removes
Their long incumbent Gloom. —— Phil.

Hence ev'ry Grief, and ev'ry anxious Care,
Mix with the Seas and Winds, raiſe Tempeſts there:
Strike all your Strings, to joyful Meaſures move,
And ev'ry Voice ſound Liberty and Love. Lanſd. Brit. Ench.

Sound Tunes of Triumph, all ye Winds, and bear
Your Notes aloft, that Heav'n and Earth may hear;
And thou, O Sun, ſhine out ſerene and gay,
And bright as when the Giants loſt the Day. Lanſd. Brit. Ench.

O Day, the faireſt ſure that ever roſe!
Period and End of anxious Emma's Woes;
Sire of her Joy, and Source of her Delight;
O, wing'd with Pleaſure take thy happy Flight,
And give each future Morn a Tincture of thy White.
Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd Heart,
And anxious Jealouſies corroding Smart;

Nor

Nor other Inmate ſhall inhabit there,
But ſoft Belief, young Joy, and pleaſing Care. Prior.
Too weak is Man this Rapture to contain;
And I ſhall die with Tranſport. ——
My Grief, repel'd by Extaſy of Joy,
The jarring Tides will overflow my Heart. Hig. Gen. Conq
—— I'm loſt in Extaſy!
How ſhall I ſpeak the Tranſport of my Soul!
I am ſo bleſs'd, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now haſt made Amends for all
Thy paſt Unkindneſs: I abſolve my Stars. Add. Cato.
—— O I have met
With ſomething dearer than my Diadem;
With all that's worth a Wiſh, that's worth a Life. Lee. Theod.
Why doſt thou come to make my Bliſs run o'er?
What is there more to wiſh? Fortune can find
No Flaw in ſuch a Glut of Happineſs,
To let one Miſery in—— O my Varanes!
Thou, who of late did'ſt ſeem to walk on Clouds;
Now give a Looſe, let go the ſlacken'd Reins;
Let us drive down this Precipice of Joy,
As if that all the Winds of Heav'n were for us. Lee. Theod.
Let Heav'n with Thunder to the Centre ſtrike me,
If to ariſe in very Deed from Death,
And to reviſit with my long-clos'd Eyes
This living Light, could, to my Soul, or Senſe,
Afford a Thought, or ſhew a Glimpſe of Joy,
In leaſt Proportion to the vaſt Delight
I feel, to hear of Oſmyn's Name, to hear,
That Oſmyn lives, and I again ſhall ſee him. Cong. Mourn. Bride.
—— O let me find ſome Way
To tell the mighty Joy, that fills my Breaſt, (Step.
Leſt I grow mad with height of furious Bliſs. Rowe. Amb.
O that it were my laſt expiring Moment,
For I ſhall never taſte the like again. Dryd. D. of Guiſe.
The ſprightly Bridegroom on his wedding Night,
More gladly enters not the Liſts of Love. Dryd. D. Seb.
I ſhall run mad with Extaſy of Joy! Dryd. D. Seb.
'Tis like a Father, who himſelf had 'ſcap'd
A falling Houſe, and, after anxious Search,
Hears, from afar, his only Son within;
And digs thro' Rubbiſh, till he drags him out
To ſee the friendly Light: ——
Such is my Haſte, ſo trembling is my Joy! Dryd. D. Seb.
My Joys are all a Soul can bear and live. Dryd. L. Trium.

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O the tranſporting Joy!
Impetuous Flood of unexpected Rapture!
Whether I live or no, I cannot tell. Den. Iphig.
Were my whole Life to come, one heap of Troubles,
The Pleaſure of this Moment would ſuffice, (Mithr.
And ſweeten all my Griefs with its Remembrance. Lee
I feel a Gladneſs light'ning in my Breaſt,
The kindled Joy diſperſes quickly thro' me. Lee Mithr.
Now all my Joys flow pure, (M. A-la-M:
Unmix'd with Cares, and undiſturb'd by Conſcience. Dryd.
Were Heav'n not made of leſs or duller Joy, (Gran. p. 2.
'Twould break each Minute, and it ſelf deſtroy. Dryd. Con. of
Methinks I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet from unhurt Flow'rs rebound:
I walk in Air, and ſcorn this earthly Seat:
Heav'n is my Palace; this my baſe Retreat. Dryd. Sta. of Inn.
My Heart's ſo full of Joy,
That I ſhall do ſome wild Extravagance
Of Love in publick; and the fooliſh World, (All for Love.
Which knows not Tenderneſs, will think me mad. Dryd.
The Tempeſt of my Joys will riſe
By juſt Degrees, and hit it laſt the Stars. Lee OEdip.
Now Joy, like Light'ning, darts along my Soul;
And raiſes ev'ry Senſe to native Vigour. Den. Lib. Aſſerted.
——— Armida yields. O all draw near;
And ſhare the Joy: I want the Strength to bear it:
To either Pole, let Seas and Winds convey (Conq.
The welcome Sound, and all Mankind be happy. Hig. Gen.
When to my raviſh'd Ears you firſt confeſs'd
Your Love, and ſhot me thro' with trembling Joy,
The Stars flam'd brighter; and the Flow'rs breath'd forth
A warmer Fragrancy; the gloomy Grove
Approv'd our Vows, and at our Contract ſmil'd. Tate L. Gen.
O let the Tongues of Angels tune that Word,
When they ſpeak Comfort to deſpairing Souls:
For there are Charms in ev'ry Letter there:
The very Winds in ſilent Reverence.
Muſt liſten to the Muſick of that Sound,
And bear about the Accents of my Joy. South. Diſapp.
——— Joy never feaſts ſo high,
As when the firſt Courſe is of Miſery. Suckl. Aglaura.
——— How, which Way ſhall I try
To utter my full Bliſs? 'Tis in my Head,
'Tis in my Heart; and takes up all my Soul:
The Labour of my Fancy; and too vaſt
A Birth of Joy to be diſcloſe'd ſo ſoon: South. Fat. Marr.

My

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My Joys run high, they know no Bounds;
Tides of unruly Pleasure flow
Thro' ev'ry swelling Vein:
New Raptures in my Bosom glow,
And warm me up to Youth again. Steele Tend. Husb.
The laughing Minutes summon thee to Joy, (Fair Pen.
And, with new Pleasures court thee as they pass. Rowe.
Here let Remembrance lose our past Misfortunes;
Tear all Records that hold the fatal Story:
Here let our Joys begin; from hence go on
In long successive Order. ——— Rowe Fair Pen.
Thus our chief Joys with most Alloys are curst;
And our best Things, when once corrupted, worst. Fargh.
Alas! How quickly is my Comfort fled!
A Flash of Light'ning thus relieves the Night,
Making that darker by its hasty Flight,
As those faint Beams of Joy my Soul betray'd;
But to involve it in a thicker Shade. Orind. Corneille.
How all our Joys are set in Foils of Woe,
As after Darkness Light the brighter shews;
So from our Sorrows all our Joys increase. How. Vest. Virg.
Ordain we then two Sorrows to combine;
And in one Point th' Extreams of Grief to join;
That thence resulting Joy may be renew'd;
As jarring Notes in Harmony conclude. Dryd. Chau. Pal. & Arc.
Men think of Joys to come, and slight the past. Sedl.
(Ant. & Cleop.

JUST or TURNEY.

——— Now from afar
I heard a sudain Symphony of War;
The neighing Courser's, and the Soldier's Cry,
And sounding Trumps, that seem'd to tear the Sky.
I saw, soon after this, behind the Grove,
Come issuing out in Arms, a warriour-Train,
That, like a Deluge, pour'd upon the Plain:
There Kings, and Dukes, and Barons you might see,
Like sparkling Stars, tho' diff'rent in Degree,
All for th' Increase of Arms, and Love of Chivalry.
On barbed Steeds they rode in proud Array,
Thick as the College of the Bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky Fields they fly,
New to the Flow'rs, and intercept the Sky.
So fierce they drove, their Coursers were so Fleet,
That the Turf trembled underneath their Feet.

To

To tell their coſtly Furniture were long;
The Summer's Day wou'd end before the Song:
To purchaſe but the Tenth of all their Store,
Wou'd make the mighty Perſian Monarch Poor:
Yet what I can, I will: Before the reſt
The Trumpets iſſu'd in white Mantles dreſs'd:
A num'rous Troop, and all their Heads around
With Chaplets green of Cerrial-Oak were crown'd,
And at each Trumpet was a Banner bound;
Which, waving in the Wind, diſplay'd at large,
Their Maſter's Coat of Arms, and knightly Charge:
Broad were the Banners, and of ſnowy Hue;
A purer Web the Silk-Worm never drew:
The Chiefs about their Necks the Scutcheons wore,
With orient Pearls and Jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their Collars too; and ev'ry one
Was ſet about with many a coſtly Stone.
Next theſe, of Kings at Arms a goodly Train,
In proud Array, came prancing o'er the Plain:
Their Cloaks were Cloth of Silver, mix'd with Gold,
And Garlands green around their Temples roul'd:
Rich Crowns were on their Royal Scutcheons plac'd,
With Saphires, Di'monds, and with Rubies grac'd:
And, as the Trumpets their Appearance made,
So, theſe in Habits were alike array'd;
But with a Pace more ſober, and more ſlow;
And twenty, Rank in Rank, they rode a-row.
The Purſevants came next, in Number more;
And, like the Heralds, each his Scutcheon bore:
Clad in white Velvet all their Troops they led,
With each an oaken Chaplet on his Head:
Nine Royal Knights in equal Ranks ſucceed;
Each Warriour mounted on a fiery Steed:
In golden Armour glorious to behold;
The Rivets of their Arms were nail'd with Gold:
Their Surcoats of white Ermin-Fur were made,
With Cloth of Gold between, that caſt a glitt'ring Shade:
The Trappings of their Steeds were of the ſame:
The golden Fringe ev'n ſet the Ground on Flame,
And drew a precious Trail: A Crown divine
Of Laurel did about their Temples twine.
Three Henchmen were for ev'ry Knight aſſign'd,
All in rich Liv'ry clad, and of a Kind:
White Velvet, but unſhorn, for Cloaks they wore;
And each within his Hand a Truncheon bore:
The Foremoſt held a Helm of rare Device;
A Prince's Ranſom wou'd not pay the Price.

The

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The second bore the Buckler of his Knight:
The third, of Cornel-Wood a Spear upright,
Headed with piercing Steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their Lords their Equipage was seen;
And all their Foreheads crown'd with Garlands green.
And after these came arm'd with Spear and Shield,
An Host so great, as cover'd all the Field:
And all their Foreheads, like the Knights before,
With Laurels ever green are shaded o'er,
Or Oak, or other Leaves of lasting Kind,
Tenacious of the Stem, and firm against the Wind.
Some in their Hands, besides the Lance and Shield,
The Boughs of Woodbind or of Hawthorn held;
Or Branches for their mystick Emblems took
Of Palm, of Laurel, or of Cerrial-Oak,
Thus, marching to the Trumpets lofty Sound,
Drawn in two Lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle Meadow took their Ground:
Among themselves the Turney they divide,
In equal Squadrons rang'd on ev'ry Side:
Then turn'd their Horses Heads; and, Man to Man,
And Steed to Steed oppos'd, the Justs began:
They lightly set their Lances in the Rest,
And, at the Sign, against each other prest:
They met: I, sitting at my Ease, beheld
The mix'd Events and Fortunes of the Field:
Some broke their Spears, some tumbled Horse and Man,
And round the Field the lighten'd Coursers ran:
An Hour and more, like Tides, in equal Sway,
They rush'd, and won by Turns, and lost, the Day:
At length the Nine, who still together held,
Their fainting Foes to shameful Flight compell'd,
And with resistless Force o'er-run the Field.
Thus, to their Fame, when finish'd was the Fight,
The Victors from their lofty Steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike Train,
And, two by two, proceeded o'er the Plain.
The Ladies left their Measures at the Sight,
To meet the Chiefs returning from the Fight;
And each with open Arms embrac'd her chosen Knight.

(Dryd. Chauc. The Flower and the Leaf.

IPHIGENIA.

Fair Iphigenia, the devoted Maid,
Was, by the weeping Priests, in linnen Robes array'd:

All

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All mourn her Fate; but no Relief appear'd:
The royal Victim bound, the Knife already rear'd,
When that offended Pow'r, who caus'd their Woe,
Relenting, ceas'd her Wrath, and ſtopp'd the coming Blow.
A Miſt before the Miniſters ſhe caſt,
And in the Virgin's Room, a Hind ſhe plac'd. Dryd. Ovid.

Transformation of IPHIS.

But Iphis follow'd with a larger Stride:
The Whiteneſs of her Skin forſook her Face,
Her Look embolden'd with an awful Grace;
Her Features and her Strength together grew,
And her long Hair to curling Locks withdrew:
Her ſparkling Eyes with manly Vigour ſhone,
Big was her Voice, audacious was her Tone:
The latent Parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into Man. Dryd. Ovid.

IRIS.

Iris, the Goddeſs of the various Bow;
Swiftly fair Iris down her Arch deſcends. Dryd. Virg.
Indu'd with Robes of various Hue ſhe flies,
And flying draws an Arch; a Segment of the Skies:
Then leaves her bending Bow; and from the Steep
Deſcends to ſearch the ſilent Houſe of Sleep.
From whence returning by the Way ſhe went,
She ſwerv'd along her Bow with ſwift Aſcent. Dryd. Ovid.
Downward the various Goddeſs took her Flight,
And drew a thouſand Colours from the Light. Dr. Virg.
Iris, the Grace of Heav'n! what Pow'r divine
Has ſent thee down thro' dusky Clouds to ſhine?
See, they divide: immortal Day appears;
And glitt'ring Planets, dancing in their Spheres. Dr. Virg.
The Goddeſs, having done her Task below,
Mounts up on equal Wings; and bends her painted Bow.
(Dryd. Virg.

ITALY.

But neither Median Woods, a plenteous Land?
Fair Ganges; Hermus rowling golden Sand;
Nor Bactria, nor the richer Indian Fields;
Nor all the gummy Stores Arabia yields;

Nor

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Nor any foreign Earth of greater Name,
Can with ſweet Italy contend in Fame.
No Bulls, whoſe Noſtrils breathe a living Flame,
Have turn'd our Turf: no Teeth of Serpents here
Were ſown, an armed Hoſt and iron Crop to bear:
But fruitful Vines, and the fat Olive's Freight,
And Harveſts heavy with their fruitful Weight,
Adorn our Fields; and, on the chearful Green,
The grazing Flocks, and lowing Herds are ſeen:
The Warrior Horſe, here bred, is taught to train:
There flows Clitumnus thro' the flow'ry Plain;
Whoſe Waves for Triumphs after proſp'rous War,
The Victim Ox, and ſnowy Sheep prepare:
Perpetual Spring our happy Climate ſees:
Twice breed the Cattle; and twice bear the Trees;
And ſummer Suns recede by ſlow Degrees.
Our Land is from the Rage of Tigers freed;
Nor nouriſhes the Lion's angry Seed:
Nor pois'nous Aconite is here produc'd;
Or grows unknown; or is, when known, refus'd:
Nor in ſo vaſt a Length our Serpents glide,
Or, rais'd on ſuch a ſpiry Volume, glide.
Next add our Cities of illuſtrious Name;
Their coſtly Labour and ſtupendous Frame:
Our Forts on ſteepy Hills, that far below
See wanton Streams in winding Valleys flow:
Our twofold Seas; that, waſhing either Side,
A rich Recruit of foreign Stores provide:
Our ſpacious Lakes; thee, Larius, firſt; and next,
Benacus, with tempeſtuous Billows vext:
Or ſhall I praiſe thy Ports; or mention make
Of the vaſt Mound, that binds the Lucrine Lake?
Or the diſdainful Sea, that, ſhut from thence,
Roars round the Structure, and invades the Fence;
Our Quarries, deep in Earth, were fam'd of old,
For Veins of Silver, and for Ore of Gold.
Hail, ſweet Saturnian Soil! of fruitful Grain
Great Parent; greater of illuſtrious Men:
For thee my tuneful Accents will I raiſe;
And treat of Arts, diſclos'd in antient Days:
Once more unlock for thee, the ſacred Spring;
And old Aſcrean Verſe in Roman Cities ſing. Dryd. Virg.

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JUDGE.

She look'd as Judges do on guilty Men;
When, big with Fate, they triumph in their Dooms,
And smile before the deadly Sentence comes. Dryd. Conq. (of Gran. Part 2.

Thus Judges on the Bench more gracious are,
And more attent to Brothers of the Bar. Dryd. Chauc. The (Wife of Bath's Tale.

Reason, with Judges, urg'd in the Defence
Of those they would condemn is Insolence. ——

JUDGMENT.

'Tis with our Judgment, as our Watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. Pope.
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find,
Most have the Seeds of Judgment in their Mind.
Nature, affords at least, a glimm'ring Light;
The Lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But, as the slightest Sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is, by ill Col'ring, but the more disgrac'd;
So by false Learning is good Sense defac'd. Pope.
First follow Nature, and your Judgment frame,
By her just Standard, which is still the same. Pope.
There are whom Heav'n has bless'd with store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it:
For Wit and Judgment ever are at Strife;
Tho' meant each other's Aid, like Man and Wife:
'Tis more to guide, than spur, the Muse's Steed;
Restrain his Fury, than provoke his Speed:
The winged Courser, like a gen'rous Horse,
Shews most true Mettle, when you check his Course. Pope.
Those Rules, of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd:
Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws, which first her self ordain'd. Pope.

JUDGMENT and FANSY.

As all is Dulness, when the Fansy's bad,
So, without Judgment, Fansy is but mad:
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the Choice of Words and Sense,
But on the World; on Manners, and on Men;
Fansy is but the Feather of the Pen:

Rea-

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Reason, is that substantial, useful Part,
Which gains the Head, while th' other wins the Heart. Nor.

JUGGLER.

That Juggler, who another's Slight will show,
But teaches how the World his own may know. Garth.

JUNO.

Great Juno, thou whose holy Care presides
Over the nuptial Bed. —— Dryd. Amphit.
Dread Juno, Consort to imperial Jove. Broome. Hom.
Imperial Queen, and Empress of the Heavens;
Whom the dead Master of the rowling Thunder,
Has made the Partner of his royal Bed. Broome. Hom.
Juno, the Goddess with the radiant Eyes. Pope. Hom.
She bath'd her Body in ambrosial Streams,
And o'er it pour'd an odoriferous Oil,
Which shed a Fragrance round th' immortal Dome
Of Jove in Heav'n, and breath'd an odorous Scent
Down to the Earth, and thro' the balmy Air.
She comb'd the Ringlets of her flowing Hair,
That with a beauteous Length adown her Back
In comely Order fell; and from her Head
Diffus'd Ambrosia. Then a gorgeous Robe
She took, the Work of Pallas, stiff with Gold,
With various Forms and Portraitures adorn'd:
The Robe below the Bosom of the Goddess
Was bound with Clasps magnificent in Gold.
Around her Waist a wond'rous Girdle ran,
Rich with a hundred Tassels of pure Gold.
Down from her Ears the precious Pendants hung;
Each with three Gems was lustre'd o'er:
——— And to her shining Eyes
Their Brightness answer'd. Next, a glorious Veil
The Queen of Heav'n assum'd, which like the Sun
O'er Jove's bright Pavement shed its beamy Rays.
Last on her Feet she bound her stately Shoes,
Magnificently wrought; and, thus adorn'd, (Hom.
She walk'd majestick from her royal Chamber. Broome.
——— She on a Throne of Gold
Sate discontent: Grief thro' the Realms of Bliss
Shed its bale Influence, and disturb'd the Heav'ns,
Indignant Juno force'd a scornful Smile
From her distorted Lips, while on her Brow,
Lowr'd a black Cloud of Cares and sullen Frowns. Br. Hom.

JUPI-

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JUPITER.

From the great Father of the Gods above
My Muſe begins: For all is full of Jove:
To Jove the Care of Heav'n and Earth belongs;
My Flocks he bleſſes, and he loves my Songs. Dryd. Virg.
——— The Son of Cybele, who rouls
The radiant Stars, and Heav'n and Earth controuls. Dr. Vir.
The Cloud-Compeller! Sov'reign of the Skies. Pope. Hom.
Ev'n Jove himſelf the Sov'reign Deity
Father and King of all th' immortal Progeny,
Aſcended to that high Degree,
By Crimes above the Reach of weak Mortality:
He Heav'n one large Seraglio made;
Each Goddeſs turn'd a glorious Punk o'th' Trade;
And all that ſacred Place
Was fill'd with Baſtard Gods of his own Race:
Almighty Lech'ry got his firſt Repute,
And everlaſting Whoring was his chiefeſt Attribute. Oldh.
So Jove himſelf, when Typhon Heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit Vulcan's ſmoky Cave;
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame,
His Thunder, mixt with Terrour, Wrath, and Flame. Wall.
——— Jove, from afar,
Beheld his Bride, and at her very Sight
Felt a ſoft Pleaſure thrilling thro' his Veins,
Like that which firſt inflam'd his amrous Breaſt,
When he with Juno ſtole Love's pleaſing Joys. Br. Hom.
——— The Father of th' immortal Race
Then ſmil'd with that ſerene indulgent Face, (Virg.
With which he drives the Clouds, and clears the Skies. Dr.
Go then, and on the Faith of Jove rely;
When, nodding to thy Suit, he bows the Sky:
This ratifies th' irrevocable Doom:
The Sign ordain'd, that what I will ſhall come:
The Stamp of Heav'n, and Seal of Fate: He ſaid,
And ſhook the ſacred Honours of his Head:
With Terrour trembled Heav'n's ſubſiding Hill; (Hom.
And from his ſhak'n Curls ambroſial Dews diſtil. Dryd.
To ſeal his ſacred Vow by Styx he ſwore,
The Lake of liquid Pitch, the dreery Shore;
And Phlegethon's innavigable Flood,
And the black Regions of his Brother God (Dr. Virg.
He ſaid, and ſhook the Skies with his imperial Nod.

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JUPITER changed into a Bull.

The Ruler of the Skies, the thundring God,
That shakes the World's Foundations with a Nod,
Among a Herd of lowing Heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the Plain.
Large Rouls of Fat about his Shoulders clung,
And from his Neck the double Dewlap hung:
His Skin was whiter than the new fall'n Snow,
Small were his Horns, and harmless was his Brow;
No shining Terrours sparkled in his Sight,
But his Eyes languish'd with a gentle Light:
His ev'ry Look was peaceful, and expreſt,
The Softness of the Lover in the Beast. Add. Ovid.

JURY.

Do not our Juries give their Verdict,
As if they felt the Cause, not heard it? Hud.
The Man, who laugh'd but once, to see an Ass,
Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd Thistles pass,
Might laugh again, to see a Jury chaw
The Prickles of unpalarable Law. Dryd. Med.

JUSTICE.

Justice, by nothing biass'd or inclin'd,
Deaf to Persuasion, to Temptation blind,
Determines without Favour; and the Laws
O'erlook the Parties to decide the Cause. Lansd.
And, when an Action does two Faces wear,
'Tis Justice to believe what is most fair. Dryd. Tyr. Love.
Justice and equal Government are Things,
That Subjects make more happy than their Kings. Bowles
O learn from me, ye Kings that rule the World:
With equal Poize let steddy Justice sway;
And flagrant Crimes with certain Vengeance pay;
But till the Proofs are clear, the Stroke delay. Smith.
(Phæd. & Hip.

Justice still bears the God-like Shape of Law,
And Law requires Defence and equal Plea
Between th' Offender, and the righteous Judge,
Whene'er th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws:
But when his Greatness overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Justice in the last Appeal,
And, forc'd by strong Necessity may strike:
In which indeed they assert the publick Good,

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nd, like ſworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:
npleaſant, wholſome Work! Dryd. D. of Guiſe.
Juſtice her ſelf condemns with a Remorſe ——
nd pities while ſhe ſtrikes. —— South. Fate of Capua.
It is not Juſtice, but a brutal Rage
Which hates th' Offender's Perſon with his Crimes. Dr. Sp. F.
So juſt, yet ſo indulgently ſevere, (K. Charles 2.
ike Heav'n, he pity'd thoſe he could not ſpare. Bowles. Of
And thoſe, who are themſelves unjuſt,
re always fulleſt of Diſtruſt. Brown.
He that is void of Fear, may ſoon be juſt. Johnſ. Cat.

JUTURNA.

—— The Goddeſs of the Lake:
King Turnus Siſter, once a lovely Maid;
Ere to the Luſt of lawleſs Jove betray'd:
Compreſs'd by Force, but, by the grateful God,
Was made the Nais of the neighb'ring Flood. Dryd. Virg.
O Nymph, the Pride of living Lakes, ſaid ſhe,
O moſt renown'd, and moſt belov'd by me:
Long haſt thou known, nor need I to record,
The wanton Sallies of my wand'ring Lord:
Of ev'ry Latian Fair, whom Jove milled,
To mount by Stealth my violated Bed;
To thee alone I grudg'd not his Embrace,
But gave a Part of Heav'n, and an unenvy'd Place. Dryd.
(Virg. Spoken by Juno.

JUTURNA bewailing the Death of Turnus.

Are theſe the Gifts, beſtow'd by haughty Jove,
The worthy Recompence of raviſh'd Love!
Did he for this exempt my Life from Fate?
O hard Condition of Immortal State!
Tho' born to Death, not privileg'd to die,
But forc'd to bear impos'd Eternity!
Take back your envious Bribes, and let me go
Companion to my Brother's Ghoſt below:
The Joys are vaniſh'd, nothing now remains
Of Life immortal, but immortal Pains:
What Earth will open her devouring Womb,
To reſt a weary Goddeſs in the Tomb.
She drew a Length of Sighs; nor more ſhe ſaid;
But in her azure Mantle wrap'd her Head:
Then plung'd into the Stream, with deep Deſpair;
And her laſt Sobs came bubbling up in Air. Dryd. Virg.

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IVY.

The creeping Ivy, to prevent its Fall,
Clings with its fibrous Grapples to the Wall. Blac. Creat.
The climbing Ivy claſps the cluſter'd Vine. Bowles. Theoc.

IXION.

So was that Lecher gull'd, whoſe haughty Love
Deſign'd a Rape on the Queen Regent of the Gods above:
When he a Goddeſs thought he had in chace,
He found a gawdy Vapour in the Place,
And with thin Air beguil'd his ſtarv'd Embrace:
Idly he ſpent his Vigour, ſpent his Blood,
And tir'd himſelf t'oblige an unperforming Cloud. Oldh.

K.

KILL'D.

Deep in his Breaſt he plung'd the pointed Steel;
Then from the yawning Wound with Fury tore,
The Spear, purſu'd by guſhing Streams of Gore:
Down ſinks the Warriour; with a thund'ring Sound
His brazen Armour rings againſt the Ground. Pope. Hom.
Whole Torrents guſh'd out of his Mouth and Wound;
With gnaſhing Teeth, in Pangs, the Earth he tore,
And roul'd himſelf, half delug'd, in his Gore. Staff. Virg.
She ſtrives to draw the Dart, but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the Wound the Weapon clung:
Then, fainting, rouls in Death her cloſing Eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful Beauty flies:
—— She breathes her laſt of Breath,
And Fate and Darkneſs hover round her now:
——Her Hands the Reins forego;
Down from her Horſe ſhe ſinks, then gaſping lies
In a cold Sweat, and by degrees ſhe dies:
Her drooping Neck declines upon her Breaſt,
Her ſwimming Head with Slumber is oppreſt. Staff. Virg.
Down drops the martial Maid: the bloody Ground
Floats with a Torrent from her purple Wound:
Her mourning Nymphs her drooping Head ſuſtain;
And try to ſtop the guſhing Life in vain:
Her Lips no longer boaſt their crimſon Hue;
From her cold Cheeks the bluſhing Colour flew:

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Her Eye-balls seem with dying Pangs to roul;
While thro' the Wound crowds her reluctant Soul. Gay.
The noble Youth in strong Convulsions lay,
Wallowing in Gore, and gasping Life away:
Her swimming Eyes grew dim, and sudden Night
Her sable Curtain drew before his Sight. Blac. K. Arth.
The Dart his ample Forehead struck, and full
Between his thick black Eyebrows pierc'd his Skull:
It reach'd the inmost Marrow of the Brain,
Where we perceive our Pleasure and our Pain;
There, where the Soul upon her Throne abides;
And, from our Sight conceal'd, her Empire guides:
Now sudden Death her lofty Seat invades, (K. Arth.
And spreads the Courts of Life with horrid Shades. Blac.
And now, exhausted with Expence of Blood,
Which from his gaping Wounds in Rivers flow'd,
He fell to Earth, and there expiring lay;
And gasp'd, without a Groan, his Life away:
So when strong Shipwrights fell a lofty Pine;
With thick repeated Strokes, and frequent Wounds,
The Mountain trembles, and the Wood resounds:
As yet th' unshaken Tree, amidst the Skies,
Scarce nods his Head, and the sharp Ax defies:
At length, his Roots cut off, at ev'ry Stroke
He learns from Side to Side to rowl and rock:
Then, on a sudden, with a mighty Sound, (K. Arth.
He leaves the Heav'ns, and loads the groaning Ground. Blac.
Full, as he rose, he plung'd it in his Side:
The reeking Sword return'd, in Crimson dy'd:
The Wound a blended Stream of Wine and Blood
Pours out: The purple Soul came floating in the Flood.
(Laud. Virg.
——— His Jav'lin, pois'd, and aim'd with Care,
Flew from his Arm, and, hissing cut the Air,
And pierc'd his Breast, where the deep Springs abide,
Whence Life leaps out upon its circling Tide:
The vital Streams thro' his bruis'd Armour spout:
——— Together crowd,
From the wide Wound, his Soul, and Life, and Blood:
He fell; his Arms upon his Armour rung;
Grim Death in cold Embraces round him clung:
And everlasting Night shuts up his Eyes. Blac. P. Arth.
The heavy Blade, falling with oblique Sway,
Half thro' his Neck forc'd its impetuous Way;
The Head, half sever'd on his Shoulders hung,
And from the Wound a bloody Torrent sprung:

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Rouling in Gore upon the Field he lay;
Wildly he ſtar'd, and groan'd his Life away. Blac. P. Arth.
Down, down he falls, and bites in vain the Ground:
Blood, Brain and Soul, crowd mingled thro' the Wound.
(Cowl. David.
Then, drown'd in Death, ——————
He curs'd the Heav'ns for Rage, and bit the Ground;
His Life, for ever ſpilt, ſtain'd all the Graſs around.
(Cowl. David.
—————— He drew
His reeking Lance, and at Herminius threw:
His Neck and Throat unarm'd, his Head was bare,
But ſhaded with a Length of yellow Hair:
Scarce he fought, expos'd on ev'ry Part,
A ſpacious Mark for Swords, and for the Dart:
Acroſs the Shoulders came the flying Wound;
Transfix'd he fell, and doubled to the Ground. Dr. Virg.
—————— He aims a deadly Blow,
Full on the Front of his unwary Foe:
The broad Axe enters with a cruſhing Sound,
And cleaves the Chin with one continu'd Wound:
Warm Blood and mingled Brains beſmear his Arms around.
An iron Sleep his ſtupid Eyes oppreſs'd,
And ſeal'd their heavy Lids in endleſs Reſt. Dryd. Virg.
—————— From his Chariot thrown;
Cruſh'd with the Weight of an unwieldy Stone:
Betwixt the Wheels he fell: the Wheels, that bore
His living Load, his dying Body tore:
His ſtarting Steeds, to ſhun the glitt'ring Sword,
Paw down his trampled Limbs, forgetful of their Lord.
(Dryd. Virg.
Fall'n on the Ground; the Warriour groan'd aloud;
And, dying, lay deform'd with Duſt and Blood. Blac.
(P. Arth.
Thro' the prodigious Wound a Sea of Blood
Spouts from his Veins, and down his Armour flow'd:
Welt'ring in Gore upon the Ground he ſtretch'd,
And his laſt Breath in thick Convulſions fetch'd. Bl. P. Arth.
Biting the Ground, th' expiring Warriour lies (P. Arth.
And Death's unwelcome Shade o'erſpreads his Eyes. Blac.
A purple Flood ſprings from his wounded Veins.
Proſtrated headlong on the Ground he lay,
Fetch'd a deep Groan, and gaſp'd his Soul away. Bl. P. Art.
Then Tarquitus the Field in Triumph trod;
A Nymph his Mother, and his Sire a God:
Exulting in bright Arms he braves the Prince;
Who, with his Lance protended, make Defence;

Bears

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Bears back his feeble Foe: then, preſſing on,
Arreſts his better Hand; and drags him down:
Stands o'er the proſtrate Wretch; and, as he lay
Vain Tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his Head: the Trunk a Moment ſtood, (Virg.
Then ſunk, and roul'd along the Sand in Blood, Dryd.
Thro' Liger's Breaſt his fatal Sword he ſent,
And the Soul iſſu'd at the bloody Vent. Dr. Virg.
Stretch'd at his Length, he ſpurns the ſwarthy Ground;
The Lance beſmear'd with Blood, lies broken in the (Wound. Dryd. Virg.

——— Void of Fear,
By mettled Courſers borne in full Career,
They meet oppos'd: and, with a mighty Shock,
Their Horſes Heads againſt each other knock:
Far from his Steed is fierce Aconteus caſt;
As with an Engine's Force, or Lightning's Blaſt:
He rowls along in Blood, and breathes his laſt. Dr. Virg.
The pointed Death took place beneath his Ear,
And down he tumbled to the enſanguin'd Ground:
As ſome fair Aſh upon a Mountain's Height,
That ſhoots his verdant Honours to the Skies,
When by the ſinewy Labourer he falls,
Extends his Branches o'er the diſtant Grounds:
So wretched Imbrius fell; and all around (Hom.
His clanking Armour thunder'd o'er the Plain. Broome.
He hurl'd a Spear: it whizz'd along the Air,
And thro' the Throat of Aſius urg'd its Way.
As the tall Pine upon a Mountain's Height,
The branchy Poplar, or the lofty Oak,
That hides his ſtately head among the Clouds,
Extends his leafy Honours o'er the Ground,
When by the Ax it falls, the ſuff'ring Earth
Trembles beneath its Weight, and all around
The echoing Hills repeat the dreadful Noiſe:
So Aſius fell; ———
Death cloſ'd his Eyes in everlaſting Night,
And he lay breathleſs on the bloody Ground. Br. Hom.
But when he ſaw inevitable Doom
Hang o'er his Head, confounded and amaz'd,
Like a fix'd Pillar, motionleſs he ſtood;
Or like a Tree, with branchy Honours crown'd,
When ev'ry breath of Wind impriſon'd ſleeps.
And now the Spear, hurl'd by Idomeneus,
Impetuous flew, and ſung along the Air,
And burſt his brazen Breaſtplate: by the Blow
The Armour rang, and gave a jarring Sound:

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It pierc'd his very Heart; with ſuch ſtrong Bounces
The beating Heart reſulted, that the Spear
Shook in the Blood, and trembled in the Wound.
Then down he tumbled to the enſanguin'd Earth;
The clanking Armour thunder'd o'er the Plain,
And the deſtructive Spear diſmiſs'd his Soul
Indignant to the awful Shades of Night. Broome. Hom.

Full on his Neck he drives the fatal Sword:
The gaſping Head flies off; a purple Flood
Flows from the Trunk, that welters in the Blood. Dr. Virg.

——— He ſlew Serranus fair and young:
From Dice and Wine the Youth retir'd to reſt,
And puff'd the fumy God from out his Breaſt:
Ev'n then he dreamt of Drink and lucky Play;
More lucky had it laſted till the Day. Dryd. Virg.

The ſecond Shaft came ſwift and uneſpy'd;
And pierc'd his Hand, and nail'd it to his Side;
Tranſfix'd his breathing Lungs, and beating Heart: (Virg.
The Soul came iſſuing out, and hiſs'd againſt the Dart. Dr.

——— Then poiſing from his Ear,
The quiv'ring Weapon with full Force he threw,
Thro' the divided Shades the deadly Jav'lin flew.
On Sulmo's Back it ſplits; the double Dart
Drove deeper onward, and tranſfix'd his Heart.
He ſtaggers round, his Eyeballs roul in Death,
And with ſhort Sobs he gaſps away his Breath. Laud. Virg.

——— The Sword, which Fury guides,
Driv'n with full Force, now pierc'd his tender Sides:
Down fell the beauteous Youth; the yawning Wound
Guſh'd out a crimſon Stream, and ſtain'd the Ground:
His nodding Head reclines on his white Breaſt,
Like a fair Flow'r in furrow'd Fields oppreſs'd
By the keen Share; or Poppy on the Plain, (Virg.
Whoſe heavy Head is overcharg'd with Rain. Laud. & Dr.

He whirl'd aloft his Sword with all his Might:
Th' unerring Weapon flew: and, wing'd with Death,
Enter'd his gaping Mouth, and ſtop'd his Breath:
Dying he flew; and, ſtagg'ring on the Plain,
With ſwimming Eyes he fought his Lover ſlain;
Then quiet on his bleeding Boſom fell;
Content in Death to be reveng'd ſo well:
O happy Friends! for if my Verſe can give
Immortal Life, your Fame ſhall ever live;
Fix'd as the Capitol's Foundation lies, (Dryd. Virg.
And ſpread where-e'er the Roman Eagle flies. Laud. &

Thro' yielding Air the winged Jav'lin flew;

Quite

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Quite thro' his Breaſt and Lungs warm Paſſage found;
Life, Soul, and Blood, ruſh mingled from the Wound.
(Laud. Virg.

Raiſing his Sword, he aim'd a mighty Blow,
And cleft his Head, and beardleſs Chin in two:
His giant Limbs fall with a hideous Sound: (Laud. Virg.
Warm Blood and Brains bedew the trembling Ground.

Then as the ſtately Pine, or Poplar tall,
Hewn for the Maſt of ſome great Admiral,
Nods, groans, and reels, till, with a crackling Sound,
It ſinks, and ſpreads its Honours on the Ground:
Thus fell the King; and, laid on Earth ſupine,
Before his Chariot ſtretch'd his Form divine:
He graſp'd the Dart, diſtain'd with ſtreaming Gore,
And, pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore.
So lies a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,
While the grim Savage grinds with foaming Jaws
The trembling Limbs, and ſucks the ſmoaking Blood;
Deep Groans and hollow Roars rebellow thro' the Wood.
And now the Fates ſuppreſs'd his lab'ring Breath,
And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death:
Th' inſulting Victor with diſdain beſtrode
The proſtrate Prince, and on his Body trode:
Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart;
The reeking Fibres clinging to the Dart:
From the wide Wound guſh'd out a Stream of Blood,
And the Soul iſſu'd in the Purple Flood. Pope. Hom.

——— He took his Aim;
The Spear flew hiſſing thro' the middle Space,
And pierc'd his Throat, directed at his Face:
It ſtop'd at once the Paſſage of his Wind,
And the free Soul to flitting Air reſign'd?
His Forehead was the firſt that ſtruck the Ground,
Life-Blood and Life ruſh'd mingled thro' the Wound.
(Dryd. Virg.

And after him the Daucian Twins were ſlain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian Plain:
So wond'rous like in Feature, Shape, and Size,
As caus'd an Errour in their Parents Eyes:
Grateful Miſtake! But ſoon the Sword decides
The nice Diſtinction, and their Fate divides:
For Thimbrus' Head was lopp'd: And Laris' Hand,
Diſmember'd, fought its Owner on the Strand:
The trembling Fingers yet the Faulchion ſtrain,
And threaten ſtill th' intended ſtroke in vain. Dryd. Virg.

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——— He fell
Pierc'd with an Arrow from the diſtant War:
Fix'd in his Throat the flying Weapon ſtood,
And ſtop'd his Breath, and drank his vital Blood. Dryd. Virg.

——Next, falls the gigantick Size
Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent Eyes:
Not by the feeble Dart he fell oppreſs'd;
A Dart were loſt within that roomy Breaſt;
But from a knotted Lance, large, heavy, ſtrong,
Which roar'd like Thunder, as it whirld along:
Not two Bull-Hides th' impetuous Force withhold;
Nor Coat of double Mail, with Scales of Gold:
Down ſunk the Monſter-Bulk, and preſs'd the Ground;
His Arms, and clatt'ring Shield, on the vaſt Body ſound:
(Dryd. Virg.

Priam ſlain by Pyrrhus.

——— Then Pyrrhus drag'd the trembling Sire,
Slidd'ring thro' clotter'd Blood, and holy Mire,
The mingled Paſte his murder'd Son had made,
Haul'd from beneath the violated Shade,
And on the ſacred Pile, the Royal Victim lay'd.
His right Hand held his bloody Faſchion bare;
His left he twiſted in his hoary Hair:
Then, with a ſpeeding Thruſt, his Heart he found:
The lukewarm Blood came ruſhing thro' the Wound
And ſanguine Streams diſtain'd the ſacred Ground:
Thus Priam fell; and ſhar'd one common Fate
With Troy in Aſhes, and his ruin'd State:
He, who the Scepter of all Aſia ſway'd;
Whom Monarchs, like domeſtick Slaves, obey'd;
On the bleak Shore now lies th' abandon'd King, Dr. Virg.
A headleſs Carcaſs, and a nameleſs Thing. Denh. Virg.

KINDNESS.

Kindneſs by ſecret Sympathy is ty'd;
For noble Souls in Nature are ally'd. Dryd. Auren.
The moſt obdurate are by Kindneſs won. Lee Nero.
Indulgence ſoon takes with a noble Mind:
Who can be harſh that ſees another kind?
Mildneſs and Temper have a Force divine,
To make ev'n Paſſion with their Nature join. King Ovid.
Beauty but gains, 'tis Kindneſs keeps our Love. Dryd. R. Lad.
——— O thou art tender all!
Gentle and kind as ſympathizing Nature. Otw. Orph.
Kinder than unexperienc'd Virgins are
To their firſt Loves. ——— Dryd. Conq. of Gran. p. 2.

Kind

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——— Kind
As the laſt Words of dying Lovers are. D'Aven. Circe.
O, that Lucinda too would but improve
The Charms of Beauty with the Charms of Love:
'Tis that alone enſlaves the willing Mind,
And makes our Chains more ſure, yet ſofter, bind:
When Beauty ſmiles, her Darts reſiſtleſs are;
And the fair Maid, that's kind, is doubly fair. ———
Valour's a Vice, if not with Honour join'd,
And Beauty a Diſeaſe, when 'tis not kind. Sedl.
Fate ne'er ſtrikes deep, but when Unkindneſs joins.
Dryd. Maid. Queen.

KING.

——— I am a King,
Whoſe royal Office is Redreſs of Wrongs. Dryd. D. Seb.
Such Kings, like Stars, with Influence unconfin'd,
Shine with Aſpect propitious to Mankind;
Favour, the Innocent, repreſs the Bold;
And, while they flouriſh, make an Age of Gold. Wall.
Juſtice and Bounty in a Prince are Things,
That Subjects make as happy as their Kings. Wall.
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State; (Ach.
Born to ſuſtain, and prop the Nation's Weight. Dr. Abſ. &c.
For Gods, and Godlike Kings their Care expreſs,
Still to defend their Servants in Diſtreſs. Dryd. Abſ. & Ach.
T'adorn old Realms is more than new to raiſe;
His Country's Parent is a Monarch's Praiſe. Tickell.
Fair Majeſty, the Refuge and Redreſs
Of thoſe whom Fate purſues, and Wants oppreſs. Dr. Virg.
Henceforth be thine, Vicegerent of the Skies,
Scorn'd Worth to raiſe, and Vice in Robes chaſtiſe;
To dry the Orphan's Tears; and from the Bar,
Chace the brib'd Judge, and huſh the wordy War. Tickell.
Intire and ſure the Monarch's Rule muſt prove,
Who founds her Greatneſs on her Subjects Love;
Who does our Homage for our Good require;
And orders that which we ſhould firſt deſire:
Our vanquiſh'd Wills that pleaſing Force obey;
Her Goodneſs takes our Liberty away; (the Queen.
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary Sway. Prior. Of
For in diffuſive Show'rs her Bounties fall,
Like Heav'ns Indulgence, and deſcend on all;
Secure the Happy; ſuccour the Diſtreſs'd;
Make ev'ry Subject glad, and a whole People bleſs'd. Addl.

O King,

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O King, whoſe Brows with ſhining Gold are bound,
Who ſeeſt thy Throne with ſceptred Slaves incompaſs'd round.

Thou, King of Men, ſtretch not thy Sov'reign Sway
Beyond the Bounds free Subjects can obey:
Nor thou, brave Champion, with his Pow'r contend,
Before whoſe Throne ev'n Kings their lower'd Sceptre bend:
The Head of Action he, and thou the Hand;
Matchleſs thy Force; but mightier his Command:
Thou firſt, O King, releaſe the Rights of Sway;
Pow'r, ſelf-reſtrain'd, the People beſt obey:
Sanctions of Law from thee derive their Source:
Command thy ſelf, whom no Commands can force.
Dryd. Hom.

To bridle Factions, ſtop Rebellion's Courſe,
By eaſie Methods, vanquiſh without Force;
Relieve the Good, bold ſtubborn Foes ſubdue,
Mildneſs in Wrath, Meekneſs in Anger ſhew,
Were Arts, Great Charles's Prudence only knew:
To fright the Bad thus awful Thunder rouls;
While the bright Bow ſecures the faithful Souls.
Such is thy Glory, Charles, thy laſting Name,
Brighter than our proud Neighbours guilty Fame:
More noble than the Spoils that Battels yield,
Or all the empty Triumphs of the Field.
'Tis leſs to conquer, than to make Wars ceaſe,
And, without fighting, awe the World to Peace:
For proudeſt Triumphs from Contempt ariſe;
The Vanquiſh'd firſt the Conqu'ror's Arms deſpiſe:
Won Enſigns are the gawdy Marks of Scorn,
They brave the Victor firſt, and then adorn:
But peaceful Monarchs reign like Gods; while none
Diſpute, all love, bleſs, reverence, the Throne:
Tygers and Bears, with all the ſavage Hoſt,
May Boldneſs, Strength, and daring Conqueſt boaſt;
But the ſweet Paſſions of a gen'rous Mind
Are the Prerogative of human Kind:
The God-like Image on our Clay impreſs'd,
The darling Attribute, which Heav'n loves beſt. Hal.

Peruſe the Wonders of his dawning Life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant Patience calm'd ſeditious Strife,
And quell'd the Snakes, which round his Cradle ran.
Deſcribe his Youth, attentive to Alarms,
By Dangers form'd, and perfected in Arms:
When conqu'ring, mild; when conquer'd, not diſgrac'd;
By Wrongs not leſſen'd, nor by Triumphs rais'd;

Sapo.

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Superior to the blind Events
Of little human Accidents;
And conſtant to his firſt Decree,
To curb the Proud, to ſet the Injur'd freee,
To bow the haughty Neck, and raiſe the ſuppliant Knee.
Prior.

Well has our holy Alha mark'd him out,
The Scourge of lawleſs Pride and dire Ambition;
The great Avenger of the groaning World:
Well has he worn the ſacred Cauſe of Juſtice
Upon his proſp'rous Sword: approving Heav'n
Still crown'd the righteous Warriour with Succeſs,
As if he ſaid, Go forth, and be my Champion,
Thou moſt like me of all my Works below.
No Luſt of Rule, the common Vice of Kings,
No furious Zeal, inſpir'd by hot-brain'd Prieſts,
Ill hid beneath Religion's ſpecious Name
E'er drew his temp'rate Courage to the Field:
But to redreſs an injur'd Peoples Wrongs,
To ſave the weak One from the ſtrong Oppreſſour,
Is all his End of War: and when he draws
The Sword to puniſh, like relenting Heav'n,
He ſeems unwilling to deface his Kind. Rowe. Tamerl.

——— O Axalla,
Could I forget I am a Man, as thou art,
Would not the Winter's Cold, or Summer's Heat,
Sickneſs, or Thirſt, or Hunger, all the Train
Of Nature's clam'rous Appetites, aſſerting
An equal Right in Kings and common Men,
Reprove me daily? No; if I boaſt of Ought,
Be it, to have been Heav'n's happy Inſtrument,
The Means of Good to all my Fellow-Creatures,
This is a King's beſt Praiſe. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.

——— 'Tis true, I am a King:
Honour and Glory too have been my Aim:
But, tho' I dare face Death, and all the Dangers,
Which furious War wears in its bloody Front,
Yet would I chuſe to fix my Fame by Peace,
By Juſtice, and by Mercy; and to raiſe
My Trophies on the Bleſſings of Mankind:
Nor would I buy the Empire of the World
With Ruin of the People whom I ſway,
Or Forfeit of my Honour. ——— Rowe. Tamerl.

Plain-dealing for a Jewel has been known,
But ne'er till now the Jewel of a Crown:
When Heav'n made Man, to ſhew the Work divine,
Truth was his Image, ſtamp'd upon the Coin:

And,

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And, when a King is to a God refin'd,
On all he says and does, he stamps his Mind.
This proves a Soul without Allay, and pure:
Kings, like their Gold, should ev'ry Touch endure.
To dare in Fields is Valour; but how few
Dare be so throughly valiant, to be true?
The Name of Great, let other Kings affect;
He's Great indeed, the Prince that is direct:
His Subjects know him now, and trust him more
Than all their Kings, and all their Laws before.
What Safety could their publick Acts afford?
Those he can break; but cannot break his Word:
So great a Trust to him alone was due;
Well have they trusted whom so well they knew:
The Saint, who walk'd on Waves, securely trod,
While he believ'd the Beck'ning of his God;
But, when his Faith no longer bore him out,
Began to sink, as he began to doubt.
He plights his Faith, and we believe him just:
His Honour is to promise, ours to trust:
Thus Britain's Bliss on a Word is laid, (late K. James.
As by a Word the World it self was made. Dryd. Of the

The Grecian Chiefs had Virtue but in Share;
Nestor was wise, but Ajax brave, in War.
Their very Deities were grac'd no more:
Mars had the Courage, Jove the Thunder bore:
But all Perfections meet in James alone,
And Britain's King is all the Gods in One. Lansd.

He was so true a Father of his Country,
To thank me for defending ev'n his Foes,
Because they were his Subjects. Dryd. Span. Fry.

O hard Estate of Empire! wretched Kings!
How are we snar'd in Errours not our own;
And hoodwink'd to Crimes we most would shun?
Hence 'tis our Names stand black in Chronicle,
When impious Councellours betray our Reason,
With Eloquence and Sophistry ensnare us,
And make Injustice necessary. ——— Tate. Loy. Gen.

Small Use of Reason in that Prince is shown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own. Dryd. Ind. Emp.

Monarchs may err; but should each private Breast (Emp.
Judge their ill Acts, they would dispute their best. Dr. Ind.

Rebels ne'er want Pretence to blacken Kings. Dr. Sec. Love.

There's something of Divinity in Kings, (of Guise.
That sits between their Eyes, and guards their Life. Dr. D.

Look Tyrant; when thou nam'st Sebastian's Death,
The very Executioners turn pale,

Rough

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ough as they are, and harden'd in the Trade
f Death, they ſtart at an anointed Head,
nd tremble to approach —— He hears the not,
or minds th'Impreſſion of a God on Kings,
ecauſe no Stamp of Heav'n was on his Soul;
it the reſiſting Maſs drove back the Seal. Dryd. D. Seb.
Some are born Kings;
lade up of three Parts Fire: ſo full of Heav'n,
ſparkles at their Eyes: Inferiour Souls
now 'em as ſoon as ſeen, by ſure Inſtinct,
o be their Lords, and nat'rally worſhip
he ſecret God within 'em. —— Dryd. Cleom.
'Tis not to be endur'd,
hat Fate of Empires, and the Fall of Kings, (Cleom.
hould turn on flying Hours, and Catch of Moments. Dryd.
Shall Mithridates live to be depos'd?
A Scale, the Image of what once he was!
The very Ghoſt of his departed Greatneſs!
A Thing for Slaves to be familiar with,
To gape, to nod, and ſleep in my ſcorn'd Face!
Awake, awake, thou ſluggard Majeſty,
Rowſe thee to act: tho' all the Elements,
Tho' Heav'n and Hell, Subjects and Son conſpire
With Fate thy Empire's Fall, oppoſe their Will;
Dare to the laſt, and be a Monarch ſtill. Lee. Mithr.
I'm born a Monarch, which implies alone,
To wield the Sceptre, and depend on none. Dr. D. of Guiſe.
For Heav'n beſtows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.
Dryd. Ind. Emp.
Titles to Crowns from Civil Contract ſpring,
And he, who breaks the Law, diſſolves the King.
New Titles may be ſcaffolded with Laws,
And frothy Monarchs, of the Mob's Applauſe,
Take up a Crown on Terms too mean to wear;
Then baſtard themſelves to be the People's Heir:
But they, who Crowns from Contracts do receive,
Are Kings at Will, and govern but by Leave:
A Marble Cæſar, pinion'd to a Throne,
The People regnant, and the Monarch Stone.
When free-born Men, by Providence deſign'd
Both to protect and propagate their Kind,
Did firſt their bruiſh Appetites purſue;
Nature alone was all the Law they knew.
When Senſe was Guardian, and when Reaſon Young,
'Twas then the Weak ſubmitted to the Strong:
Then, as the Bull walks Monarch of the Ground,
So, Nimrod, Cæſar, and the reſt were crown'd:

For

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For he, who could protect, and Conquest bring,
Was from a Captain ripen'd to a King:
Thus they the People's Safety made their Choice,
And Heav'n approv'd it by the People's Voice:
It is their Choice the noblest Title brings;
For Subjects are the surest Guard of Kings. Blount.

A King, his Pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And, ruling all, should not be Passion's Slave. Otw. D. Carl.

Ill-govern'd Passions in a Prince's Breast
Hazard his private, and the publick, Rest:
Slaves to their Passions they become, and then
It grows impossible to govern Men. Wall.

A Prince may make himself a God below; (Love.
For Kings, who rule their own Desires, are so. Dryd. Tyr.

That Monarch, who, when Danger's near, sits down,
Shews but a feeble Title to a Crown:
The best Securities in Courage are;
We but subscribe to Treasons which we fear. Otw. Alcibiad.

Fate has in diff'rent Bands subjected Slaves and Kings:
Fetter'd in Forms of royal State are they,
While we enjoy the Freedom to obey. Roch.

Happy the Monarch, on whose Brows no Cares
Add Weight to the bright Diadem he wears. Otw. D. Carl.

Monarchs of Cares in Policy complain, (Love.
Because they would be pity'd while they reign. Dryd. Tyr.

Curst State of Monarchs! Let the judging World
Now weigh our Pleasures with our mightier Troubles,
And find us happier than the rest of Men! Lee. Mithr.

Princes have but their Titles for their Glories;
An outward Honour for an inward Toil. Shak. Rich. 3.

Dearly, 'tis true, each buys the Crown he wears;
And many are the mighty Monarch's Cares:
By Foreign Foes and Home-bred Factions prest,
Few are the Joys he knows, and short his Hours of Rest.
Rowe. Fair Pen.

Soldiers, when old, we from the Wars discharge;
But Fate her Drudges never sets at large:
The higher Place they fill, the greater Slaves: (& Cleop.
Princes have no Retirements but their Graves. Sedl. Ant.

How slipp'ry is the Top of human State; (Cleop.
And on exalted Heads what Tempests beat! Sedl. Ant. &

O curst Estate of Kings! O fatal Glory!
What must I lose to purchase the vain Breath (Love.
Of Fools and Sycophants, the Voice of Fame. Lansd. Her.

The Gods have for themselves alone reserv'd
A quiet State; Kings are their Stewards here,
Intrusted with the Conduct of the World;

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...nd, like good careful Servants, must ſubmit
Their ſingle Profit to the gen'ral Welfare. Lanſd. Her. Love.
Fortune with lighter Strokes ſtrikes lighter Things,
With her whole Weight ſhe cruſhes falling Kings. Sedl.
(Ant. & Cleop.
Of all Mankind, the heavieſt Fate he bears,
Who the laſt Crown of ſinking Empire wears:
No kindly Planet of his Birth took care: (of Gran. p. 2.
Heav'ns Outcaſt, and the Droſs of ev'ry Star! Dryd. Conq.
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the Nation's Weight. Dr. Abſ. & Ach.
For Gods, and God-like Kings, their Care expreſs,
Still to defend their Servants in Diſtreſs. Dryd. Abſ. & Achit.
When Thrones are rich, the People richer grow,
As Rivers gain by Seas to which they flow. D'Aven.
Small Uſe of Reaſon in that Prince is ſhewn,
Who follows others and neglects his own. Dryd. Ind. Emp.
Can a King want a Cauſe, when Empire bids
Go on? What is he born for but Ambition?
It is his Hunger: 'tis his Call of Nature;
The noble Appetite, which will be ſatisfy'd,
And like the Food of Gods, makes him immortal. Rowe. Tam.
Boundleſs Ambition, vaſt Deſire of Empire,
And Fame for gallant Deeds, perform'd in War,
Still ſpur them forward thro' the duſty Field,
While Reaſon all in vain wou'd hold them back. Hoph. Par.
—— Kings are like other Misers,
Greedy of more; they uſe not what they have:
As Merchants, vent'ring on the faithleſs Seas,
For needleſs Wealth, are driv'n by ſudden Storms
On Banks of Sands, or daſh'd againſt the Rocks,
And all they have is loſt, and loſt at once!
Kings ruſh to Wars, more faithleſs than the Seas,
Where more inconſtant Fortune waits their Arms,
Where, in a Minute, one unhappy Blow
Ruins the Progreſs of an Age before. Hoph. Par. Aut.
Gods! why are Kings, your Images beneath,
The livelieſt Portraitures of heavenly Pow'rs,
Created ſubject to eternal Diſcord?
Why is War wag'd for ever on the Earth?
Why are not leſs malignant Planets plac'd
To guide their Actions, to prefer their Peace,
And influence their Lives to run on ſmoothly,
With the ſame Harmony that moves your Spheres?
Were Kings e'er known, in this degen'rate Age,
So paſſionately fond of noble Acts, (D. Seb.
Where Int'reſt ſhar'd not more than half with Honour? Dr.

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Men, wrong'd by Kings, impute it to their Fate,
And royal Kindness never comes too late:
So, when Heav'n frowns, we think our Anger vain;
Joyful and thankful when it smiles again. Wall.
Kings best revenge their Wrongs when they forgive,
And Kings, like Gods, at their own Time redress. Dr. Amen.
But when young Kings begin with Scorn of Justice,
They make an Omen to their After-reign,
And blot their Annals in the foremost Page. Dr. Span. Fry.
Princes, like Gods, reward ere we deserve;
And pay us in permitting us to serve. Dry. Tyr. Love.
——— Kings, like Gods,
Are ev'ry where; walk in th' Abyss of Minds,
And view the dark Recesses of the Soul. Dryd. Don. Seb.

KISSES.

Give me Ambrosia in a Kiss,
That I may rival Jove in Bliss;
That I may mix my Soul with thine,
And make the Pleasure all divine.
I will provoke thy Lips, lay Siege so close, (D. Seb.
That all thy sallying Breath shall turn to Blessings. Dryd.
To Kisses in their Taste and Odour sweet
As Hybla Honey, or Arabian Dew. D'Aven.
Sweet were his Kisses on my balmy Lips,
As are the Breezes, breath'd amidst the Groves
Of rip'ning Spices in the Height of Day. Behn. Abdel.
——— He kiss'd me hard,
As if he pluck'd up Kisses by the Roots,
That grew upon my Lips. ——— Shak. Othel.
He scarce afforded one kind parting Word,
But went away so cold; the Kiss he gave me
Seem'd the forc'd Complement of sated Love. Otw. Orph.
She smil'd and gave me one might Jove disarm, Ovid.
And from his Hand the brandish'd Thunder charm. Sedl.
——— O could I give the World,
One Kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy Lips,
I were a Gainer by the vast Exchange.
The fragrant Infancy of op'ning Flow'rs
Flow'd to my Senses in that melting Kiss. South. Disapp.
Nectar and Flames, and Sweets of Hybla grow
About her Lips, ambrosial Odours flow. Lee, Sapho.
His ev'ry Kiss her Soul with Love inspires,
And all her Blood with subtile Poison fires. Laud. Virg.
They seal'd the Bargain with a friendly Kiss. Dryd.

The

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The Kiſs you take is paid by that you give:
The Joy is mutual, and I'm ſtill in Debt. Lanſd. Her. Love.
——— I ſaw thee dart a Kiſs;
The wanton Prelude to a farther Bliſs,
Such as might kindle frozen Appetite,
And fire ev'n waſted Nature with Delight. Sedl. Ovdi.
——— O let me run, and ſeal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling Wounds:
I'll print upon their coral Mouths ſuch Kiſſes,
As ſhall recal their wand'ring Spirits home. Lee. OEdip.
Kiſſes are empty Joys, and ſoon are over. Dryd. Theoc.
Take, O take thoſe Lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe Eyes, the break of Day,
Lights that may miſlead the Morn:
But my Kiſſes bring again,
Seals of Love, but ſeal'd in vain. Shak. Meaſ. for Meaſ.

KNIGHT ERRANT.

——— Knights Errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink;
Becauſe, when thorough Deſarts vaſt,
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where Belly-Timber, above Ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one Word
Of their Proviſion on Record:
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no Stomachs, but to fight:
'Tis falſe: for Arthur wore in Hall
Round Table, like a Farthingal,
On which, with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good Knights din'd:
Tho', 'twas no Table, ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk-hoſe;
In which he carry'd as much meat,
As he and all his Knights could eat;
When, laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfaſts, or their Nuncheons. Hud.
Some Writers make all Ladies purloin'd
And Knights purſuing like a Whirlwind:
Others make all their Knights in Fits
Of Jealouſy to loſe their Wits;
Till, drawing blood o'th' Dames, like Witches,
They're forthwith cur'd of their Capriches:

Some

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Some always thrive in their Amours,
By pulling Plaisters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Just so do they, and win their Dames. Hud.

Knights of the Garter.

Behold an Order, yet of newer Date:
Our England's Ornament, the Crown's Defence;
In Battel brave, Protectors of their Prince:
Unchang'd by Fortune; to their Sov'reign true:
For this their manly Legs are bound with Blue:
These, of the Garter call'd, of Faith unstain'd,
In fighting Fields the Laurel have obtain'd,
And well repay'd those Honours which they gain'd.
But Knights in knightly Deeds shou'd persevere,
And still continue what at first they were:
Continue, and proceed in Honour's fair Career.
No Room for Cowardice or dull Delay;
From Good to Better they shou'd urge their Way:
For this with golden Spurs the Chiefs are grac'd,
With pointed Rowels arm'd to mend their Haste. Dry
(Chauc. The Flower and the Le

FINIS.

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